

THE SECOND  
PUNIC WAR  
Between  
**HANNIBAL,**  
AND THE  
**ROMANES:**  
The whole Seventeen Books,  
ENGLISHED  
FROM THE LATINE OF  
**SILIUS ITALICUS:**

---

WITH  
A CONTINUATION from the Triumph of  
**SCIPIO**  
To the Death of  
**HANNIBAL.**

---

By **THO. ROSS, Esq;** Keeper of his MAJESTIES Li-  
braries, and Groom of His most Honourable Privy-Chamber.

---

*Aut Prodesse solent, aut Delicere Poeta. Horat.*

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed by **THO. ROYCROFT,**  
M DC LXXII.



Page 1 of 1  
Page 1 of 1  
Page 1 of 1



*Could Hannibal, and Scipio, in whom  
All the vast Hopes of Carthage, and of Rome,  
Were fix'd, Reviv'd, and see how early You,  
By Your sole Virtue, Kingdoms can Subdue;  
How from the Rage of War, without the Stain*

*Of Blood, You Sacred Crowns, and Tryumphs gain:  
They would no more contend, who best might claim  
Priority; but yield it to Your Name.  
Rome would her General, Carthage Hers refuse,  
And jointly You the Worlds Commander chuse.*

THO: ROSS.



TO THE  
KING'S MOST SACRED  
MAJESTIE.

DREAD SOVEREIGN,



*OUR Majestie's most Gra-  
cious Acceptance of this Po-  
ëm, when it wanted all Or-  
nament, both of the Press,  
and Pencil, hath Embold-  
ened Me to this second Ad-  
dress, most humbly imploring, that, as Your  
Goodness was then, both to It, and Me, the  
onely Refuge from the Tyranny of the Times;  
You will, now, be pleased to protect Us, from  
the Envy of this censuring Age, in the San-  
ctuary of Your Name, which will make this  
Copy as Immortal, as its Original, and fix  
on it a Character, as Indelible, as the Faith,  
and Obedience of*

YOUR MAJESTIE'S

Most Loyal SUBJECT,  
and humble SERVANT;

THO: ROSS.

---

---

*The Epistle at BRUGES,*

---

TO HIS  
SACRED MAJESTIE.

*May it please Your Majestie,*



Had not presumed, to present this Poem to Your Majestie's view, had I not believed, the Dignity of the Subject might, in some Measure, plead my Apologie. I know Your Majestie is familiar with the History, in its plainer Drefs of Prose; but this Authour being frequent in the hands of few, but those, whose business is Books, I have adventured to make him English; believing (since, to my strictest Observation of Historians, he does not, in the main, deviate from the granted Truth) that his Poetical Fancies do not only add lustre, but a more then ordinary Pleasure to the Story; for herein all the most eminent Actions, in that famous VVar (which once disputed the Empire of the Universe) are described, with so vigorous, and lively a Flame, that (if my English hath not too much depressed it) it may create in the Readers an emulation of the renowned Performers: which I have not presumed to

B 2 present

*The Epistle at BRUGES.*

present to Your Majesty (who are above them) as Examples for Imitation, but that, by reflecting on them, Your Majesty may see what unperishable Monuments Great Persons may build to themselves, in asserting their Country; and, that as Your Sacred Person is endowed with all those Virtues, that rendred the Valiant HANNIBAL famous, or SCIPIO a Conquerour: so, by the blessing of Heaven on Your Majestie's Designs, some happy Pen may have Matter to build you such another Monument for future Times; and that Your Majestie's Kingdoms being Restored to their former Glory by Your Hand, Posterity may date their Happines from Your Conquest; and Your Name become an eternal Terrour to Rebellion.

So prays,

*Bruges, Novemb.  
18<sup>th</sup> 1657.*

*YOUR MAJESTIE'S most Humble,*

*and most Obedient Subject,*

*and Servant,*

THO: ROSS.



TO THE  
K I N G.

**H**AD Fortune plac'd You on a peace-  
full Throne,  
Had not Rebellion made Your Vir-  
tues known  
(As Stormy Nights, and Dark  
Eclipses, may

Set greater Value on a Fairer Day)  
Posterity had onely understood,  
That You, like Your Great Ancestours, were Good,  
And Just; that, under You, the Church, and State  
Flourish'd, and seem'd above their present Fate.  
But then, when Hell, and Earth, had Must' red all  
Their Forces, to procure Your Father's Fall;  
When Trait'rous Hands had seiz'd upon Your Crown;  
When all Our Rights, and Laws, were trampled down;  
Temples to Stables turn'd; Our Flamens fly,  
Or else, for Victims, on their Altars dy;  
All Holy things prophan'd: That You, alone,  
(As when the Arcian Heresie was grown  
Too strong for Truth, and in one Holy Brest  
Religion dwelt, exil'd from all the rest)  
Have 'gainst these Cruel Storms a Bulwark stood,  
And (like the Great Restorer, when the Flood

O'reran

To the KING.

O'eran the Universe) an Ark prepare,  
 To which all such, as Good, and Loyal are,  
 For Safety flee; had we're been known to Fame,  
 And still this great Addition to Your Name  
 Had been conceal'd, and, after Your Decease,  
 The Good, but Easie, Titles of a Peace,  
 Had been Your sole Renown: but now we see,  
 What You in Peace, what You in War can be;  
 With what an equal Temper You can stand  
 The Shocks of Fortune, and Your Self command.  
 So that by You the Old instructed are  
 To live, the Young the worst of Fate to dare.  
 Hence all, but such, as are with-held by Charms  
 Of Wealth, or Rebels, that now fear Your Arms,  
 Come from all Quarters of the World, in You  
 Their Present Happiness, their Future view.  
 Our Church within Your Walls, alone, can keep  
 Her Rites, and recollect her scatter'd Sheep.  
 Within Your Breast the Archives of the Law  
 Are safely lodg'd, and thence we hope to draw  
 Those Streams of Justice, that (as sacred Nile  
 Swells, and makes fruitful the Egyptian Soil)  
 Shall England Happy make, that, now, with War,  
 As rudely looks, as if hot Sirius Star  
 On it, instead of Libya, only shed  
 Its Flames, and Men, worse then her Monsters, bred.  
 None then can justly of their Fate complain,  
 That are Exil'd, unless You there did Reign.  
 You are our onely Wealth; and whether You  
 Auster's, or Boreas Frozen Kingdoms view;  
 Or should You to America repair,  
 Or t'other Indies blest: where'er c You are,  
 All, that are Good, will follow You, and all,  
 That Place their Home, that Place their Countrey call.

But

To the KING.

But, Oh! (me thinks) I see, with squallid Locks,  
 Poor England, rear her Head above the Rocks,  
 And this great Blessing beg, That She may be  
 Eas'd of her Chains, and, by Your Conquest, Free.  
 Go then (Great Prince) go; may propitious Gales  
 Still wait upon You, and extend Your Sails!  
 Those, that from Tyrannie their Native Land  
 Redeem, in Fame's large Temple Greater stand,  
 Then those, whose Forein Conquests Trophies rear:  
 Such the Camilli, such the Decii were,  
 Whose Names, in Story, are more Sacred far,  
 Then theirs, that, happy in Invasive War,  
 Brought Western Gold, and Eastern Spices home:  
 These did Enrich, but those Preserved Rome.  
 Such (Sacred Prince) be Your Return! May We  
 Such Your Success, and such Your Triumphs see!  
 As when the Phoenix, in his Parent-Nest  
 Reviv'd, in Triumph from the Spicie East  
 Returns, and Offers, on the Pharian Coast,  
 Due Sacrifice to his Paternal Ghost;  
 While all the Birds of Night, and those of Prey,  
 Into the Desert fly, to give him way.  
 But a more Noble, and Obsequious Train  
 Their King attend, and Egypt, wanting Rain,  
 Sees Father Nilus Flow, without Excess,  
 Or e all the Land, and give a rich Increase,  
 Without their Labour. May You then repair  
 The Ruins of Your Throne, and, sitting there,  
 Restore to Us again an Age of Gold;  
 While Your Blest Father may, from Heav'n behold,  
 Himself in You, as Great, as You are Good,  
 And all due Expiations for his Blood  
 On Rebels made. While all, that now for Fear,  
 Or Interest with them Comply, when there

They

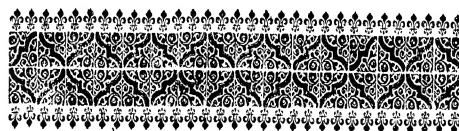
---

To the KING.

---

*They You behold, shall then, repenting, come,  
And justly from Your Mouth attend their Doom.  
When France shall tremble, and the Swede shall run,  
Fearing Your Arms, yet further from the Sun.  
And Victory, attending on Your Hand,  
Wheree're Your Ensigns flie, shall take her Stand,  
Resolv'd to fix with You, and shall devote  
Her self of Wings, to Plume Your radiant Crest.  
And then those Wounds, those Ills, which We before  
So much lamented have, We will Adore.*

THE



THE LIFE  
OF  
CAIUS  
SILIUS ITALICUS.

CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS (whether born in SPAIN, but of ITALIAN Extraction, or in ITALY, but of SPANISH Predecessors, I shall leave PETRUS CRINITUS, GYRALDUS, and others to dispute) in his Youth, applying himself to the Study of Rhetorick, was a close Imitator of CICERO, as the most perfect Pattern of ROMANE Eloquence; after whose Example, he pleaded many Causes, with such Success, and Reputation, that he was, in a short time, made a Judge among the CENTUM-VIRI: nor was that Honour the sole Reward of his Virtues, though he lived in the Reign of the worst of Emperours; for he was thrice Consul, and his first Consulship was signalized with (that great felicity to the ROMANE Empire) the Death of NERO. He was Pro-Consul of ASIA, and returned to ROME from that Province, with great advantage, both  
C\* of

of VVcalth, and Honour. It is no mean Argument of his wisdom, and Prudence, that in the most troublesome Changes of the Empire, he never fell under the displeasure of the prevailing Party : For, as he was the last Consul, that NERO made, so he dyed the last of all, that had been Consuls under him. Among the chief of the City, neither covetous of Power, nor Obnoxious to Envy, he was revered, and esteemed by all : and of such Integrity in the Opinion of VITELLIUS, that, when he despaired of Force to resist the Power of VESPASIAN, he selected him, with CLUVIUS RUFUS, and SABINUS, to Treat his Conditions with the Conquerour. Nor did his Friendship with VITELLIUS, eclipse him with VESPASIAN, having ever entertained it with Prudence, and Moderation; so, that he survived that Noble Emperour, and was Honoured with a third Consulship by his Son DOMITIAN. Under whom, finding the weight of Business too heavy for his declining years, he retired into CAMPANIA, and recreated himself with the MUSES : and, as his Veneration of CICE-RO had moved him to purchase a Lordship, called by that Renowned ORATOIR, His Academy (in imitation of that of ATHENS) where he composed his Books, entituled his ACADEMIQUES. So his high Esteem of VIRGIL caused him to buy a Farm, once belonging to that Prince of Latine Poets, to whose Tombe (near NAPLES) as to a Temple, he frequently repaired; and celebrated

brated his Birth-Day ; more Religiously, then his own. Nor was he onely a Devote to his Memory, but a Noble Emulatour of his Muse, after whose Example, he composed this Immortal WWork, supplying with his Care, and Judgment, the Defects of Nature. He was Co-temporary with many other famous Wits, as LUCAN, STA TIUS, PERSIUS, JUNIUS AQUINAS, and MARTIAL, who is frequent in his Praises, and commits to his Censure his own VVorks, in this Epigram, among many other, excellently Englished by my worthy Friend JO: HEATH Esquire.

*Martial. ad Silium; Lib. 4. Epigr. 14.*

SILI, Castalidum Decus, &c.

*Silius, who art the Mus'es Fame,  
Who the fierce perjur'd Africk's Name,  
And crafty Hannibal's (Rome's Foes)  
Mak'st yield to th' greater Scipio's,  
With thy commanding, pow'rful Stile,  
Thy severe Looks lay'd by a while,  
Whilst loose December now abounds  
With cogg'ing Dice, and Boxes sounds,  
And wanton Lots fly round the Board,  
Thou to my Lines some Time afford.  
But (pray) thy smooth, not knitted Brow,  
To this my looser Mirth, allow.  
So soft Catullus Sparrow might,  
Appear in our great Virgil's sight.*

He

---

*The Life of* SILIUS ITALICUS.

---

He was esteemed Happy by those of his Time, through the whole course of his Life, unless in the loss of the youngest of his Sons, who dyed in his Youth; the other he left flourishing in Wealth, and Consular Dignity. In this Tranquillity, and Content, he lived to the Age of seventy five years, when, surprized by an incurable Ulcer, he, Voluntary, set a Period to his Life by Abstinence.

SILIUS





# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The First Book.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*At nine Years Old, Young Hannibal doth swear,  
 At th' Altar, to maintain the Romane War;  
 His Father, leading into farthest Spain  
 The Libyan Armie, is in Battel slain:  
 Him Haldrubal, in chief Command, Succeeds;  
 Who, Hate Contracting by his cruel Deeds,  
 By a poor Slave's revengefull Hand doth fall:  
 Then Hannibal, elected General,  
 Breaks Faith with Rome, and to Sagunthus brings  
 His Arms, whose famous Siege the Poet sings.*



Sing those Arms, by which  
 Rome's Glory swell'd  
 To Heav'n, and Haughty Car-  
 thage was compell'd  
 To bear Oenotrian Laws. My  
 Muse, relate

*Hesperia's Toils: how many Men, how Great,  
 Rome bred, of Old, for War. When <sup>(a)</sup>Cadmus Seed  
 Perfidiously infrin'd their Sacred Deed,  
 And, struggling for Command, did War embrace.  
 While Fortune long was doubtfull, where to place*

C

The

(a) Cadmus, who was the Son of  
 Agenor, King of the Phoenicians, from  
 whom the Tyrians descended, and from  
 them Dido, who built Carthage.

(b) Carthage, her Power increased by many Conquests in Libya, and Spain; and Rome, no less potent in Italy: they both aspired to the Empire of the World.

(c) They had three sharp Wars: in the first, the Carthaginians were overthrown, in a Sea-battle, by *Lucius* the Consul, near *Agates*, (an Island between Sicily and Africa,) in the second, *Hannibal* was subdued by *Scipio Africanus*. In the third, Carthage was subverted by *Scipio Africanus*.

(d) After the Battle of *Cannæ*, nothing was wanting to the Subversion of the Roman Empire, but *Hannibal's* vigorous Prosecution of his Victory, in besieging Rome itself, which neglected, gave her time to recover that memorable Defeat.

(e) The Roman Conqueror (*Scipio*) who first erected Carthage.

(f) *Hannibal*, thinking to divert *Q. Fabius* from the Siege of *Cernæ*, advanced with his Army to the very walls of Rome, where He was repulsed by prodigious Storms. See Book 3.

(g) Alluding to *Dido's* Execution at her Death, on *Æneas's* Posterity: *Exuvæ aliquæ nostris cecidisse videtur, Quæ factæ Dardaniis, ferreque, sequere Coloni.*

(h) Then from our Bones shall some Race arise.

(i) To persecute the Trojan Colonies With Fire, and Sword —

(j) It is not easy to reconcile *Appian*, *Ennius*, and *Polypus*, concerning the Building of Carthage. The first affirming it to be built fifty Years before the Destruction of Troy: the other seventy Years after the Building of Rome: and the last, more than three hundred years after Troy was destroyed. But most conclude it to have been built by *Dido*, who, when her Brother *Pigmalion* had slain her Husband for his Wealth, which she got into her Possession, fled with such Friends as hated the Tyranny of *Pigmalion*, by Sea into Libya, where the Inhabitants, refusing to let her share in their Country, she only desired to purchase as much Land as she could encompass with a Bull's Hide. Which Request, seeming ridiculous, was easily granted: and the Hide cut into small Thongs, encompass'd all that Ground, where the Town called *Byssa* was built, which first denominated the City, that afterward called Carthage, contended with Rome in Greatness. See *Appian*, in his Book *De Libya*.

(k) *Viculus* Coast. Where with a Fleet of three hundred Ships, *Lucius* overthrew a Navy of double the Number, and thereby forced the Carthaginians to quit Sicily, Sardinia, and other Isles in the Sea, between Africa, and Italy, and accept a dishonourable Peace.

(b) The Empire of the World. The Tyrian Lords  
Thrice with Successless Arms, and Impious Swords,  
The Senate's Peace, and League, which they had sworn  
To *Jove*, first broke. And, while, with Fury born,  
Each Nation mutual Ruin did contrive,  
They, to whom Fate the Victory did give,

(d) Were nearest to their Fall. The Phrygian Powers  
In Triumph enter Carthaginian Towers.  
Rome's Palaces Sidonian Troops surround;  
While only in her Walls the Safety found.

The Cause of so great Rage, and Hate, with Care  
(e) Bequeathing to their Nephews endless War,  
Let me relate, and their dark Counsels scan,  
The Source of so great Stirs, which thus began.

(b) Long since, when *Dido* fled her Native Land,  
Polluted by her Brother's Impious Hand,  
By Chance, on Libya's fatal Coast she falls,  
And, on her purchas'd Land, erects new Walls,  
With a Bull's-Hide, in Thongs divided round,  
Encompass'd, and set out the measur'd Ground.

Here *Juno* (as the Antient Story goes)  
Neglecting *Argos*, and *Mycene*, those  
Belov'd, and pleasant Seats, desir'd to build  
Eternal Mansions for her dear Exil'd.

But, when She saw *Rome* raise her lofty Head  
So high, and, crossing Seas, her Eagles spread  
Through all the World; mov'd by a Jealous Fear,  
She the Phœnicians fill'd with Thoughts of War.  
But these, at first, repress'd, and having lost

Their high Attempts on the Sicilian Coast,  
Again the Arms prepares: One Captain may  
Suffice Her to embroil the Earth, and Sea.  
And He was *Hannibal*; who now puts on  
All Her dire Fury: Him She dares alone

Ev'n

Ev'n 'gainst the Fates oppose. When, Joy'd to find  
A Man so bloody, casting in her Minde  
The Ills, that She would bring on Italy;  
Shall that Dardanian Fugitive (said She)  
His Troy, and Household-Gods, twice Captivate,  
In Spight of Me, to Latium translate?  
And, for the Trojans, Latine Scepters found?

(k) *Ticinus*, rather may thy Banks abound  
With slaughter'd Romanes; and my Trebia's Flood  
Swell, through the Celtick Plains, with Trojan Blood;  
And Troubled *Thrasimene's* backward fly,  
Affrighted at the Streams of Purple Dy.  
So I may see *Hesperian* Cannæ Crown'd  
With Bodies, and in Blood the Vallies drown'd;  
And Thee, swift *Ausidus*, incertain where  
To leave a Ford, when as no Banks appear,  
Lab'ring o're Arms, and scatter'd Limbs, thy Way  
To break into the Adriatick Sea.

This said; the Youth, who nothing else desires,  
But Broils, and War, with Martial Thoughts she fires.  
Faithless, repleat with Guil, Unjust was He,  
And, when once arm'd, contemn'd the Deity,  
Valiant, but Cruel, hating Peace, and fir'd  
With a strange Thirst of Humane Blood, desir'd,  
Then, in His pride of Youth, to wipe away  
His Father's Stains, and i'th Sicilian Sea  
To drown all Leagues. *Juno*, with Hope of Praise,  
Inflames his Heart, to which His Soul obeys.  
Now in His Dreams, He seems to break into  
The Capitol, and o're the Alps to go:  
Oft in His troubled Sleep, rising by Night,  
With horrid Cries His Servants Hee'd affright;  
Who found Him, bath'd in Sweat, His future War  
To wage, and beat with Rage the empty Air.

C 2

This

(k) *Ticinus*, a small River in Lombardy, that falls into the Po, more renowned by *Hannibal's* first Encounter with the Consul *Corn. Scipio*, who was worried by him, then by the City of the same Name. See the fourth Book.

(l) *Trebia*, a River near *Placentia*, where, in a second Conflict, the Consul *Sempronius* was overthrown by *Hannibal*. See the same Place.

(m) *Thrasimene*, a Lake in the Plains of *Perusia*, near which *Hannibal* overthrew the Roman Army, and slew the Consul *Cainus Flaminius*. See Book 5.

(n) *Cannæ*, a small Village in *Apulia*, where the Romans received a most signal Overthrow. See Book 5.

(o) *Ausidus* defending, with a strong Current from the *Alpin* Hills, emptied itself into the *Adriatick* Sea.

(p) Not only the Dishonour of *Æmilcar*, (His Father's) Repulse out of Sicily, but the Loss of many other Victories, by former *Generals*, both by Sea, and Land.

This Fury, against *Italy* abus'd,  
While yet a <sup>(g)</sup> Child, his Father had infus'd,

<sup>(h)</sup> Born of the Noble *Barcean* Race, deriv'd  
From ancient *Belus*. For, when first, depriv'd  
Of her *Sichæus*, *Dido* fled from *Tyre*;

The *Belian* Youth, t' escape the *Tyrian's* Ire,  
Join'd to her Train, resolv'd to embrace  
Her Fate, and Fortune: from that Noble Race,  
*Amilcar*, fam'd for Valour, claim'd Descent,  
And, studious former Hatred to foment,  
Soon as his Son could speak, and Words exprest,  
Kindled the *Romane* War within His Breast.

Amidst the City, circled by a Grove  
Of shady Yew, that did all Light remove,  
A Temple stood, built to *Eliza's* Ghost,  
And dreadfull held through all the *Tyrian* Coast.  
Here (as 'tis said) the Queen with Her own Hand,  
Her self from Grief absolv'd: sad Statues stand  
Of Father *Belus*, and, in Order, all

His Off-Spring, with *Agenor*, whom they call  
The Glory of their Line, *Phœnix*, whose Fame,  
Gave to that Land, an everlasting Name.  
At length, *Eliza* <sup>(i)</sup> joined to her Lord  
For ever; at Her Feet the *Phrygian* Sword:  
Next unto these twice fifty Altars stand,  
Built to the Gods, that Heav'n, and Hell command:  
Clad in a *Syggian* Vest with scatter'd Locks,  
The Priestess, here, <sup>(j)</sup> *Ennea's* Power invokes,  
And *Acheron*: when from the trembling Ground,  
Sad Murmures breaking, through the Temple sound,  
And Flames from the unkindled Altars rise:  
Then, rais'd by Magick Songs, with horrid Cries,  
The wandering Ghosts fly through the hollow Air;  
While *Dido*, in her Marble, sweats for Fear.

Hither

(g) *Anchises*, about to lead an Army into *Sparta*, and having Thoughts of a greater War against the *Romans*, *Hannibal*, then nine years old, flattering him to go with him, it is said, that he caus'd the Child to lay His Hand on the Altar, and to swear, that, so soon as He was able, He would become an Enemy to the *Romans*.

(h) *Belus* was the Father of *Dido*, and King of *Phœnicia*, from whom *Amilcar* bore; likewise descended, his Ancestor, her Kinsman, accompanying her in her flight.

(i) Her Image was placed next to her Husband *Sichæus*, whose Memory she preferred to all the Temptations of other Suits, keeping her self constant to her first Nuptial Vow, till the Arrival of *Æneas* (as *Poets* feign) but her Honour is vindicated by *Hillocius*, and by *Asinius* in this Epigram (CXXI) on her picture.

*Dido* an, whom thou behold'st here;  
Fair, 'ere to Woe, such my Features were.  
Such I art such, as *Maro* sang'd, my Monks:  
Not without Lusts my Life inclin'd,  
Nor without did I nuptial Vow;  
I, *Talysa*, with her Trojan Flare, content,  
I had *Jacobs* Arms, and Rage, and by My Fall (true) prefer'd my Character.  
Fondly'st thou that Breast, which a chaste Sword did prove,  
Not Rage, or Grief, intend'd by injur'd Love.  
Thus plac'd, I tell, it's debauch'd by Fame believ'd.  
Rever'd my Husband: built a City: dy'd.  
What curious Male did *Maro* then create  
My Lust? He now, false, lets me write.  
But that I did care neither in my Fame,  
Though I, who Ghosts, and Lusts of Gods proclaim.  
False Poets, who the Truth with Verse pollute,  
And Humane Crimes to Deities ascribe.

(j) *Enna* was a City situate in the midst of *Sicily*, where *Ceres* had a Temple, near to which, was a Sacred Grove. Out of which *Plutarch* Pre-*scribes*, who is from thence called *Enna*.

Hither comes *Hannibal*, commanded by  
*Amilcar*; who observ'd with Curious eye  
His Face, and Gesture. Him no Horrid Rites  
Oth' Place, nor mad <sup>(k)</sup> *Mafila's* Fury frights,  
Nor the dark Pavement stain'd with Blood, nor Flames  
Arising at the sound of Horrid Names.  
Stroaking his Head, his Father kiss'd him, cheers  
His early Courage, and thus fills his Ears.

An unjust Nation, sprang from ruin'd *Troy*,  
With their harsh Leagues do *Cadmus* Sons annoy:  
If *Fates* deny the Honour should be Mine,  
To wipe off this Disgrace, may it be Thine.  
Think on a War may *Italy* destroy:  
And may the *Tyrrbene* Youth (my warlike Boy)  
Thy Rising dread; and teeming Mothers fear  
Their Children to produce, if Thou appear.

Mov'd by this Language, He replies. By Sea,  
And Land, so soon as Years will suffer Me,  
With Fire and Sword the *Romans* I'll pursue,  
And what *Rhetæan* Fates decree undo.  
Neither the Gods, nor Leagues forbidding War,  
*Tarpeian* Rocks, nor *Alps* shall Me debarr.  
This my Resolve by *Mars* I swear, and by  
Thy Ghost, great Queen. This said, to *Hecate*  
Falls a black Victim: the Priestess enquires  
The trembling Entrails, as the soul expires.  
And when (as Custom was) with Art the mind  
Oth' Gods she had explor'd, she thus Divin'd.

Th' *Ætolian* Plains I see with Armies fill'd,  
And Lakes, that with <sup>(l)</sup> *Idæan* Blood are swell'd.  
What mighty Bodies climb unto the Skie  
By Rocks; on whose high top thy Camp shall lie?  
Now from the Hills the furious Army falls  
Into the Plains, and now the trembling Walls

D

In

(k) A Priestess of the *Maffian* Nation, a Barbarous People, most familiar with those horrid Rites, which were there to be perform'd: wherein, as if inspired from Hell, she v. that, as mad, about the Altars, like that describ'd by our English *Lucan* (Lib. 5.) Thus fly from her mad Mouth the flaming rant:  
And, in the horrid Cave, were heard at once  
Brook, wicked Murmurs, Howlings, and sad Groans.

(l) *Romane*.

(7) Carthaginian.

(8) *Opimus* Spoils were held, as One General, or King, took from another. *Romulus* was the Author of their Title; (Vil. Lib. 1.) who took them from the King of the *Cretes*; The Second gain'd by *Corn. Celsus*, a Roman Tribune; by whom *Ulinus* King of the *Tyrrheni* was slain. And the Third were the Prize of *Marcellus*, in his Victory over *Viridomachus* King of the *Isabian* Gauls: but all after them by the *Carthaginians*. Vide Lib. 15.

(9) The two Hills, which make the Stright of *Gibraltar* (Calp), on the farther part of Spain; and *Abila* in the extremest part of *Morocco*, where *Amilcar* was slain in Battle against the Spaniards.

(10) After the death of *Amilcar*, the *Carthaginians* (willing to continue this War, found then very advantageous to the State) by a general vote of the Soldiers, and People, elected *Hannibal*, who was Son-in-law to *Amilcar*, to succeed in his Command.

In smoak are lost, I see <sup>(7)</sup> *Sidonian* Flames  
Through all *Hesperia* shine, and bloody Streams  
Mix'd with *Eridanus*, Even He, that bare  
To *Jove* the third <sup>(8)</sup> *Opimus* Spoils of War,  
Lyes dead on heaps of Arms and Men; his face  
Retaining still its fierceness. But, alas!  
What Tempests do with suddain storms arise;  
While, from the gaping Heav'n, swift Lightning flies:  
The Gods Great things intend, I see even *Jove*  
Engag'd in War, and Thunder from above.  
The silent Entrails now no more reveal'd;  
But *Juno* all the Fates to come conceal'd.  
Dangers, and tedious Labours are behind.  
So keeping in his breast the War design'd;  
While to remotest *Gades* he doth lead  
His Troops, and at <sup>(9)</sup> *Alcides* Pillars spread  
His *Getick* Ensigns, slain in fight, in pride  
Of all his hopes, the *Tyrian* Captain dy'd.  
Him <sup>(10)</sup> *Hafdrul* succeeds: whose Reign begun  
In that rich Land, where the declining Sun  
Stoops to the Ocean: whose Tyrant-sway  
Th' *Iberi*, and *Beticole* obey.  
Of a dark Soul, implacable was He,  
The fruit of whose Command was Cruelty;  
His Thirst of Blood unquenchable appear'd,  
Esteeming it an Honour to be fear'd:  
This Rage known Torments could not satiate.  
And thus, while He both Gods and Men forgate,  
*Tagus* of ancient Race, and noble Fame  
For Beauty, and for valiant Acts, (his Name  
Deriv'd from Golden *Tagus*, and bewail'd  
Through all *Iberia*;) on an Oak impail'd,  
He shews in triumph to's sad Peoples eyes,  
A King deprived of his Obsequies.

Content

Content with his own Bounds, he nor requir'd  
*Meonian* streams, nor *Lydian* Pools desir'd,  
Nor those rich Vales, where liquid Gold doth flow,  
And *Hermus* with the Sand doth yellow grow.  
He first the Fight began, and last withdrew:  
And when, with's fiery Steed, he broke into  
The Ranks, no Sword, no Spear, could him withstand;  
But in both Armies, with his Conquering hand,  
*Tagus* in golden Arms by all was known.  
Whom when his Servant saw impail'd upon  
The fatal Oak, deform'd; snatching a Sword  
From his side, esteem'd by his lamented Lord,  
Into the Tyrant's Tent he suddain prest,  
And <sup>(1)</sup> pierc'd, with numerous wounds, his cruel Breast.  
Grief, now, and Rage, the *Tyrian* Camp divide,  
And all their thoughts to sad Revenge apply'd.  
Some Fire, some burning Brals, some Racks prepare,  
And some with Rods his bleeding Body tear.  
All busie hands in various Torments chuse  
Their part: some deadly Poyson do infuse;  
Others the gaping Wounds with Flames do fill.  
And (what was terrible to see, or tell,)  
While with all art of Cruelty each Limb  
Was stretcht; that Bones in liquid Flesh did swim,  
And Marrow, mix'd with Blood, in smoak did rise:  
His Courage still was firm, and did despise,  
And scorn their Torments; or as he had been  
A safe Spectatour onely, and had seen,  
Not felt, what they inflict, the <sup>(2)</sup> Slave disdain  
His fainting Executioners; complains  
They're dull, and stoutly for the Cross doth call.  
Midst these despis'd pains, the *General*  
Thus lost, the trembling Armie with one voice,  
And cry, on <sup>(3)</sup> *Hannibal* streight fix their choice.

(1) *Hafdrul*, after he had eight years enjoy'd his Command, was slain by a Slave of a Prince of that Country, who he had cruelly put to death. Our Author denotes *Tagus*, *Pabianus* and *Appian*, who first offering him to have him impail'd to punish him in his own, the others in turning, and adhering to *Livy*, in the manner of his death.

(2) The Constancy of this Slave is recorded by *Livy* in these words: "When he was apprehended by those that were pursuing him, he was so far from needing all kind of Torments, that he endured them with as pleasant a countenance as if he had desired: so that the Poet doth not reach Pyrrus before the History, when he doth, that he is stoutly called for the Cross, the last punishment of condemned Slaves."

(3) So soon as *Hafdrul* came to the Command of the Army, he sent for *Hannibal* (to the great dislike of *Hannibal's* Faction, who apprehended his haughty Spirit) into the Camp, where he soon acquired the Love of the Soldiers, especially of the old friends (that had served under his Father) who were the first, that, after the death of *Hafdrul*, declared him General, at the age of twenty five years: which, asserted by the rest of the Troops, was immediately confirmed by the Senate of *Carthage*, where the *Roman* Faction was most prevalent.

The

The Image of his Father's Valour, Fame  
Of the War vow'd against the *Romane* Name,  
His young and active Courage, noble Heat,  
His Eloquence, and mind arm'd with Deceit,  
Procured this Applause. And, first of all,  
The *Libyan* Troops salute him *General*;  
Next these, the *Pyrenean* People; than  
The warlike Bands of the *Iberian*.  
When streight a Confidence of this Command  
Enflames his soul: as if the Sea and Land,  
Where *Auster* rules, or where the Lamp of Day  
In *Cancer* lodg'd tormenteth *Libya*,  
Or *Asia* did submit; or He beheld  
A third part of the World Obedience yield.

His Bounds were where Fam'd *Nilus* sees the Day  
First rise, and with seven Streams invades the Sea.  
But where they milder look to either *Bear*,  
Wash'd by th' *Herculean*-sea, the <sup>(f)</sup> Plains appear  
Of fertile *Europe*, from the neighb'ring Hills:  
All the vast Tract beyond the *Ocean* fills.  
Nor will huge <sup>(g)</sup> *Atlas* suffer that his Name  
Farther extend: *Atlas*, whose Neck the Frame  
Of Heaven doth prop: Whose clouded Head doth all  
The Stars support; which, that withdrawn, would fall.  
The Winter of un-melting Frost, and Snow,  
Dwells on his Beard; upon his lofty Brow  
A Grove of Pines, that cast Eternal shade;  
His Temples by the Winds are hollow made;  
And Rivers from his mighty Jaws descend  
In Froth; and both his sides with Seas contend:  
Which, when his panting Steeds the weary Sun  
Doth drench in smoking Waves, do seem to drown  
The Chariot. But where parch'd *Africk's* Fields  
Appear, the barren Earth no Harvest yields;

But

(f) *Hannibal*, now Commander of so vast an Army, commanded likewise all the Dominions of the *Carthaginians*, which were then very great, especially in *Libya*, being Lord of all that vast Tract of ground, upon the Sea-coast, from *Carthage* into the *Herculean*-Hills: where they found an easy passage into *Spain*, whose fertile Plains, to be seen from the Hills of *Mauritania*, invited them to that Conquest, which *Hannibal* obtained.

(g) Which terminated the Bounds of the *Carthaginians* West-ward, in the extreme parts of *Mauritania*; as *Nile* was their Boundary South-ward.

But Serpents, with fell Poison charg'd; yet where  
The Soil is blest'd with a more temperate Air,  
Nor *Pharian*, nor *Ennean* Plains excell.

Here the <sup>(h)</sup> *Numidians* insulting fill  
One quarter of the Camp: no use they know  
Of Bridles; but, when Horses swiftest go,  
Them, with a Wand, between their Ears apply'd,  
As with the Reins, or Curbs, at pleasure, guid.  
A warlike Nation, that in Wars delight;  
Yet trusting more to Fraud, than open Fight.  
The *Spanish* Troops another part contain'd;  
Aids, by his valiant Father's Trophies, gain'd  
From *Europe*: whose fierce Horse with neighing fills  
The Plains, and swiftly climbs th' encamped Hills:  
(Not *Mars* through *Thracian* Fields more furious  
A Nation fierce, and prodigal of Lives, drives)  
Willing to hasten Death: for, when their Prime  
Of years is over-past by conqu'ring Time,  
Scorning decay of Strength, or Age, to know,  
Bear in their hands their Fate. Here Metals grow  
Of matter mixt, <sup>(i)</sup> *Electrum's* Pallid Veins  
Produc'd, and darker Steel the Earth contains:  
But God those Springs of Mischief deeply hides;  
Yet *Astur*, covetous, the Earth divides,  
And, in her mangled Entrails drown'd again,  
Returns with Gold, and bears the Pretious Stain.  
Hence *Divius*, and rich *Tagus*, with thy Streams  
Contend, *Pactolus*, and that <sup>(k)</sup> Flood, that seems  
To bring up *Lethe* to the People, and  
Upon the *Gravii* rolls the Glistering Sand.  
A Land where *Ceres*, and *Lyæus* too  
Do dwell, and Olive-Trees in plenty grow.

These Nations, now, reduc'd to the Command  
Of Warlike *Hannibal*, and in his Hand

-E

The

(h) The *Numidians*, a wandering People, defended (as *Salustius* relates) of the *Pharjans*, were part of *Hercules* his Army: and, after his Death, returning into *Spain*, plac'd themselves in that part of *Africk*, which borders upon the *Carthaginian* Bounds, and *Mauritania*. Their manner of fighting is described by the *Poet*: and of what great use they were to *Hannibal* appears through the whole *Poem*, agreeable to *History*.

(i) Of *Electrum* there are two sorts: one, whereof is a Gummy substance, which becomes hard, and hath formerly been found, (though not very plentifully) mix'd with the Sands of *Eridani*: (the *Poet*) which gave occasion to the *Poet* to say *Phæthos's* Sifters to be turn'd into *Poplars*, and their Tears into that substance of which some Statues were made for *Alexander*. The other sort (meant here) is a mixture of the Seeds of Gold with Silver.

(k) *Ara* (a River in *Spain*, now called *Gadiana*) which, according to the Ancient division of *Spain*, separates *Hispania Bætica* (that contained the Kingdoms of *Granata*, *Andalusia*, with part of *New Castile*, and *Extremadura*) from *Lusitania* (*Portugal*) it runs, for the space of eight German Miles, under Ground, and afterward, breaking forth again, en-piereth itself with a full Channel into the *Atlantic* Sea. Upon some part of this was a *Gætan* Colony, mentioned here by the *Poet*, and alluded by *Cluverius*, lib. 2. *Intrat. Geograph.*

*As Achilles gave, by his cunning persuasion, few many clues to the Obsequence of the *Andromeda*; till at last *Thetis* to his entreaties, as appeareth, not only at his own entrance in his *Andromeda*, which gained him there the Obsequence of the *Andromeda*, but by him into *Italy*, because the *Grecs*, and *Italy* itself. And for this behest commands *Pyrrhus*, at the Court of *Antichus*, as an eminent Antiquarian. *Vide Liv.* lib. 35.*

The Reins of Rule : streight with his Father's <sup>(1)</sup> Arts  
He makes his Party ; now with Arms subverts  
Decrees of Senate, now with Bribes ; appears  
The first to walk on Foot ; the first, that bears  
A part, if haste require, a Trench to make ;  
The first, that all Attempts would undertake :  
Remiss in nothing, that to Honour tends ;  
Refuseth nature Rest, and watchfull spends  
The night in Arms. Now, by his Cassock known,  
Mix'd with the *Libyssean* Foot, lies down  
On th' Earth, contending with the Steel he wore  
In Hardness ; sometimes he'd Advance before  
His numerous Troops ; and, with a valiant Hand,  
Perform in Person, what he did Command :  
Sometimes, on his bare Head, he'd entertain  
The Ruins of the Heav'ns ; their Storms, and Rain.  
The *Tyrians* saw, th' *Assurians* did admire  
To see, when *Jove* did dart his forked Fire,  
When Thunder fell in Storms, and every Blaft  
Of Wind struck forth the Flames, how bold he past  
Through all, on's snorting Steed : nor would retire,  
Though clog'd with Dust, and scorcht'd with *Sirius* fire.  
And, when the sultry Air did frie with Heat,  
That parch'd the Earth, they seem'd Effeminate,  
Who sought a Shade : while He, to exercise  
His Thirst, where er'e he sees a Fountain, flies.  
His sole Delights, to dress a furious Horse  
For War, and to be famous for the Force  
Of's killing Arm : to swim a Stream unknown  
Or'e Echoing Rocks : to'affail the Foe, upon  
The adverse Bank. The first, that would ascend  
To scale a Wall, and, when he did contend  
In open Fight, where er'e his Sword did go,  
It carried Death, and Streams of Blood did flow.

Being

Being therefore, now, resolv'd to violate  
The Sacred League, he urgeth on his Fate.  
And, where he can, on *Rome's* Allies doth fall,  
And storms in farthest Lands the Capitol.

His waving Ensigns (first displaid for love  
Of greater Wars) against <sup>(m)</sup> *Saguntus* move.  
The Walls, first built by *Hercules*, not far  
From Sea, upon a rising Hill appear.

Whole noble Name *Zacynthus*, there by Fate  
Entomb'd upon the Top, did consecrate.

He, among others of *Alcides* Train,  
Return'd to *Thebes*, the fam'd *Gerion* <sup>(n)</sup> slain.

Three Souls that Monster did inform, three pair  
Of Hands, his Head a triple Neck did bear.

Earth ne'r beheld another could survive  
One Death, to whom the Fates three Lives did give.

Yet here the Conqu'rouer shew'd his Spoils : and, as  
In Heat of day the Captive Heards did pass

Unto the Springs, a Serpent, kick'd by chance,  
Big with enflaming Poison, did advance

Histun'd Jaws, and by a deadly Wound  
Lay'd the *Inachian* dead on *Spanish* Ground.

About that time, an exil'd Colonie,  
Born in an Island of the *Grecian* Sea,  
Came from the South, and by *Zacynthus* there  
To *Ithaca's* Dominions added were.

The *Damian* Youth, wanting a dwelling, then  
Rich in their Numbers, led by Valiant men,

Sent from a City, which we *Ardea* term,  
Arriv'd, their weak Beginnings to confirm.

These, by Agreement with the *Romane* State,  
Having their Liberties inviolate,

And Honour of their Ancestours, forsook,  
What they had long endur'd, the *Tyrian* Yolk.

E 2

Against

<sup>(m)</sup> *Altia*, *Hermandia*, *Arbacia*, &c. and some other Provinces of *Spain*, had before felt the Fury of the *Carthaginians* : but *Saguntus* was the first Confederate City (with the *Romans*) that was Attacked by them. It is now called *Alor-vieja*, Situate upon the River *Ilerus* (or *Ebro*) about a mile from the Sea ; great only in its Fame of this memorable Siege.

<sup>(n)</sup> Three Brothers, that Reigned in *Spain*, with such admirable Unity, that all seem'd to be Governed by one Mind ; which gave Birth to this Fable. They were subdued by *Hercules*.

Against these, therefore, his incensed Bands,  
 Breaking the League, fierce *Hannibal* commands:  
 Disturbs their Peace with Arms. Shaking his Head,  
 Himself high-mounted on his panting Steed,  
 Surveys the Walls; and, when he had beheld  
 The trembling Houses, Summons them to yield  
 Their Gates, and Forts: tells them; That *Italie*,  
 Their Leagues, and hop'd-for Aids, far distant be;  
 Nor should his Mercy meet them, if subdu'd  
 By Arms: That all the *Senate* could conclude,  
 Their Laws, and Statutes, nay their Gods, and Faith,  
 Were now within his Power. And what he saith,  
 Confirms by's Javelin thrown against the Walls:  
 Which on *Caicus*, vainly threatening, falls;  
 And through his Arms his Body pierc'd. He slain,  
 And tumbling from the Rampart, brings again  
 To the insulting Conquerour his Dart,  
 Reeking in Blood, and trembling in his Heart.  
 The rest th' Example of the *General*  
 With Shouts pursue; and streight obscure the Wall  
 With a dark Cloud of Darts. Nor was their clear  
 Valour in Number lost: each man doth bear  
 Himself against the foremost; as if he,  
 Alone, would undertake the Enemy.  
 Here one the Sling with frequent Jerks doth ply;  
 Which, waved thrice about his Head, lets flie  
 A Weapon with the Winds; which in the Air  
 Is lost, to sight. Huge Stones another, there,  
 Flings from his sinewy Arm: this doth advance,  
 And from the slippery nouse expells a Lance.  
 But *Hannibal*, before all other, rich  
 In's Father's Arms, now flings, with flaming Pitch,  
 A smoking Lamp; then hurls his Javelin; now,  
 With Stakes, and Stones, doth press upon the Foe:

Or

Or poison'd Arrows sends, and doth applaud  
 Insulting, as they flie, his Quiver's fraud.  
 Such Shafts the *Daci*, on the *Getique* Coast,  
 Steep'd in the Poison of their COUNTRY, boast,  
 And by the Banks of two-nam'd <sup>(c)</sup> *Ister* shoot.

But now it is decreed, and they, about  
 The Hill, their horned Bulwarks raise; and, round  
 The City, armed Towers do abound.  
 Oh Faith, by ancient Times ador'd, which now  
 On Earth, we onely by thy Name do know!  
 The Valiant Youth resolv'd stand, and see  
 All hope of Flight cut off; their Walls to be  
 Begirt with Arms: yet think a noble Death,  
 Most worthy *Rome*. And that, *Saguntus* Faith  
 By them preserv'd, she might more Glorious fall,  
 Then stand: they now more resolutely all  
 Their Strength collect. Then from contracted Strings  
 Stones of vast Bulk the *Phocæan* <sup>(p)</sup> Engine slings:  
 Or, changing weight, whole Trees with Iron bound  
 Ejects; that, breaking through, the Ranks confound.  
 A Shout both Armies raise, and furious come  
 To Blows; as if they had besieged *Rome*.  
 Among so many thousands, that did stand,  
 Circled in Arms, like Corn on fertile Land;  
 Bold *Hannibal*, desirous to enspire  
 Into his Armie's minds that furious Fire  
 Was lodg'd in his own Breast, doth thus excite  
 Their Rage, and Stimulates the following Fight.

Do we stand still before a Captiv'd Foe?  
 Aham'd we have begun? Aham'd to go  
 On with this Omen! goodly Valour! Shall  
 These be the first-Fruits of the *General*?  
 Must we fill *Italie* with such a Fame?  
 Premise such Fights as this? Go on, for shame:

This

(c) It being also call'd *Danubius* by the *Scythians*, by reason of an unfortunate Expedition they once made over it. *Enfath*, in *Dion*.

(p) The *Phallica* was a kind of Sling; invented (saith *Plin.* *lib. 7 c. p. 30*) by the *Phenicians*: who, with their evil Stones, Spears, Darts, &c., and is here call'd *Phocæan*: for 't is the *Saguntines* were defend'd of the *Phocæans*, in whose Territory was *Placit*.

This said, with Fury they invade the Wall,  
On which they leave their Hands, and backwards fall.  
With that in haste a Mount was rais'd, above  
The Town, whereon the Fighting Squadrons move.

But with an <sup>(1)</sup> Engine, that by many hands  
Was mov'd, the brave Besieg'd, the thronging Bande  
Drive from the Gates. It was a mighty Oak,  
Strange to behold; which, for defence, they took  
From th' *Pyrenean* Hills. This, strongly lin'd  
With num'rous Pikes of Steel, could hardly finde  
By Walls, resistance; and about besmear'd  
With Sulphur, and with unctious Pitch, appear'd  
Like an huge Thunder-bolt, and from the Walls  
Of their high *Arcenal* it swiftly falls;  
Cutting with trembling Flames the yielding Air;  
(So Comets, running with their bloody Hair,  
From Heav'n to Earth, cast a Prodigious light)  
And with a furious Force, that did affright  
Ev'n *Hannibal*, upon the Armie flies,  
Tossing their smoaking Members to the Skies:  
Till, fix'd to a vast Tower, the active Flames,

<sup>(2)</sup> Through the raw Hides, consume the mighty Beams.  
And there, in burning Ruins, both the Men,  
And Arms involves. The *Carthaginians* then,  
Grown wise by loss, through secret Mines convey  
Their Troops, and so the City open lay.  
That labour of Great *Hercules*, the Wall,  
To th' Earth, with noise incredible, doth fall;  
And in its Ruin Stones immense doth roll,  
That Echo from the *Alps* unto the *Pole*.  
So airy Rocks, torn from their Native side  
By Storms, with horror do an Hill divide.  
The Breach was soon, with Heaps of Bodies slain,  
Obstructing their Advance, supply'd again.

Amidst

(1) This Engine is described by *Livy* (*Lib. 21.*) to have been very long, smooth, and round: but square at the End; out of which came a Pike of Iron, (like that of the *Roman* Pike) in length three Foot; that it might penetrate both through the Arms, and Bodies of the Enemy. About it they fastened Wax and Pitch: which kindled, was not only very hurtfull to all that stood in its way, but terrible to those at Distance.

(2) These were called *Plutei* by the *Latines*: and were made use of, to cover Beams, and Planks, while the Souldiers were working; to keep them from being fired by the Enemy.

Amidst those Ruins, both with equal Rage  
Do meet; before the rest, in's prime of Age,  
*Murrus*, ennobled by a *Latine* Line,  
Himself a *Greek*, his Mother *Saguntine*;  
Whose Parents, in a Sacred League combin'd,  
*Dulichian* Nephews to *Italian* joyn'd.  
He, as stout *Vaidus* his Companions calls  
Aloud unto the Fight, upon him falls,  
And wounds him, where unarm'd he did appear,  
Between his Cask and Corset; with his Spear  
Stopping his bold Attempts: and, as he lies  
Prostrate upon the Ground, insulting cries;

Th' art down, false *Carthaginian*: surely thou,  
As Conquerour, didst fancy foremost now  
To climbe the Capitol: but, what could move  
Such bold Desires? Go, war with *Stygian* Jove.

Then, as *Iberus* fiercely did advance,  
To succour him, fix'd in his Thigh his Lance:  
And, spurning *Vaidus* dying Face, quoth he;  
This to the Walls of *Rome* your Way must be,  
O fear'd, and valiant Hands! you all must tread  
This Path, whither foe're your Haste doth lead.

And, as *Iberus* labour'd to renew  
The Fight, his Target seisd, and piercd him through  
His naked Side. *Iberus*, rich in Land,  
And Flocks, unknown to Fame, could well command  
His Dart, and Bow, against a flying Beast:  
Happy in's Private life, had he possesst  
Those Weapons still, within his Father's Groves.  
To succour him with speed now *Ladmus* moves:  
On whom bold *Murrus* grimly smiling, Thou  
(Said he) shalt tell *Amilcar's* Shade below;  
That this right Hand, after the Vulgars fall,  
Shall give you for Companion *Hannibal*:

Then



Then, rising high, with's Sword on's Helmet struck,  
Which, through the very brazen Cover, broke  
His cracking Scull. Then *Chremes*, who his Hair  
Unthorn, like to a Cap, on's Brow did wear:  
With *Majulus*, and *Harcalo*, though old,  
Yet not unfit for War; who with a bold  
And fearless Hand, a teeming Lyoness  
Would stroke: then *Bragada*, whose Shield's Impress,  
A River's Urn: *Hyempsal*, who the Wrack  
Of Ships from dang'rous Sands would boldly take,  
As Spoils, from raging Seas: these sadly all,  
Slain by his fatal Hand, together fall:  
And with them *Atyr*, skilfull to disarm  
Serpents of Poison, whose sole Touch could charm  
To sleep the banefull Adder, and apply  
The Ceraft, all suspected Broods to try.  
And thou *Hyarba*, *Garamantick*, born  
By Oracular Groves, thy Helmet, like an Horn,  
Bending about thy Temples, there wer't slain;  
Accusing *Jove*, and Destinies, in vain,  
That often falsely thy Return express'd.

But now with Bodies slain the Heap encreas'd,  
And with the yet-warm Streams of slaughter smoaks;  
While *Murrus* to the Fight aloud provokes  
The *General*: as when, pursu'd by cries  
Of *Spartan* Dogs, a Boar the Forest flies,  
And, met by Hunters, on his Back doth rear  
The Ensigns of his Rage, and his last War  
Attempts, and, as his foamy Blood he eats,  
Groaning, his Tusks against their Javelins beats.

But in another Quarter, where Despair  
Had forc'd the Youth to fall, free from fear,  
That any Hand, or Dart, could work his fall,  
Raging amidst the Troops was *Hannibal*:

And

And shakes his Sword, that was, not long before,  
With Fire enchanted, on th' *Hesperian* Shore,  
Made by Old *Temisus*; whose pow'rfull Skill  
Could temper, with his Charming Tongue, the Steel.  
So, in *Bistonian* Plains, the God of War  
Brandish'd his Sword; when, in his Iron Car,  
The *Titans* he pursu'd; or, with the Breath  
Of's Steeds, and Noise of's Wheels, extinguisheth  
The Flames of War. *Hofcus*, and *Pholus*, now,  
*Lygdus*, and *Dirius*, to the Shades below,  
By him were sent. To them *Galefus* fair;  
The Twins, *Chronus*, and *Gjas*, added were:  
With *Dannus*; who all other did excell,  
In Pleading at the Bar, and by his Skill  
(Though a most Just Observer of the Laws)  
Still gain'd the Hearers minds unto his Cause.  
But, furiously, with Rage transported, now,  
This Language adds, as he his Darts doth throw;

Whither, proud *Carthaginian*, will the Spite,  
And Fury, of thy Father, thee incite?  
Here are no Fabricks, by a Womans Hand  
Erected, purchas'd with a Price; or Land  
To Exiles measur'd, by an Oxe's Hide:  
Here the Foundations of the Gods abide,  
And *Romane* Leagues. While thus he, boasting, speaks;  
With a fierce Charge, the *Carthaginian* breaks  
Into the fighting Ranks, that him surround,  
And seizing on him Captive, having bound  
His Hands upon his Back, commands him strait,  
In slowly-killing Pains, to meet his Fate.  
Then bids his Ensigns to Advance; and, through  
The Heaps of Slaughter'd Men, the Way doth shew,  
Exciting all by Name; and gives away,  
Sure of Success, the City, as their Prey.

F

But

But now, inform'd by some, that Fled, that Heaven  
To *Murrus*, in another Part, had given  
The Day with Victory, enrag'd, he flies  
Like a fierce Tiger, and that Enterprize  
Forakes: while, as he goes, his Helmet seems,  
Upon his Head, to cast forth killing Beams.  
As when a Comet, with its fiery Hair,  
A Kingdom frights, and scatters through the Air  
Its Bloody Flames; which, as they issue forth,  
With Horrour, threaten Ruin to the Earth.  
The Ensigns, Arms, and Men, unto his Rage  
Give way; and, as he, Furious, doth engage,  
Both Armies tremble: while his Spear ejects  
A Light, prodigious; that round reflects,  
Like Lightning, on his Shield. As when the Waves,  
Swelling up to the Stars, while *Corus* raves  
On the *Ægean*-Sea, hang in the Air;  
Filling th' affrighted Sea-mens Hearts with Fear:  
And roaring, Thunder-like as they encrease,  
Toss, to and fro, the trembling <sup>(1)</sup> *Cyclades*,  
Within their hollow Bosoms. Him, not all  
The Darts, that do invade him, from the Wall;  
Nor Flames, cast at his Face; nor Stones, by Art,  
Excus'd from mighty Engines, could divert.  
Soon as a shining Crest he did behold,  
And, by the Sun's reflection, Arms of Gold,  
Besmear'd with Blood, look red; enrag'd, he saies.

See *Murrus*, who Our great Attempts delays,  
And *Livy's* Affairs: I'll make Thee know,  
What thy *Iberus*, and vain Leagues can do.  
Keep still your Laws, Faith, Justice: but (said he)  
Leave your deceived Deities to Me.

*Murrus* replies; Th' art Welcome. My desire  
To Combate Thee, long since, did burn like Fire,  
In

<sup>(1)</sup> The *Cyclades* are islands in the *Ægean* Sea, to number fifty three: because round about the *Isle of Delos*, and from the *Cyclo* derive their general Name. *Strabo*, cap. 17.

In hope to have thy Head: receive what's due  
For all thy Fraud, and under Ground pursue  
Thy Way to *Italy*; to thee this Hand  
Shall a long Journey give to th' *Trojan* Land,  
And *Alps*, and high *Pyrene*, crown'd with Snow.

This said, perceiving his approaching Foe,  
From the high Breach, a firm, and weighty Stone,  
With all his Strength, he takes, and hurls it down,  
As he Advanc'd, and in its speedy fall  
Oppress'd him, as if stricken with the Wall.  
Shame fires his Thoughts; nor, still wont to prevail,  
Though check'd, did then his conscious Valour fail.  
Gnashing his Teeth, he labours to ascend  
The Wall, through all the Darts, that it defend:  
But when he nearer shin'd, and stood upon  
The Rampart, all the *Tyrian* Troops came on,  
And compass'd *Murrus* round, who all the Host  
Amaz'd, and soon among his Foes was lost.  
A thousand Hands, and Swords, together shine,  
Unnumber'd waving Crests on Casks decline.  
Loud Shouts, and Clamours, from all Quarters came,  
As if *Saguntus* all were in a Flame.  
*Murrus*, his Limbs, with instant Death possess'd,  
Drags after him, and these Last words express'd.

*Aleides*, Thou, who first these Walls didst rear,  
Whose Sacred foot-steps we inhabit here,  
Avert this Storm, which menaceth our Land;  
If I defend not with a sluggish Hand  
Thy Walls. And looking up (as thus he pray'd)  
To Heav'n, Shall not our bold Attempts (he said)  
More justly favour'd be, Great *Hercules*?  
Unless our emulous Valour thee displease.  
For, not unlike thy self, when Mortal, Me  
Thou shalt acknowledg. Then propitious be,

(<sup>17</sup>) (antiquè) the Hercules of the  
Ranger King, as the

Thou God, that first didst (<sup>16</sup>) waste unhappy *Troy*.  
Me rather, who the Reliques will destroy  
Of th' *Phrygian* Race, (said *Hannibal*) assist.  
And, as he spake, with all his Fury prest  
His Sword through *Murru*. Troubled at his Fall,  
The Youth run in; his Arms, and Corps, by all  
Well known, were to the Conquerour denide,  
For Spoil: the Troops enclose on either side,  
And stand all in an Heap; while Stones rebound  
Gainst Helmets, & while Spears 'gainst Targets found.  
Some hard'ned Stakes do throw, some pond'rous Lead,  
By which the Crest's divided on the Head,  
And Glory of the Plumes in Slaughter fall.  
And now the Rivulets of Sweat o're all  
The \* *Liljan*'s Members flow; on ev'ry Scale  
Stand barbed Arrows, in his Coat of Mail.  
No Rest, no Shelter left to shun a Blow:  
His Knees decline, and weary Shoulders bow  
Under his Arms. Then, from his parched Jaws,  
His Breath like Vapour breaking forth, he draws  
Deep sighs, and Groans, that check'd by panting throws,  
A broken Mummur through his Helmet goes.  
His Courage his Adversity outvies,  
Perswading Virtue, then to exercise  
Her Strength, when Fortune frowns: and so outweighs  
Dangers, by th' Glory of ensuing Praise.  
A sudden Noise, among the Clouds, breaks forth  
From the divided Heav'n, and shakes the Earth.  
*Jove*, over both the Armies, thund' red twice;  
Then, in an horrid Whirl-wind, in the Skies,  
Shak'd the revengfull Lance of unjust War,  
And couch'd upon his adverse Thigh the Spear.  
Ye, Rocks *Tarpeian*, where Powers Divine  
Reside! and *Tyrian* Flames, that ever shine

On

On Virgin Altars! what great things (alas!)  
To you, by that fallacious Meteor, was  
Promis'd by Heav'n? for, had it nearer been  
Oppos'd against their Rage, we ne'r had seen  
A Passage through the *Alpi*; nor *Allia*  
Should ( *Thrasimennus* ) to thy Streams give way.  
But *Juno*, on *Pyrene*'s Top, from far,  
Beholding his so early Heat, in War,  
And fruitless Onset, pulls his falling Spear  
From the hard Bones, where it did first appear.  
He hiding with his Shield the Blood, that swims,  
Diffus'd in Streams, upon his wounded Limbs;  
Fainting, with slow, and doubtfull Steps, retires.

The Night, at length, arrives to their desires,  
And both the Earth, and Sea, in darkness hides,  
And, putting Day to flight, the Fight decides.  
But their resolved Minds still watch, with Care,  
And, lab'ring in the Night, the Breach repair.  
Extremities of Danger do incense  
Their Thoughts, and Courage; which takes Violence  
From their Despair. Hence Men oppress'd with Age,  
Women, and tender Children, all engage  
To help, and in that dubious State of things,  
With his yet bleeding Wounds, the Souldier brings  
Stones to the Work: the Senatours their share  
Partake, and Nobles, in the Publick Care.  
They meet, and chosen Men exhort, with Pray'is,  
To succour their deplorable Affairs,  
And from *Saguntus* Walls to drive away  
The *Tyrian* Flames. Now, go, with speed (say they)  
And, (<sup>18</sup>) while the wounded Tyger is restrain'd,  
And shut within his Den, their Ships ascend.  
A speedy Diligence is best in War;  
The way to Honour is, where Dangers are.

Haste

(<sup>18</sup>) Though *Plutarch* ( in *Vita*  
*Marcellis* ) admires, that *Hannibal* in  
those many fights against the *Romanes*,  
and their Allies, was never wounded:  
yet *Livy* ( *Lib. 21.* ) is positive, that,  
in this Assault, going too unadvised-  
ly near the Wall, he was desperately  
wounded, by a barbed Lance, in the  
Thigh: which so much discouraged his  
Men, that his Officers had much ado  
to keep them from deserting their  
Trenches

Haste ye, these antient Walls, that can no more  
Defend us, and our Faith, at *Rome* deplore.  
Come home with better Fates: in brief, Return,  
Before in Funeral Flames *Saguntus* burn.  
With this sad Charge to the next Shore they hie,  
And o'er the Seas with swelling Canvase flie.

Now *Tibon's* rose Wife had Sleep exil'd,  
And with her Horses early neighing fill'd  
The Misty Hills, and shook her Reins, with Dew  
Surcharg'd: when from the Walls the Youth did shew  
Their high-built Tow'rs; that there by Night had bin  
Erected, and the City compass'd in.  
All Action's lay'd aside; the Souldier's sad;  
The Siege declines; that Heat stands still, that had  
So Active been; and, in that Danger, all  
Their Cares are turn'd upon the *General*.

(x) The *Saguntians*.

The (x) *Rutuli*, by this, the Seas had crost,  
Beginning now to see th' *Herculean* Coast,  
And Cloud-encompass'd Rocks, that to the Skies  
From the (y) *Montecian* Hills aspiring rise.  
Here *Tbracian Boreas* his Imperial Seat  
Maintains: and, always Cold, sometimes doth beat  
Upon the Shore; sometimes, with roaring Wings,  
Cleaves ev'n the *Alps*; and, when himself he flings  
Over the Earth, from the still-Icic *Bear*,  
No other Winds against him dare appear.  
With whirling Blasts, the Ocean is broke  
Into divided Waves, that rise in Smoak,  
And hide the Hills from sight: then, as he flies,  
Heaves *Rhene*, and *Rhodanus*, unto the Skies.  
When this dire Fury of fierce *Boreas* they  
Had scap'd, th' alternate Dangers of the Sea,  
And their sad War, and dubious Success  
Of things, with frequent Sighs they thus express.

Dear

Dear Countrey! Faith's renowned Temple! where  
Are now thy Fates? do yet thy Tow'rs appear  
Sacred on Hills? Or, of so Great a Name,  
Do Ashes, the sad Reliques of a Flame,  
Onely remain; ye Gods! Oh! fill our Sails  
With gentle Winds, and give us prosperous Gales;  
If that our Temples Roofs the Fire invade  
Not yet, or *Latian* Ships can lend us Aid.

In such Complaints, they, Day and Night, deplore  
Their State; untill on the *Italian* Shore  
The Ship arriv'd: where Father *Tyber*, made  
More rich by *Anio's* Waters, doth invade  
With Yellow Waves the Sea. From thence they come  
Unto the Walls of their own-kindred, *Rome*.

The *Consul* calls a Solemn Council; where  
Fathers of unstain'd (z) Poverty appear:  
Whose worthy Names do from their Triumphs rise.  
A *Senate*, that in Virtue equalize  
The Gods: such Men, as valiant Acts to Fame  
Commend; whom just Desires of Right enflame:  
Their Beards, and Hair, neglected on their Brow;  
Their Hands familiar with the crooked Plow;  
Content with little: Hearts, whom no desire  
Of Wealth torments; who, often, did retire  
To their small *Lares*, in triumphal Cars.  
But, at the Temple-Gates, the Spoils of Wars,  
Their Captiv'd Chariots, and Weapons stain'd  
With Blood, Opimous Spoils, which they had gain'd  
From *Generals*, with Axes terrible  
In Fight; then Bars of Gates, whose Cities fell  
Under their Fury; Targets, pierced through  
By Darts, and Swords, hang up: and here they view  
*Ægæbes* War; Ships scatter'd on the Sea,  
Whose Stems, there hanging, Testimonials be

(z) The Primitive Virtue of the *Romans* was eminently Glorious in the incompable Poverty of some of their Consuls: as, *Q. Cincinnatus*, *Servilius*, *M. Curius Dentatus*, *Fabius*, &c. Who concerning the Tentations of their great Licentious, contenting themselves with little Possessions, and choosing, rather to command over a Wealthy People, than be rich themselves. See *Lucy's Epit. lib. 14.*

OF

(y) *Montecian Hills*, hanging over a little Port, where *Hercules* had a Temple, called *Montecian*, because he would allow no other God to share with him in his Temple. And it was a *Cave* in the *Aquæd Lani*. That no Chapel, or Temple, should be dedicated to two Gods: for that, if any prodge happened, the priests could not determine, to which of the two Deities they should Sacrifice. *Val. Max. lib. 1. cap. 1.*

(1) The *Romanes*, besieged, in the *Capitol*, by the *Gauls*, strik'd to give some Talents for their Ransom: the *Jacks* brought false Scales; and the *Romanes* refusing to weigh the Gold, so much to their disadvantage, an Invisible *God* cast his Sword into the heavens' self, intimating they would have on all Advantage. But, *Cimbrus* arriving at the same Instant, to their Relief, this Sword was taken, and the *Gauls* repuls'd) kept, as a sacred Relique, in the *Capitol*.

(2) *Camillus* was a Noble *Roman*, no less famous, for the Preservation of his Countrey; then *Romulus*, for founding it. He was five times Dictator, and was chosen, by the Besieged *Romanes*, to his second Dictatorial-Ship, while he was in Banishment. At which time he gave that memorable Defeat to the *Gauls*. The Arms, which he wore in that Expedition, were preserved in the *Capitol* See *Lib. 5.*

(3) *Pyrrhus*, (descended from *Aecus*) King of *Spain*, who gave great Testimonies of his Virtue, in his Expedition into *Italy*, to Aid the *Tarentines* against the *Romanes*. With whom he had several Conflicts, with various Events; and was forced to quit *Italy*, through Conduct of *Fabius*.

(4) The *Gels* were a sort of Weapons, used by the *Celtick Gauls*, and seem, by *Varro*, to have been Long, and Slender, like Darts. For that such, as had no Targets, carried more than one of them, in their Hands. Those, reserved in the *Capitol*, were, either taken by *Camillus*; or from the *Celts*, who (as *Appian*) were Mercenaries to the *Carthaginians* in the first *Punic War*.

(5) *Iberus* (now called *Ebro*) runneth from its Fountain in *Cantabria*, with a large Navigable Stream, through a large Tract of Ground, by many fair Cities, for the space of two hundred and threescore Miles. The *Carthaginians* were oblig'd, by the Articles, between them, and the *Romans*, after the first War, not to pass over this River. Which Articles were violated by *Hannibal*; who this way led his Army, over the *Pyreneus*-Hills (near which it runs) in his March towards *Italy*.

(6) A People, bordering upon the greater *Libyan Syrtis*: whose manner of Living is described by the Noble *Lucan*, (*Lib. 9*) and thus by Mr. *Maj*

..... Yet this dull Earth  
" thro' a few small Harbours affords  
" rest;  
" Which are heludly *Nasamonians*  
" Land:  
" Near the Sea-Coast they blestly  
" feed;  
" Whom barbarous *Syrtis* with the  
" World's Lofs maintain.  
" For Spoil, they fall upon the Sand  
" remain;  
" And, though no Merchants Trade  
" with them, yet *God*  
" They have; and sell, by Ship-  
" wreck, Traffick bold  
" With all the World. ....

Of *Libya's* vanquish'd Fleet: the Helmets here  
Of curled *Senones* are fix'd; and there  
The Sword, the Judge of their (2) redeeming Gold:  
With these, the honour'd Trophies of the bold  
(3) *Camillus*, and his Arms, in Triumph borne  
(The *Gauls* now all repuls'd) at his Return:

Here were the Spoils of great (4) *Aecides*;  
And *Epirotick* Ensigns: among these,  
Dreadfull *Ligurian* Crests, with the rude Shield  
Of *Spain*, and *Alpine* (5) *Gels*, they beheld.

But when the Ruins they had born, and fear'd,  
As written in their Squallid Looks appear'd,  
So, that *Saguntus* Image seem'd to stand,  
Before their Eyes, and their Last Aid demand;  
Grave *Sycoris*, with Tears, began, and faith.

Ye *Romanes*, famous for your sacred Faith;  
Whom justly all the *Nations*, that give place  
Unto your Arms, acknowledg *Mars* his Race;  
Think not, that we have measur'd o're the Sea,  
For Dangers light. Our Walls, and Countrey, we,  
Besieg'd, and falling, saw: and there, whom wilde  
Beasts, or the raging Seas, brought forth, beheld,  
Fierce *Hannibal*. Far from these Walls, Oh! far,  
Keep him, ye Gods, I pray: and to our War  
Confine his dreadfull Hand. What mighty Beams  
He hurls? How Strong, how Great in Arms he seems?

Over *Pyrene's* Hills he makes his Way,  
And, scorning that (6) *Iberus* Flood should stay  
His Speed, he listeth *Calpe*, in his Bands,  
With those, that dive in (7) *Nasamonian* Sands;  
And seeketh greater Walls: that, if the Sea,  
Whose Rage we lately felt, shall cease to be  
His Bar, into your Cities he will break.

Think you, this desp'rate Youth would undertake  
The

The charge of so great Broils, and violate  
With Arms your League, or thus precipitate  
By Vows into a War; only to give  
*Saguntus* Laws, or Us of Life deprive?  
Oh! haste, suppress the rising Flame, for fear  
The Danger prove too strong for tardy Care.  
Or, though you have no Terrours of your Own,  
Nor yet the Seeds of War, which he hath sown,  
Appear: can your *Saguntus* be deny'd  
An helping Hand, so near in (8) Blood ally'd?  
All the *Ileri*, *Galli*, all that are  
Still thirsting under *Libya's* fiery Star,  
Under his Ensigns march. We pray you, by  
Th' ador'd Beginnings of the *Rutuli*,  
*Laurentine* Household-Gods, and by these dear  
Pledges of Mother *Troy*, with speed prepare  
To Aid our Pietie, who are compell'd  
For poor (9) *Acrifonean* Walls to yield  
(1) *Tyrrinthian* Tow'rs. You nobly did contend  
'Gainst a *Sicilian* Tyran, and defend  
*Campanian* Walls; and, once, to have expell'd  
The *Sammites* strength, was a great Honour held,  
Worthy *Sigæan* Ancestours. I call  
To Witness you Eternal Fountains, all  
That, from Time's birth, live in *Apulia*,  
And close *Nasunician* Pools: when *Ardea*,  
(Too happy then) first sent her Youth abroad,  
With *Trojan* Altars, for a new Abode;  
That they, beyond *Pyrene's* Hills, with care,  
All the *Laurentine* Deities did bear.  
Why then, as Members from the Body torn,  
Or else cut off, should we expect your Scorn?  
Or why should We, descended of your Blood  
Be now oppress'd, because we have firmly stood

(8) The *Saguntians* were Allied to the *Latines*, by the *Ardeates*, derived from the *Zacynthians*, who built *Saguntum*.

(9) *Ardea*, from *Acrisius*, whose Daughter *Danaë* built it  
(1) *Saguntum*.

G Unto

Unto your Leagues? Thus, having ended all  
Their sad Complaints (a wofull Sight) they fall,  
Spreading their Squallid bodies on the Ground.

The Senate strait consult, and, as they, round,  
Their Votes do pals, bold *Lentulus*, who seems  
Ev'n then to see *Saguntus* fall in Flames,  
Adviseeth; That they instantly demand  
The Youth be punish'd, and to waste the Land  
Of *Carthage*, with a suddain War, if they  
Refuse. But <sup>(k)</sup> *Fabius*, who did wisely weigh  
Future Events, in Dubious affairs

(k) *Q. Fabius Maximus Dillator*, famous for his prudent Conduct against *Hannibal*; of whom, see Book 6.

Not too Elate, who would not stir up Wars  
On Light occasions, and well was Skill'd  
To manage them, yet not engage a Field,  
Gravely advis'd; In matters of that Weight,  
Not to be Rash: but try, if 't were the Hate,  
And Fury, of the *General* had mov'd  
Those Arms; or if the Senate them approv'd:  
That some be sent, who truly might Relate  
The State of things. This, as fore-knowing Fate,  
And providently pond'ring in his Breast  
The rising Broils, wise *Fabius* exprest.  
As when, at Stern, a Skilfull Pilot finds,  
By Signs, some future Danger in the Winds,  
Contracts, unto the reeling Yard, the Sails.  
But Tears, and Grief, with Anger mix'd, prevails  
With all, to hasten on the hidden Fates:  
And, from the Senate, chosen Delegates  
Are to the *General* sent; and, if he stand  
Deaf to the League, in Arms, have in Command,  
To turn to *Carthage* City, and declare  
Gainst them, who had forgot the Gods, a War.

*The End of the First Book.*



# SILIUS ITALICUS

O F

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Second Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Embassadours from Rome, to Carthage sent,  
Young Hannibal's deserved Punishment,  
For Violation of the League, demand:  
'Gainst Hannibal, for them, doth Hanno stand.  
The Carthaginians doubtfull to declare  
What they intended; either Peace, or War,  
Stout Fabius offers, and to Rome returns.  
In voluntary Flames Sagunthus burns:  
And, to deprive the Conqu'rou of the Spoil,  
The People, and their Wealth, compose the Pile.*



*H E Latian Ship, o're the Her-  
culean Seas,*

*The Senate's grave Cogmands,  
with Speed, conveys,  
And some chief Senatours. Wife  
Fabius: who,*

*Defended of Tiryntbian Race, could shew*

*(a) Three hundred Ancestours, that, in one Day,  
The cruel Storms of War had cast away;  
When Fortune, that unequally withstood  
Their Labours, stained with (b) Patritian Blood*

G 2

The

(a) The People of Rome assailed on all sides, by their emulous Neighbours, the Family of the Fabii undertook the War against the Veientes, and marched out three hundred & six men. Of whom (saith Livy in his second Book) the Senate would have refused none, to be their General: but they were so unhappy in their Expedition, that they all dyed on the Place. One Youth only remaining, of whom this great Restorer of the Name defended. See more below in the sixth Book.

(b) Patritii, or Patres, were the chief of the Roman Nobility, so called either from their number of Clients, or from their illustrious, Gravity, or Number of Children: out of which Romanes, at first chose his Senate of an hundred, in time they came to be three hundred, and were called Senatours and their Sons Patritii, endowed with extraordinary Privileges.



(b) *Publius Valerius* (who was made the fifth *C. Consul* with *Romulus*, after the Expulsion of the Kings) had the Surname of *Publicola* given him, for that he was a great Lover of the People, and their Liberty. Of him descended this *C. Valerius* Person, who was join'd with *Fabius* in this Battlie.

The Banks of *Cremora*. An equal Share,  
 With him, in Cares, <sup>(c)</sup> *Publicola* did bear;  
 Who did from *Spartan Volesus* descend,  
 And (as his Name imports) the People's Friend,  
 The *Romane Fates*, as His Grand-sire, bore.  
 When *Hannibal* first heard, that these, before  
 The Port, arriv'd, bringing Decrees of State;  
 That now (amidst the Flames of War) too late,  
 Forsaken Peace demanded, and withall,  
 The Punishment of Him, the *General*,  
 Included in the League. He strait commands  
 His threatening Ensigns, and his armed Bands,  
 To shew, along the Shore, their Targets, stain'd  
 With Blood, and Swords, that late in Slaughter reign'd:  
 And cries, There's now no Place for Words; you hear  
 The *Tyrrhen* Trumpets sounding ev'ry where,  
 And Groans of Dying Men. While yet they may,  
 'Twere best, they would return unto the Sea;  
 Unless they long to be besieg'd. All know  
 What Armed men, in Heat of Blood, may do:  
 How lawless Anger is, and what drawn Swords  
 Will dare to Act. By these His threatening Words  
 Repuls'd, from the inhospitable Shore,  
 They haste to *Carthage* with the lab'ring Oar;  
 While he, to Animate the Army, rails,  
 And thus pursues the Vessel, as it fails:  
 Prepares that Ship to carry o're the Sea  
 My Head? Alas! Blind Souls, and Hearts, that be  
 Proud with Successes! Doth your Impious Land  
 Arm'd *Hannibal* to Punishment demand?  
 I'll come, ne're ask it: you enough of Me  
 Shall have, e're you Expect, and that proud She,  
 Which now doth Foreign Gods defend, ev'n *Rome*,  
 Shall fear for her own Gods, and Gates, at Home.

Although

Although you climb *Tarpeian* Rocks again,  
 Or in your <sup>(d)</sup> *Capitol*, immur'd, remain:  
 No Gold your captiv'd Lives shall dis-engage.  
 Their Minds incens'd by his Words, and Rage  
 Join'd to their Arms, soon Clouds of Arrows, round,  
 The Skies obscure; and echoing Tow'rs resound  
 With Storms of Stones: all prosecute the Fight;  
 While yet the flying Ship remains in Sight,  
 And views the Walls. But still the *General*,  
 His Wounds discov'ring, on his Troops doth call  
 For promis'd <sup>(e)</sup> *Piacet*; and fills the Air  
 With new Complaints. We, we (Companions dear)  
 Demanded are. See *Fabius* from the Poop  
 Shews, in Contempt, our Chains, and we must stoop  
 To the proud *Senate's* Wrath. If you repent  
 Of what's begun, or our just Arms intent  
 Be worthy Blame: the *Romane* Ship from Sea  
 Recall, I care not; come, deliver Me  
 Enchain'd unto the Wrack: for why should I,  
 Born of *Eoan* *Belus* Race, deny  
 To be their Slave? Although so many Hands  
 Of valiant *Libyan*, or *Iberian* Bands  
 Circle me in? No, let the *Romane* State  
 For ever rule, and Ensigns propagate  
 To ev'ry Age, and Nation: let us dread (spread  
 Their Words, and Frowns. This said, deep Sighs are  
 Through all the Camp, and all convert their Hate  
 Against *Eneas* Race, and stimulate, (Throgs  
 With Shouts, their Rage. Among the Num'rous  
 Of un-girt *Libyans*, and diff'rent Tongues,  
 Fierce in the War against the *Romane* Name,  
*Hasbyte* with *Marmarick* Ensigns came,  
 Sprang from *Hyarba Garamantick*. He,  
 Of *Ammon* born, *Medusa's* Caves, that be

(d) The *Capitol* besieged by the *Gauls*, in the time of *Furius Camillus*. See below.

(e) *Piacetum* is properly a Sacrifice for the Expiation of Insuperation. Offence. There were a kind of *Prætor* called *Prætor* for the Affairs of the *Capitol*. *Cicero* had admitted in former Wars, that any cap at the Word, as *Seneca* says, 'that deliver them to interpret the *Arbiter* (for it is his) without a *Prætor*, which I believe not proper in this Place.

In



In *Phorcas* Isles, *Cyniphan* *Mace*, and  
 Sun-burnt *Battiades*, did once command;  
 With *Nasamon*, and *Barce* ever-dry,  
 And *Antololian* Woods, and Shores, that ly  
 Near Treach'rous *Syrts*; *Getulians*, that ride,  
 Swift, without Bridles. His first beauteous Bride  
 The *Nymph Tritonis* was: from whence the Queen  
 Her Stock did boast; That *Jove* himself had been  
 Her Grand-sire, and in Groves, fore-telling Fate,  
 The Names of her great Ancestours relate.  
 She, still accusom'd to a Virgin-Bed,  
 In Hunting, and in Woods, her Life had led;  
 The Basket, or the Distaff, to her Hands  
 Unknown; She Hunting, and thy Virgin-Bands  
 (*Diana*) lov'd, and with Her Heel 'impell  
 The running Steed, or flying Beast to kill:  
 As when, disdain'g *Getes*, and *Cicones*,  
 Or *Rhaesus* Family, or *Bistones*  
 With Moon-like Arms, a Troop of *Amazons*  
 Through the *Pangæan* lofty Forest Runs;  
 O're *Thracian Rhodope*, or *Hebrus* Plains.  
 She, by her Countrey's Habit known, restrains,  
 With Fillets of fine Gold, her flowing Hair.  
 Her right-side to the Fight expos'd Bare,  
 Her left a *Thermodoantiack* Shield,  
 Bright as the Sun, defends. Thus through the Field,  
 Shaking the smoaking *Axel-tree*, she runs  
 With rapid Speed; while her Companions,  
 Some in light Chariots, by two Horses Drawn:  
 On Horse-Back some, that *Venus* Rites had known,  
 With a more Num'rous Virgin-Troop, their Queen  
 Attend. But She still in the Van is seen,  
 Proud to expose to View her Fiery Steeds,  
 (Chosen among the Best her Countrey Breeds)

And

And, as about the trampled Field she scowrs,  
 Flings wounding Darts, into the highest Towers,  
 But *Mopsus*, not enduring to behold  
 Her, at the Walls so frequent, and so bold,  
 Through the moist Air *Gortynian* Arrows sends;  
 Which, by the winged Steel, where he intends,  
 Give deadly Wounds. He, born in *Crete*, was wont  
 (Bred 'mong the *Sibyls* Sacred Caves) to Hunt  
 In the *Dilean* Woods; and, when a Childe,  
 Birds, mounting to the Skies, had often kill'd;  
 And stop'd by suddain Wounds the running Dear,  
 That scap'd the Toils; and, while he yet might hear  
 The singing Bow, perceiv'd the Beast to fall.  
 Nor could that Age any, more justly, call  
 A skilfull Archer: had *Gortyna* sought  
 The Conquest, and *Eoan* Arrows brought.  
 But, when his former Sports the sad Decay  
 Of Wealth den'd, constrain'd to put to Sea,  
 With *Meroe*, his Wife, and Sons, by Fate  
 Into *Saguntus* led, in low Estate,  
 A Guest he there remain'd. His hopefull Pair  
 Of Sons full Quivers at their Backs did bear,  
 With light, Steel-pointed, *Cretan* Shafts; which he,  
 Standing amidst the Valiant Youth, lets flee,  
 'Gainst the *Masilian* Troops: by which bold *Tyre*,  
 With *Gravins*, *Glisco*, *Baga*, did expire,  
 And *Lixus*; who deserv'd not to have bin  
 The Object of so certain Aim. whose Chin  
 The tender Down of Youth not yet indu'd.  
 But, with his Arrows, while he thus pursu'd,  
 The Fight, he aims against a Valiant Maid,  
 Forsaken *Jove* invoking to his Aid,  
 Unluckily. For *Sarpe*, born upon  
 The hollow Banks of Sandy *Nasamon*,

No

No sooner saw him turn the fatal Bow,  
 But she receiv'd within her Bosom (though  
 Far distant) the swift Arrow, and her Fate;  
 Which, with a gaping Wound, did penetrate  
 So far, that at her Back her Sisters all  
 First saw the Point appear. Before her fall,  
 Incens'd, another of the Virgin-Train,  
 Endeav'ring to support, but all in vain,  
 Her dying Limbs, and wat'ring with her Tears  
 Her Eyes, whose Light almost extinct appears;  
 With all the Strength, that Grief and Fury lent,  
 Towards the Walls a deadly Arrow sent,  
 Which through the Shoulder of Stout *Dorilas*,  
 (As swift as Thought) with Rapid force did pass.  
 The Bow was drawn so far, the Horned Ends  
 Did seem to touch; and, as the Nerve extends,  
 The space between the Bow the Shaft supplies,  
 And, when Released by her Fingers, flies  
 Before the active Winds: then, from the Walls,  
 Headlong, the miserable Wounded falls;  
 And turning, upside-down, his Quiver, round  
 His dying Body, scatters on the Ground  
 The shining Shafts. Then *Icarus*, who stood  
 Near him (alike in Arms) his Brother's Blood  
 Prepares to Vindicate; and as, in haste,  
 His Hand unto the full-charg'd Quiver past,  
 To draw an Arrow; by a weighty Stone,  
 That from the Hand of *Hannibal* was thrown,  
 He fell to Earth: a deadly Coldness all  
 His stiffen'd Limbs possess'd; and, in his fall,  
 From his fainting Hand, into its place again  
 The half-drawn Arrow sinks. His Sons, thus slain,  
 When Father *Mopsus* saw; thrice, to pursue  
 Their wish'd Revenge, in a sad Rage he drew

His

His *Cretan* Bow: but thrice his Right-Hand fail'd,  
 And Grief, above his former Skill, prevail'd.  
 Then, by their Death, of all his Joys bereft,  
 Too late, alas! he griev'd, that he had Left  
 His Native Soil: and, Snatching up the Stone,  
 That against thee (Poor *Icarus*) was thrown,  
 Beating his Breast, in Vain, when no Relief  
 His feeble Hands could give, to ease his Grief,  
 By speedy Death, himself he Head-Long sends  
 From an High Tow'r, and on his Son extends  
 His dying Limbs. While thus Unfortunate,  
 In Foreign Wars, this Stranger met his Fate;  
*Teron*, who kept *Alcides* Temple, and  
 With Incense, at his Altars, us'd to Stand,  
 To new Designs the Army Stimulates,  
 And, in a sudden Sally from the Gates,  
 Invades the *Tyrian* Camp. He neither Spear  
 In his Hand, nor Helmet on his Head, did bear:  
 But, trusting to his Strength of Youth, his Broad  
 And Lofty Shoulders (like th' (\*) *Oetaean* God)  
 With an Huge Club, destroys the trembling Files  
 Upon his Head a Lyon's threatening Spoils,  
 With Gaping Jaws, he wore. An hundred Snakes,  
 Carv'd on his Shield, display'd their Marble Backs;  
 'Mong which a Monstrous double *Hydra* spreads,  
 In several Serpents, her divided Heads.  
 Thus Arm'd, he *Juba*, and *Micipsa*, (Fam'd  
 For Valiant Deeds, and from his Grand-fire Nam'd)  
 With aged *Tapsus*, and *Saces* the *Moor*,  
 Driv'n from the Walls, and flying to the Shore,  
 Fiercely Pursues; and, by one Valiant Hand,  
 The Streams of Blood the Neighb'ring *Ocean* stain'd.  
 For, Hot with Slaughter, and not satisfy'd,  
 That *Idus*, *Rothus*, and *Jugurtha* Dy'd;

H

Or

(\*) *Hercules*.

Or that *Marmarick Cotto* he had kill'd,  
*Hasbte's* Chariot, and her Moon-like Shield,  
 Shining with Gold, he covets, and t' invade  
 With all his Force, and Rage, the Warlike Maid.  
 Him, with his Bloody Weapon, when she spy'd  
 Come rushing on, she turns her Steeds aside,  
 And in fallacious Circles, wheeling round  
 The Champain Field, divides the yielding Ground;  
 And, as if wing'd with Speed, she makes her way,  
 With her light Chariot, through the winding Sea.  
 Thus, while she flies his Sight, swift as the Wind,  
 The Horses raise a Cloud of Dust behind,  
 And, with the rattling Wheels, in pieces tear,  
 An adverse Troop. She, to augment their Fear,  
 From her sure Hand, did frequent Darts expell:  
 By which Bold *Thamyris*, and *Lycus* fell,  
 With Stout <sup>(f)</sup> *Eurydamas*, whose noble Name  
 Derived was from him; who, known to Fame,  
 Fondly to high Embraces once aspir'd,  
 And, mad with Love, *Penelope* desir'd:  
 But by her Chaste, and Modest Arts deceiv'd,  
 And the fallacious Web, so oft unweav'd,  
 Gave out *Ulysses*, in the Sea, was drown'd.  
 But, what he fain'd of him, he after found  
 Real in his own Fate, and he expires  
 By *Ithacus* dire Hand; his Nuptial Fires  
 Turn'd into Fun'ral Flames: and, here, of all  
 His Race the last, *Eurydamas* doth fall,  
 Slain by a *Libyan's* Hand; whose Chariot makes  
 Her way, and all his Bones in pieces breaks.

But now, perceiving *Teron*, after all  
 His Labours, hard beset, to work his Fall,  
 Into the Fight again, the Furious Maid  
 Returns with Speed, and, as, about t' invade

Her

Her Fo, she waves her Ax before her Brows,  
*Herculean* Spoils to thee, *Diana*, Vows.  
 But *Teron*, no less big with hopes of Praise,  
 Himself against her bounding Steeds doth raise,  
 Casting before their Eyes the *Lyon's* Skin,  
 And threatening Jaws: affrighted, they begin  
 To yield to Fear, and, turning swiftly round,  
 Cast, with its Load, the Chariot to the Ground.  
 Then on *Hasbte*, who endeavours now  
 To quit the Fight, he leaps, and, on her Brow,  
 Strikes his *Herculean* Club: by which her Brains,  
 Dash'd through her broken Skul, upon the Reins,  
 And fervent Wheels, disperfed ly; while He,  
 Hast'ing that such a Trophy all might see,  
 With her own Ax cuts off the Virgins Head.  
 Nor was his Anger there determin'd;  
 But fixed on a Spear he strait commands  
 To bear't, in view of all the *Punic* Bands,  
 And drive the Chariot to the City-Gates.  
 These Slaughters *Teron*, ignorant of Fates,  
 And that the Favour of the Gods declin'd,  
 Commits; while his own Death's not far behinde.  
 For now Fierce *Hannibal*, whose Face the Throne  
 Of Rage, and Death appear'd, came Furious on,  
 Incens'd, and griev'd to see *Hasbte* dead,  
 And the yet-bleeding Trophie of her Head  
 In Triumph borne. But when the Troops beheld  
 The bright Reflections of his Brazen Shield,  
 And, as he mov'd (though distant far) did hear  
 The fatal clashing of his Arms, with Fear  
 Possess'd, they trembling fled unto the Walls.  
 As when, to their known Beds, the Evening calls  
 The winged People, from the search of Food:  
 Or, when, on the *Cecropian* Hills, a Cloud

H 2

The

(f) *Eurydamas*, the most unfortunate of all *Penelope's* suitors: who, urging her to marry him, attacked her; but his blind *Ulysses* was deceived, but he, arriving at the same time, slew him. See *Hom. Odys. Lib. 15.*

The Hony-lab'ring Bees, on tender Flowers  
 Disperst, affrighteth, with approaching Showers :  
 Like one congested Heap, unto their Hive,  
 And fragrant Cells, they haste, and Murm'ring strive,  
 One Climbing on anothers Back, to gain  
 Their Entrance at the Port, and shun the Rain.  
 Thus Fear the *Saguntines* precipitates,  
 While Few discern their way, unto the Gates.  
 Oh flatt'ring Light of Heav'n ! is Death to be  
 Shun'd with so great a Fear ; which none can flee,  
 Since joined to their Birth ? They cry for Aid,  
 Repenting, that they had this Sally made  
 From their safe Walls, and Works : while still, in vain,  
*Teron* their Flight endeavours to restrain.  
 Sometime Dire Menaces, sometimes his Hand  
 He does employ, and cries, Why flee ye ? Stand ;  
 He is my Enemy : to me the Crown  
 Of this great Fight belongs ; and from our Town,  
 And Walls, the *Tyrians* by this Hand, alone,  
 Will I Repell. Stand therefore, and look on :  
 Or, if this *Pannick* Terrour drive you all,  
 To seek th' inglorious Shelter of a Wall ;  
 ( A shame, the greatest, that the adverse Fates  
 Can add ) against Me onely, shut the Gates.  
 But *Hannibal*, while yet a sad Despair  
 Of Safety seis'd their Hearts, and horrid Fear  
 Did reign in ev'ry Breast, awhile suspends  
 The Slaughter of his Enemies, and bends  
 His course unto the batter'd Walls, which he  
 Resolves, with all his Force shall Storm'd be.  
 Th' *Herculean* Priest, perceiving his intent,  
 Labours, with speed, this Mischief to prevent.  
 At which Fierce *Hannibal*, more furious grown,  
 Cries out ; Receive, fond Porter of the Town,

That

That Punishment of Fate, that shortly shall  
*Saguntus* self involve, and, by thy Fall,  
 Open the Gates. His Rage could not afford  
 More Words : but, as he waves his fatal Sword,  
 The *Damian* Youth flings his contorted Oak,  
 With all his Force, against his Breast : the Stroke,  
 Clashing against his Arms, with horror sounds,  
 And from the hollow Brass the Club rebounds.  
 Then having lost his Weapon, and his Strength  
 Employ'd in vain, unto the Walls, at length,  
 He turns ; and, with the rest, forsakes the Fight.  
 Th' insulting Conquerour upbraids his Flight,  
 And follows at his Back. Then, with sad Cries,  
 The weeping Matrons, lifting to the Skies  
 Their trembling Hands, from the high Walls, proclaim  
 Their Grievs, and Fears : some, calling him by Name,  
 Tell him, They fain would send unto his Aid,  
 And let him in ; but that they are afraid,  
 With him they should receive the Conqu'ring Fo.  
 But now ( alas ! ) He can no farther go ;  
 For *Hannibal* oppress'd him with his Shield :  
 And, as the City from the Walls beheld,  
 Cry's ; Go, and let *Hasbyte* Comfort take,  
 In thy approaching Death. And, as he spake,  
 Into his panting Throat, which now abhor'd  
 A longer Life, thrusts his revenging Sword.  
 Then, from the very Walls, in Triumph leads,  
 Through all the Camp, his Spoils, and captiv'd Steeds ;  
 Which, at the thronged Gate, excluded stand  
 By Multitudes, that fled his fatal Hand.  
 And now, the raging Troops of *Nomades*  
 Haste to perform their Queens sad Exequies :  
 Adding all Funeral Rites, and bearing thence  
 The Corps of *Teron* ( as a Sacrifice

To

To Hallow her dead *Athes* round the Pile,  
Cast into th' Flames his Club, and *Lyon's* Spoil,  
And sing'd his Face, now of all Form bereft,  
And to th' *Iberian* Fowls his Carcass left.

While thus Affairs before *Saguntus* stand,  
They, who, at *Carthage*, were in chief Command,  
Consult upon the War, and what shall be  
Return'd to *Rome's* Imperious Embasie.  
Whose Oratours with Fear their Hearts had fill'd:  
While some to their Demands perswade to yield;  
Urging their Faith, and League, that, long before,  
They, and their Fathers, at the Altars swore,  
The Gods to Witnes call'd. Others the Love  
Of the ambitious Youth's Attempts doth move,  
To hope for Better things, if they pursu'd  
The War. But <sup>(a)</sup> *Hanno*, whom a Native Feud  
Against the *General*, had long enflam'd,  
Their Doubts, and rash Applause thus stoutly blam'd.

(a) *Hanno*, a Noble *Carthaginian*, Head of the Faction, that oppos'd the Ambition of the *Bacian* Family. He always entertain'd the *Carthaginians* to keep them under the *Roman*, and, endeavouring to induce them to it, by mentioning *Hannibal's* Regret, obstructed all resolutions of War for his Army, and by that means, at the end, ruin'd both him, and his Country.

I might for Fear (grave Fathers) now refrain  
(For him with Threats some labour'd to restrain)  
To speak; but I will not desist, although  
I saw my Death approaching by my Fo:  
I call the Gods to Witnes, and to Heaven  
I leave those Sacred Vows, that we have given,  
Which to perform, our Countrey's Safety calls.  
Although *Saguntus* be Besieg'd, her Walls  
Sinking in Flames; not yet too late, my Fears  
This Caution give, which oft, with anxious Cares,  
Have broke my Rest, that this pernicious Head  
Might not in Arms, and War, be nurtured;  
And while I live, my Sense shall thus abide.  
His innate Poison, and Paternal Pride,  
I know. And as those Pilots, who the Skies,  
And Stars do Contemplate, what Storms will rise,  
What

What future Winds will cause the Seas to Rage,  
To the affrighted Mariners Prefage.  
Aspiring to a Throne, he doth invade  
The Reins of Rule. All Leagues, all Laws are made  
The Objects of his Arms: with which he falls  
On Cities, and, from far, against our Walls,  
By this last Act, *Aeneas* Warlike Race  
He hath incens'd, and we have lost our Peace.  
His Father's Ghost, and Fury, him excites,  
And Memory of those Nefandous Rites  
He once did Celebrate, and what of Old  
Vainly to him *Masila's* Priest foretold:  
And thus the Gods, for his infringed Faith,  
On his perfidious Head convert their Wrath.  
With Hopes of a new Kingdom blind, he Arms  
Against Foreign Lands, and now *Saguntus* Storms.  
But let him not commix this Citie's Fate  
With his own Fortune; let him expiate,  
With his own Punishment, his proper Crime;  
For now (Dear *Carthage*) at this very time,  
He Thee Besiegeth, and Assaults thy Walls.  
We <sup>(b)</sup> stain'd, with Gentrous Blood, th' *Aeneas* Vales,  
And scarce with hir'd *Laconians* could maintain  
The War: our Navies, broken on the Main,  
Have fill'd up *Scylla's* Caves: and we have seen,  
When, from *Charybdis* Bottom, Decks have been  
Spew'd up again. Vain Wretch! whose Soul no Fire  
Of Piety doth Warm! do but retire  
Thy Thoughts, a while, upon *Egathes* War,  
And Limbs of *Libya* disperfed far.  
Whither dost run? Why, thirsting after Fame,  
Thus, in thy Countrey's fall, dost seek a Name?  
The *Alps* may give Thee way, and *Apennine*,  
Equal to them, his Snowy Head decline:

(b) After many Conflicts by Sea and Land, between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*, at length *C. Laetanius* the *Consul* put an end to the War, by a Naval Victory, obtained near the Island *Egathes* (in the *Sicilian* Sea) where the *Carthaginians* receiv'd a great loss, that they were constrain'd to beg a Peace, and yield to those Attacks, which so much enflam'd both *Antenor* and *Hannibal*, to break into a second War.

Yet

Yet, though thou gain'st some Ground, think'st thou to  
In those great Nations a mortal Mind? (finde

That they to Fire, and Sword, will yield? Alas,

You fight not now with a <sup>(i)</sup> *Neritian* Race.

<sup>(k)</sup> Their Souldiers in the Camp are Bred, and Born,

And, e're the Down appear, their Cheeks are worn

With Brazen Helmets: Ease, and Rest's unknown

To Aged Men, who Pale, and Bloodless grown,

In the continued Service of the State,

In Fronts of Battails do provoke their Fate.

My self have *Romanes* seen, who pierced through  
Their Bodies, from their Wounds their weapons drew,

And turn'd them on the Fo: their Valour I

Have seen, and thirst of Honour, when they dy.

If therefore, *Carthage*, thou decline this War,

Nor give thy Self up to the Conquerour,

How much of Mischief may prevented be,

And how much Blood shall *Hanno* save for Thee?

Thus He: but *Geltar*, whose full Breast the while

With Anger, and Impatience, did boyl,

Who twice to Interrupt him had essay'd,

Replies. Is then a *Romane* Souldier made

One of the *Libyan* Councils, and must He

A Member of the *Tyrian* Senate be?

'Tis true, he is not Arm'd; but, well I know,

In all things else, he is a perfect Fo.

Us with the Snowy *Alps*, and horrid Height

Of lofty *Apennine*, he would affright,

With raging Seas, and Waves of *Scylla's* Coast:

Nor wants it much, but he a *Romane* Ghost

Still dreads; their wounds, and Deaths, he so doth praise,

And to the Stars an Humane Race doth raise.

Trust Me; though some cold Hearts with Fear may be

Possess'd, we have a mortal Enemy.

Ev'n

(i) A *Neritian* Race, such as were the *Saguntines*. For *Saguntum* was at first a *Colonia* from *Zacynthus*, and *Neritar*, Islands subject to *Ulysses*.

(k) Though in the Constitution of the *Romane Militia*, none could ordinarily, be admitted into the List of Souldiers, before the Age of seventeen years; yet Examples there were of some, that at fourteen years were in Arms, and were eminent for their Valour; as the Son of *Tarquinius Priscus*, *Scipio Africanus* (who refused his Father's *Marus*, &c. See *Liv. lib. 24. Silii, lib. 6. & 14.*

Ev'n I beheld their <sup>(l)</sup> *Regulus*, the Hope

Of the *Hestorean* Race, their strongest Prop,

His Hands enchain'd behind, with publick Joy,

Into a Dungeon drag'd, ne'r seen by Day:

I saw, when Crucified, from the high Oak,

He, hanging, on *Hesperia* did look,

Nor doth the Face of Boys, that Helmets wear,

A cause of Terrour unto Me appear;

Or, that their Cheeks with early Casks are worn:

We are not of a Race so sluggish born.

How many *Libyan* Troops their Years, in Deeds

Of Arms, out-go, and War on Naked Steeds.

The *General*, so soon as He could speak,

At th' Altar vow'd; this War to undertake:

To waste with Flames the *Phrygian* People, and

His Father's Arms resolv'd to take in Hand.

Ev'n in thy Sight (vile *Hanno*) he shall be

Revenger of the *Romane* Crueltie.

Then let the *Alps* encrease, and let them joyn

To Heav'n their shining Heads, with *Apennine*.

Yet I dare say (though vainest Fears do finde

Their Influence upon a guilty Mind) (Stars,

Ev'n through those Rocks, and Snows, nay through the

His way he'l make, and scorn to think them Bars,

Which *Hercules* or'came, or to despair

Of second Honour. But the former War,

Its Devastations, and the Miseries

Of *Libya*, *Hanno*, vainly, amplifies:

Nor would, that we should undertake, and try

Again, these Labours, for our Liberty.

But let him lay those Throws of Fear aside;

And with the Women, safe at home, abide,

And save his fighting Soul: we, Fathers, we,

(It is Decree'd) will meet the Enemy;

I

And

(l) *Regulus* vanquished by *Xanthippus*, and led Captive to *Carthage*. See *Liv. 6.*

And from thy Walls (dear *Carthage*) far remove  
 The Tyrant *Romanes*, in despite of *Jove*.  
 But if the Fates resist, and *Mars* give way,  
 That *Tyrian Byrsa*, be condemn'd this Day,  
 I'll rather choose to Die, then give up Thee  
 (Dear Country) to Eternal Slavery,  
 And go with Freedom to the Shades below:  
 For as to that (Good Gods) which *Fabius* now  
 Demands, that we lay down our Arms, and quit  
*Saguntus*, when our Troops have conquer'd it.  
 Then Burn your Targets, let your Navy be  
 Consum'd in Flames, and wholly quit the Sea.  
 But if our *Carthage* hath not merited  
 To feel such things, as these, ye, Gods, forbid  
 This Wickedness! oh, let our *Generals* hands  
 Be free, and not bound up in peacefull Bands.

This said, he silent fate, as custom was:  
 The *Senate* streight proceed their Votes to pass,  
 While *Hanno* urgeth to restore the Spoils  
 Of War, and add's the Author of those Broils.  
 With that the Fathers, leaping from their Seats,  
 Amaz'd, as if the Fo were at the Gates  
 O' th' Temple, Pray the Gods, that it may be  
 A Fatal Omen unto *Italy*.  
*Fabius*, perceiving that their thoughts were far  
 From Peace, and, treacherously, inclin'd to War,  
 No longer able to conceal his Ire,  
 With speed another Council doth require:  
 And to th' assembled Fathers doth Declare,  
 That in his Bosom he brought Peace, or War,  
 Demands their Choice, that, Him they would no more  
 Detain, with dubious Answers, as before.  
 But, when no Choice of either they express,  
 (As if he'd pow'r'd whole Armies from his Breast.)

Take

Take then a War (said He) (with that let's fall  
 (m) His folded Garment) take a War, which shall  
 To *Lybia*, like the former, fatal be,  
 In its Events. This said, incens'd, He  
 The Temple, and the City quit's, and home  
 Returns, a Messenger of War to *Rome*.  
 While such at *Carthage* was the State of things:  
 Fierce *Hannibal*, enrich'd with Trophies, brings  
 Again his Arms before *Saguntus* Walls,  
 And, to his Aid, those many Nations calls,  
 Whose Faith to *Rome* was shaken by the Fear  
 Of dubious War; while they continued there,  
 The People, that inhabited the Coast,  
 Presents (the best *Callaick* Art could boast)  
 Brought to the *General*. A shining Shield,  
 That Beams, like Lightning terrible, did yield.  
 An Helmet on whose rising Crest, a Plume  
 Did tremble, and in Whiteness overcome  
 The *Alpine* Snow. With them a Sword, and Spear  
 Which afterwards to thousands Fatal were:  
 With treble Chains of Gold, a Coat of Mail,  
 Studded, 'gainst which no Weapon could prevail.  
 These made of Brals, and harder Steel, inlay'd  
 With *Tagus* Wealth, triumphing, he survey'd,  
 And in the Carved Works was pleas'd to see  
 His Nations happy Birth, and History.  
*Dido*, the first Foundation there did lay,  
 Of *Carthage*: and, her Navy sent away,  
 The Work begun, th' industrious Youth pursu'd.  
 Some with long Piles, and Banks, the Port include:  
 To others Reverend *Bitias* prepares  
 Their Houses Platforms, all in equal shares.  
 And, as they turned up the Fertile Ground,  
 A Warlike Horses Head, by chance, they found.

I 2

The

(m) The Poet in this relation follows *Livy lib 21. Polyb. l. 3. &c.* But both *Aulus Gell.* and *Marcus Varro* differ in the manner of *Fabius* his Proposal. The first affirms, that he delivered to the *Carthaginians* an Epistle, wherein was written, that the *Roman* People sent to them a *Spear*, and a *Caduce*, two Ensigns of Peace and War, that they might choose which of the two they pleas'd, and that their choice, should be deemed that which was intended by the *Romanes*. The *Carthaginians* replied, They would choose neither; but that those, that brought them, should leave which of them they pleas'd; and that should be their Choice. *Varro* alleadgeth, they sent neither *Spear* nor *Caduce*; but two little *Tallies*, wherein both were Carved.

(\*) At the Bed, they digged up the  
 Omen, which they interpreted  
 of future Labour, and secret Rites;  
 and, in the End, they found the  
 Foundation of a wretched State, and  
 the Birth of a wretched People.

The (\*) Omen, with an universal Shout  
 Of Joy, they all appeared to Salute,  
 Among these Figures sad *Aeneas* stands,  
 Wrack'd on her Coasts, and with extended Hands,  
 Deprived of his Fleet, and Friends, is seen  
 To crave Assistance. Him th' unhappy Queen  
 Views with an earnest Eye, and Entertains  
 With Smiles: for Love within her Bosom Reigns.  
 Then they Describ'd the Cave, and secret Rites,  
 The Lovers us'd to warrant their Delights.  
 Mean while the Cries of Men, and Dogs, appear  
 To Strike the Marble Sky; till sudden Fear,  
 Of an Impetuous Storm, the Hunters all  
 Constrain'd, for Shelter, into Woods to fall.  
 Not far from these, upon the Empty Shore,  
*Elixa* Weeps, and did, in Vain, implore  
 The *Trojan*-Fleet's return, that now to Sea  
 Had hois'd up Sails, and bore her Love away.  
 Then on a lofty Pile, at last, She stands,  
 Wounded; and to the *Tyrians* commands  
 Revenging Wars: the *Trojan* Prince, the while,  
 Beholding, from the Sea, the flaming Pile,  
 To the propitious Fates his Sails doth spread,  
 Resolv'd to Follow, wherefoere they Lead.  
 Apart from these, at *Stygian* Altars, stood  
 Young *Hannibal* (a Child) who secret Blood  
 Offer'd, with the infernal Priest; and there  
 The War against *Aeneas* Race did swear.  
 But Old *Amilcar*'s Image seem'd to be  
 Alive, and Triumph over *Sicily*:  
 You'd think he breath'd forth War; within his Eys  
 A Flame of Terrour, with grim Aspect, lies.  
 Upon the left Side of the Shield, a Band  
 Of *Spartans*, with their ragged Ensigns, stand:

Whom

Whom Bold *Xanthippus*, as a Conquerour, led,  
 From fair *Amycle*, fam'd by *Leda*'s Bed.  
 Near these, hung *Regulus*, their sad Renown,  
 Upon a Cross; and, to the trembling Town,  
 Faith's great Example was. A joyfull Face  
 Of Things adorns the rest: where some the Chace  
 Of Beasts pursue, and carved Houses shine.  
 Not far remote from them, with parched Skin,  
 The black-*Maor*'s Sister, in an horrid Dress,  
 Tames, with her Country's Speech, a *Lyonesse*. (moves  
 Ther, through the Fields the wandring Shepherd  
 Free without Stop, through unforbidden Groves:  
 Near them his Dart, and (whom he *Cydon* names)  
 His barking Dog, his Cottage, and hid Flames  
 In Veins of Flint; then, lively, they express  
 His Pipe, familiar to the labring Beast.  
 Then on a lofty Hill *Saguntus* stands,  
 And by unnumbered Nations, and Bands  
 Of Fighting men, Besieged-round appears,  
 And to be push'd at, by their trembling Spears.  
 About the Borders, rich *Iberus* seems  
 To make the Circle up, with winding Streams:  
 Over whose Banks fierce *Hannibal*, from far,  
 Calls (\*) *Africk*-People to the *Romane* War.  
 On his broad Shoulders, as he, smiling, tries  
 These wealthy Presents; proudly, thus, he cries.

(\*) Upon Conclusion of the *3d*  
*Punic* War, the *Carthaginians* were  
 sold to *Rome*, and to put over  
 the *Triumph*: which *Atticus*  
 was transferr'd by *Hannibal*.

In how much *Romane* Blood shall I imbrue  
 These Arms? with how great Punishments pursue  
 That Gowned *Senate*; that themselves do make  
 Revengers of the War we undertake?  
 Now in the Siege the Fo grows old, a Day  
 Concludes the Citie's Fate; while, weary, they  
 Their forein Aids expect: but, now, no more  
 They look upon the Seas, or helpless Shore;  
 Perceiving



(p) Disparting of their long expected Aid from the *Romanes*, the *Saguntines*, after eight months Siege, resolved to dy within their Walls. What miseries they endured, till the City was taken, are at large discoursed in *Livy*, Lib. 22.

(p) Perceiving Deaths approach, with sad Despair :  
For their parch'd Entrails, the Contagious Air  
Enflames, while Famine in their Bowels reigns,  
And dries the Blood, in their contracted Veins.  
From their fain Cheeks, their sinking Eyes, within  
Their Heads retire, and through the shrivled Skin  
The Bones, and ill-knit Joints ( a wofull Sight )  
With Nerves, consum'd, appear ; the Dew of Night,  
Some gather from the Earth, to quench the Fire  
Of thirst, and some themselves do vainly tire  
For Liquour, while they hardest Oaks do bruise ;  
Their rav'ning Hunger, which doth nought refuse,  
Compels them to strange Food. From Shields they tare  
The Hides to feed upon, and leave them bare.

These Ruins of his Citie from the Skie,  
*Alcides* look'd on, with a mournfull Eye,  
But all in vain ; for him the strict command,  
And fear of his great Father *Jove* withstand,  
That he should nothing act 'gainst the Decree  
Of his severe \* Step-Mother. Therefore He,  
Concealing his Design, to Faith repairs,  
Who in the farthest part of Heav'n, the Cares  
Of Deities revolv'd : thus, at her Shrine  
He tries Her Counsels : Thou great Power Divine !  
Born before *Jove* himself : who art the Grace,  
And Honour both of Gods, and Humane Race,  
Consort of Justice, without whom nor Seas,  
Nor Earth, can know the benefit of Peace ;  
A Goddess ( where thou art ) in every Breast !  
Canst thou behold *Saguntus*, thus oppress'd,  
Unmov'd : That Citie, which, for Thee alone,  
So many, so great ills, hath undergone ?  
For Thee the People dy, upon Thee, all,  
Men, Women, Children, that can speak, do call,

By

By Famine overcome : from Heaven relieve  
Their sad Estate, and some Assistance give.  
Thus He ; To whom the Heav'nly *Maid* again  
Replies. I see all this, nor is't in vain,  
That thus my Leagues infringed are : a Day  
Shall come, *Alcides*, that shall sure repay,  
With Vengeance these their dire Attempts. But I  
Was forc'd from the polluted Earth to fly,  
To seek, in *Jove's* blest Mansions, a Place,  
Free from the num'rous Frauds of Humane Race.  
I left their Tyrans, that their Scepters hold,  
Fearing, as they are Fear'd : that Fury, Gold,  
The vile Reward of Treacheries, I left,  
And above all, the Men, who now bereft  
Of all Humanity, like Beasts by Spoil,  
And Rapine, live, while Honour is the Foil  
To Luxury, and Modesty by Night,  
And her dark Crimes oppress, avoids the Light,  
The place of Right, the too imperious Sword  
Doth arrogate ; and Force alone's Ador'd :  
Vertue gives way to Vice ; for look upon  
The Nations of the Earth, and there is none  
Is Innocent ; their frequent Fellowship  
In Crimes, alone, the Common Peace doth keep.  
But that these Walls, erected by thy Hand,  
May in the Book of Fame for ever stand,  
By an End worthy Thee, and that they may  
Not give their Bodies up a Captive Prey,  
To the Proud *African* ( which, onely, now  
The Fates, and State of Future things allow )  
The Honour of their Death will I extend  
Beyond the pow'r of Fate, and them commend,  
As Patterns, to Posterity, and go,  
With their prais'd Souls, unto the Shades below.

This

This said ; The constant Virgin, through the Air,  
 Descends, and to *Saguntus* doth repair,  
 Then struggling with the Fates : through ev'ry Breast  
 She goes, invades their Minds, which, all-potent  
 By her great Deitie, each Soul doth prove  
 Her Altar, burning by her Sacred Love.  
 Now, as if Strong again, for Arms they cry,  
 And in the Fight their weak Endeavours try.  
 Strength, above Hope, they find, while the sweet Name,  
 And Honour, of the Goddess doth inflame  
 Their Hearts ; resolved, for her Sake, to dye,  
 And suffer things, far worse then Death ; to try  
 The Food of Savage Beasts, and Crimes to add  
 To their Repast : but them chaste Faith forbad  
 Longer, with so much Guilt, to view the Day,  
 Or with Man's Flesh their Hunger to allay.

Her when *Saturnia* ( who by chance came down  
 Into the *Libyan* Camp ) within the Town,  
 ( Which she so hated ) saw, she doth upbraid  
 The Virgin's Courage, and the War she made.  
 Then in a Rage, with troubled Steps she went  
 To that dire Fury, that doth still torment  
 The guilty Souls, and thus upon her calls,  
 With Hands extended. Strike ( said she ) those Walls,  
 Thou Darling of the Night, let thy fell Hands  
 Destroy that People, 'tis *Juno* commands ;  
 My self, within a Cloud, will here stand by,  
 And see the Issue of thy Industry.  
 Those Weapons, which sometimes immortal *Jove*  
 Disturb, by which thou *Acheron* doest move,  
 Thy Flames of Sulphure, and thy hideous Snakes  
 In Curls, thy horrid Voice, which silent makes  
 Hell's Triple-headed Porter, and let fall  
 From's Jaws his poy's nous Spume, commixt with Gall :  
 What

What Plagues, and Mischief, what Impiety  
 Soe're within thy fruitful Breast do lie  
 Upon these hated *Rutuli* throw down,  
 And let *Saguntus* sink to *Acheron* ;  
 Thus let their peevish Faith rewarded be.  
 Incited by these words, *Tisiphone*  
 Invades the Walls, then, round about, the Hill  
 Trembles, and roaring Waves the Shore do fill.  
 Innumerable Serpents, on her Head  
 Hissing, her tumid Neck, and Breast, or'spread.  
 Death, walking with her, his wide Jaws extends,  
 On whom pale Sorrow, and black Grief attends.  
 All Plagues were present, that created were,  
 While *Cerberus* with howling rends the Air.  
 Forthwith she counterfeits *Tyburna's* Face,  
 Her Voice, her Speech, her Gesture, and her Pace.  
*Tyburna*, of a Noble Race, deriv'd,  
 Her Blood from *Damnus*, and by War depriv'd  
 Of her dear Husband, *Murrus*, then bewail'd  
 Her Widdowed Bed. The Fury having vail'd  
 Her self, with her sad Countenance, her Hair  
 Dishevel'd, to the Assembly doth repair,  
 And tearing there her Cheeks, What end ( said she )  
 Of our great Faith, and Citie, shall we see ?  
 I have my *Murrus* seen, who, every Night,  
 Doth me, with his yet gaping Wounds, affright,  
 And lamentably, thus, on me doth call,  
 Flie, my *Tyburna*, Flie this Citie's Fall.  
 Or if the Conqu'ring *Libyan* deny  
 The Earth to thee, to me, *Tyburna*, flie.  
 Our Gods are slain, and we ( poor *Rutuli* )  
 Are lost, the *Punic* Sword doth all enjoy :  
 I tremble, and his Ghost, as yet, before  
 Mine Eyes, me-thinks, appears. Shall I no more  
 K Thy

Thy Stately Palaces, *Saguntus*, see?  
 Happy my *Murrus* was, thrice happy He,  
 Who saw his Countrey standing, when he fell!  
 But us Victorious *Carthage* will compell,  
 ( After so many Miseries of War,  
 And Dangers of the Sea ) their Yoak to bear,  
 And serve *Sidonian* Ladies, and to lie,  
 Captives in *Libya's* Bosom, when we die.  
 But you, whose conscious Valour doth deny,  
 ( O brave young Men ! ) a possibility  
 To be made Captives : to whom Death will be  
 A certain Guard against all Misery ;  
 With your own Hands, your Mothers now redeem,  
 From Slavery. True Virtue gets Esteem  
 From hardest things. Go on, that Praise to gain,  
 Which, hardly, meaner People can obtain.

With this sad Language having fill'd their Ears,  
 The *Fury* to an antient Tomb repairs,  
 Which on the Hill was built by *Hercules*,  
 A Land-Mark unto such as Plough'd those Seas,  
 By him adorned with all Sacred Rites.  
 Come thither, from the Bottom she excites  
 ( A Sight of Terror ) a Cærulean Snake,  
 With Spots of Gold upon his Scaly Back ;  
 His shining Eyes are fill'd with bloody Flames :  
 And ( to increase the Terror of those Beams )  
 He hisseth loud, and shakes his forked Tongue,  
 And then, with Speed, into the trembling Throng  
 Of Citizens he glides, and from the Walls,  
 Into the midst of all the Citie, falls.  
 Thence like a Fugitive he makes his way  
 To th' Shore, and drown's himself i' th' foaming Sea:  
 Then all distracted are ; and, as betrayd,  
 Its silent Mansion ev'ry frighted Shade

Fled,

Fled, and refus'd to stay in Conquer'd Ground.  
 And, now, Despair of Safety doth confound  
 Their troubled thoughts: they, now, their Meats detest,  
 And mad *Erimys* Reigns in ev'ry Breast.  
 Nor is the Wrath of Heav'n, which they endure,  
 More grievous, then the sad Delays of sure,  
 And certain Death. They all contend their Fate  
 To meet, with Speed, and longer Life do hate.  
 (c) Amidst the City, by the Industry  
 Of all the People, raised to the Skie,  
 There stood a lofty Pile ; to which they bear,  
 And drag, their Riches, that congested were  
 In long-continued Peace. Their Wealth, acquir'd  
 By their own Hands, and stately Robes admir'd  
 For Art, embroid'red with *Callaick* Gold  
 By Skilfull Matrons ; and their Arms, of old,  
 Brought from *Dulichian* *Zacynthus*, by  
 Their Grand-fires ; and those Gods, the *Rutul*  
 Took from their antient Abodes ; with all,  
 They could their own, as yet, Unconquer'd, call :  
 Their Shields, and hapless Swords, and what within  
 The Earth, in time of War, had buried been,  
 Again digg'd up, they add unto the Pile,  
 Glad, with themselves, to burn the Conqu'rou's Spoil.  
 When these the *Fury* saw together heap'd,  
 She shakes her Lamp of Sulphur, lately steep'd  
 In burning *Phlegethon*, and drives away,  
 By *Stygian* Darkness, the affrighted Day.  
 Then they began the Work, whose sad Renown  
 Their Memories, with lasting Fame, shall Crown,  
 Through all the World, and them Unconquer'd call.  
 For, prompted by *Erimys* ( Chief of all )  
 Scorning Delays, they all, with Triumph, preft  
 Th' unwilling Swords into each others Breast.

K 2

Then

(c) The *Saguntines* driven to their Choice, either of yielding, or the Mercy of the Conquerour, or to perish by the sword, which now had so far prevail'd, as that they had lost more, then half the City, and daily quitied Ground, so that little was left to them within their Trenches, besides the *Forum*, (or great Market-place) they heaped all their Riches into one Pile in the *Forum*, and with it burned themselves, to avoid the insulting Fury of their Enemies.

Then thrice the Stroaks of her Infernal Whip  
 Sound sadly through the Citie ; while they dip,  
 In Blood of Kindred, their unwilling Hands ;  
 And ev'ry Man, with thoughts of Horrour, stands  
 Amaz'd at what he Acts, and doth bemoan,  
 With Floods of Tears, the Mischief, that is done.  
 This, mad with Rage, and sense of Misery  
 So long endur'd, Obliquely turns his Eye  
 Upon his Mother's Breast : whilst that invades  
 His dear Wife's neck with's Ax; then, streight, upbraids  
 Himself, and, check'd with Horrour, doth survey  
 What he's about to do ; then flings away  
 The Weapon 'midst his Rage : yet cannot she  
 Escape ; for streight the Blows redoubled be  
 By Fierce *Erimys* : who through all appears,  
 And, with her Breath, inspireth horrid Fears.  
 Thus in the Husband Nuptial Love doth dye ;  
 Those sweet Delights are lost, and Memory  
 Of Hymeneal Tapers. Then, at length,  
 The mangled Corps he throws, with all his Strength,  
 Upon the Pile : whence a dark Pyramis  
 Of Smoak, like a black Storm, doth waving rise.  
 But thou, *Tymbrenus*, with unhappy Rage,  
 And Piety Sinister, dost engage,  
 Amidst the Throng ; hast'ning t' Anticipate  
 The *Carthaginians*, in thy Father's Fate :  
 Wounding that Face, and Members, that were known,  
 In all things, to resemble so thine Own.  
 And you, *Lycormas*, and *Eurymedon*,  
 Twins, so alike in Form, that both were one,  
 Who labour'd in your Sons to propagate  
 Your Names, and Forms, here sadly met your Fate,  
 In prime of Age. But Thee that Sword, from Guilt,  
 Absolves ; which, through thy Throat transfix'd, spilt  
 Thy

Thy Blood, *Eurymedon* : while, with her Woes  
 Distracted, and deceiv'd, Oh ! whither goes  
 My dear *Lycormas*, your sad Mother cries :  
 Here turn thy Sword. And, as *Lycormas* dies  
 By his own Hand, She, by the Marks, again,  
 Of his Twin-shape, deceiv'd, exclaims in vain ;  
 Whither, *Eurymedon*, doth Rage thee lead ?  
 Thus she, with changed Names, invokes the Dead :  
 Till, to her trembling Breast the Sword apply'd,  
 On her ambiguous Sons, she, Frantick, dy'd.  
 This noble Citie's horrid Miseries,  
 Their Punishments for Faith, and Prodigies  
 Renown'd, with their sad Acts of Piety ;  
 Who can relate, without a weeping Eye ?  
 Scarce could the *Punick* Camp, and cruel Foe,  
 Forbear their Pity, in their Tears, to shew.  
 That Citie, Faith's most antient abode,  
 The Authour of whose Walls was held a God,  
 By the *Sidonians* treach'rous Arms doth fall,  
 And their Fore-Fathers mighty Actions all,  
 By the unequal Gods, neglected are ;  
 While Fire, and Sword, consumes them ev'ry where.  
 That Place, that wants a Flame, is impious held ;  
 And Clouds of Smoak, with pitchy Darkness, swell'd  
 Up to the very Stars : At length, the Tower,  
 That stood upon the Hill, by all the Power,  
 Of War, till then, untouch'd ( from whence the Shore,  
 And *Carthaginian* Camp, they us'd t' explore,  
 And all *Saguntus* ) with those blest'd Abodes  
 On Earth, the Sacred Temples of the Gods,  
 Now sinks in Flames ; whose Image, from the Main,  
 By Waves, that seem to burn, 's return'd again.  
 But now, behold ! *Tyburna*, 'midst the Heat,  
 And Rage of Slaughter, most unfortunate,  
 Arm'd

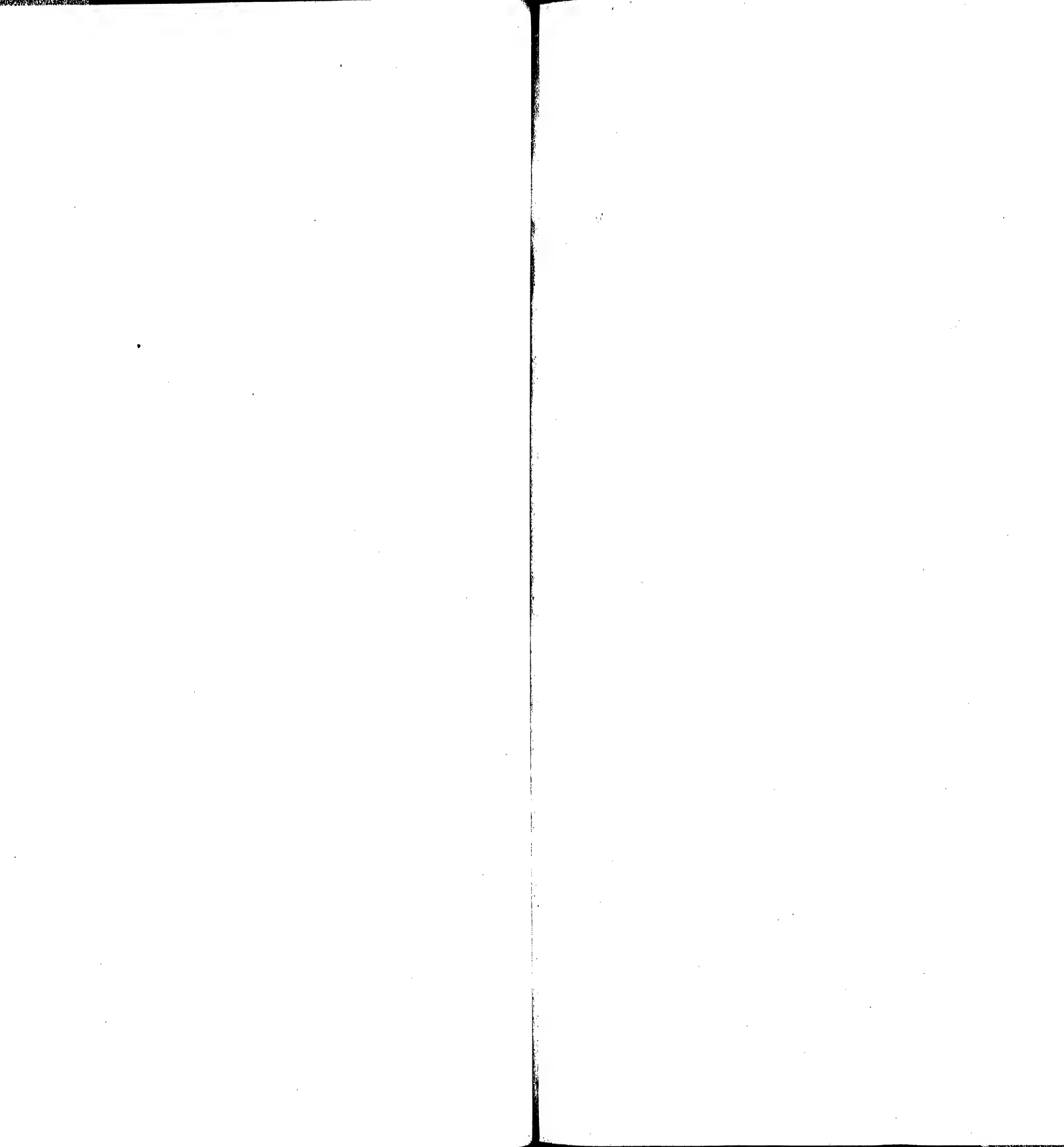
Arm'd with her Husband's Sword, in her right-Hand,  
 Her left a flaming Taper waving, and  
 Her Hair dishev'ld, her Breasts made black, and blew,  
 With Stroaks of Grief, and to the publick View  
 Expos'd with naked Arms, to *Murrus* Tomb,  
 Ore Heaps of mangled Carcases, doth come.  
 As when, tormenting Souls, th' Infernal King,  
 With Groans, like Thunder, makes his Courts to ring,  
*Melto* at his Throne doth strait appear,  
 To act his Will, and Plagues administer.  
 Her Husband's Arms, that lately with much Blood  
 Defended were, as then shee weeping stood,  
 Upon the Tomb she lays, and, having pray'd  
 Th' *Elysian* Ghosts to entertain her Shade,  
 She puts the flaming Taper underneath,  
 And willing to accelerate her Death,  
 Thence, in the other World, my Self (said She)  
 My dearest *Murrus*, will convey to Thee.  
 Then, taking up the Sword, her self she lai'd  
 Upon his Arms, and gaping did invade  
 The rising Flames. Dispersed on the Ground,  
 Promiscuous Heaps of half-burnt Bodies, round  
 About her ly, unhappy Funerals!  
 As when a Lyon, fierce with Hunger, falls  
 On trembling Flocks, which greedily he eats,  
 With Thirsty Jaws, and Blood regurgitates  
 From his extended Throat, ore mangled Heaps  
 Of half-devour'd Trunks, and Limbs, he leaps;  
 Then walking round them, with a murmuring Noise,  
 Grinding his Teeth, surveys what he destroys:  
 The Sheep, and Guardian-Dog, the Company  
 Of Shepheards, with the Master, prostrate ly,  
 And all the Cottages, as if a War  
 Had late been there, destroy'd, and wasted, are.

And

And now the *Carthaginians* do invade  
 The City, by these Ruins empty made.  
 This Work, which glad *Saturnia* commends,  
 Perform'd, to Hell *Tiphphone* descends,  
 And with her, as in Triumph, proudly takes  
 A num'rous Troop, to the Infernal Lakes.  
 But you, blest'd Souls! who cannot equal'd be  
 By any Age, since Time's Nativity,  
 May you the Glory of the Earth become,  
 And, happy Dwellers in *Elysium*,  
 Adorn the chaster Seats of pious Souls!  
 But you, whom unjust Victory enrolls,  
 In Fame's large Catalogue, ye Nations, hear; (dear,  
 Break not the Leagues of Peace, nor Crowns more  
 Then Faith esteem. Cast from his Country, He  
 A wandering Exile, through the World, shall be;  
 And *Carthage*, trembling, shall behold him Flie,  
 While, in his troubled Sleeps, affrighted by  
*Saguntine* Ghosts, He'll wish he there had dy'd  
 By them: and, when a Sword shall be deny'd,  
 This great unconquer'd Captain then shall go,  
 (\*) Deform'd by Poyson, to the Shades below.

(\*) After the Forces of *Antiochus* were broken, and he made Peace with the *Romans*, *Hannibal*, when he had spent some time about *Cetea*, and *Rhodes*, still suspecting his safety, fled to *Prusias*, King of *Bithynia*, who at first civilly received, and employed him in his Wars; but, at length, fearing the Power of the *Romans*, he basely sought to betray him unto the hands of their *Embassadors*, *C. Flaminius* (whose Father *Hannibal* had slain, in the Fight near the Lake *Thymone*) which to avoid, finding none other remedy to escape that Treachery, he poysoned himself.

*The End of the Second Book.*





# SILIUS ITALICUS

O F

## The Second Punick VVar.

*The Third Book.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

Bohtar to Ammon's Oracle is sent,  
 To understand the future War's Event.  
 To Carthage, Hannibal His Wife, and Son,  
 Conveys by Sea, unwilling they should run  
 The Hazard of the War. A Numerous List  
 Of all the Nations, that Him Assist.  
 Pyrene overpass'd, He marcheth on,  
 Untill His Conqu'ring Army stood upon  
 The Banks of Rhodanus: whose rapid Stream  
 By Art, and Industry, He overcame.  
 At length ascends the Alps, great Miseries  
 The Army, in their tedious March, surprize;  
 Untill arriving in the Taurine Plain,  
 They there Encamp. Bohtar returns again,  
 From Horned Ammon's Temple, and declares  
 The God's Command to prosecute the Wars.



LL Tyes of Faith by *Tyrian*  
 Arms undone,  
 And Walls of <sup>(a)</sup> Chast *Sagun-*  
*thus* overthrow'n,  
 Through *Jove's* Displeasure:  
     strait the Conqu'rou went  
 To the World's Bounds, and  
*Gades*, <sup>(b)</sup> by Descent

(1) The *Metaphorical Epithete* of the *Poet*, given to *Saguntus*, as a *City* of entire, and inviolate faith

(b) The *Carthaginians*, and *Inhabitants of Gades*, being both derived from the *Tyrims*: who, for the Benefit of *Trade*, planted themselves in several Parts of the *World*, and had many *Colonies* in *Libya*; whence, with them, *Diodorus Siculus*, (*lib. 5.*) believes a *Colony* came, that built *Gades*. For that *Gady*, in the *Punick Tongue*, signifieth a *Walled Town*.

To Him ally'd: and diligent to finde

What Prophets, and presaging Souls divin'd,

L

Concerning

Concerning his Command: *Boſtar* is ſtrait  
Diſpatch'd by Sea, to know enſuing Fate.

(c) This Oracle was a long time very famous, ſo that *Alexander* hazard'd both himſelf, and a great Part of his Army, to viſit the Temple, through the Sands, between *Aegypt*, and *Aſſyria*: where when arriv'd, the flattering prieſt declared him the Son of that God. But (as *Strabo* obſerves) after the *Romans* became Maſters of *Aſſyria*, the Credit of this Oracle ſubſiſted to the *Syriſh* Books, and the *Eretrian* *Apollon*, and in the time of *Strabo*, the Temple was not to be ſeen, but in its Ruins.

(c) 'Tis a Belief, in Sanctuaries long  
Preserv'd, where horned *Ammon*, plac'd among  
The parched *Garamantians*, emulates  
*Cyrrhaean* Caves, that in a Grove, which Fates  
Foretells, he future Ages did declare,  
With their Events. An happy Omen there  
To his Deſigns he fought, and, long before  
The Day arriv'd, all Chances did explore,  
And Fortune of the War. But here, the God  
Ador'd, the Holy Altars he doth load  
With Spoils, snatch'd lately at *Saguntus* Fall,  
Half-burnt from the then flaming *Arcenal*.  
'Tis a Report (and not believed Vain)  
That, from the firſt Erecting of that Fane,  
The Timber Firm continues, and hath known  
The Hands of the firſt Architects alone.  
Here they rejoice to think the God doth dwell,  
And from his Temple doth Decay repell.  
And they, that have the Honour to repair  
Into the ſecret Places, muſt with Care  
Provide, that Women do not enter in,  
And from the Gates muſt baniſh briftled Swine.  
Neither before the Altars may they wear  
Diſcolour'd Robes: their Bodies cover'd are  
With Linen; and *Peluſiack* *Turbans* Crown  
Their Heads: their Garments looſely hanging down;  
They Incenſe burn, and, by their Fathers taught,  
The Sacrificing Veſt with Studs is wrought:  
Bare-foot, ſhort-hair'd; their Beds from looſe Deſires  
Are free; their Altars keep Eternal Fires.  
Within no Statues of the Gods appear,  
Or Images. The Place a Rev'rent Fear,

And

And Maſteſty, adorn. But, carv'd with Skill,  
The Gates the Labours of *Alcides* fill.  
There the *Lernæan Hydra* lies, her Snakes  
Cut off; and there, with God-like Strength he breaks  
The *Nemean* Lyon's gaping Jaws: and then  
Hell's Porter, drag'd from his Eternal Den,  
Affrights the Ghosts with Howling, and diſdains  
His Thralldom; while *Megara* fear'd the Chains.  
Near theſe, the *Thracian* Horſes; and the Boar,  
*Arcadia's* Plague: the Hart, whole Fore-head wore  
Horns, that, in Breadth, the Arms of Trees ſurpaſs'd:  
Next them, a Conqueſt, no leſs eaſie, plac'd,  
Earth-born *Antæus* on his Mother ſtood;  
And the two-formed *Centaur's* ugly Brood,  
While the poor (d) *Acarnanian* ſeems to fear  
His Naked Front: then *Oeta* doth appear  
To ſhine with Sacred Fires, and to the Skies,  
On winged Flames, his mighty Soul doth riſe.  
Theſe various Shapes of Valour having fill'd  
A while his Eyes; near to them he beheld  
A Sea, that, riſing to a wondrous Height,  
Fell on the ſubject Earth, with all its Weight;  
No Shores do give it Bounds, but ev'ry where  
The Waters, o're the Fields, diffuſed are.  
For, where blew *Nereus*, in *Carulean* Caves,  
Turns, from the Bottom, the contorted Waves,  
An Inundation breaks; and, by Releaſe  
Of hidden Springs, fierce Torrents do encreaſe:  
Then, as if Trident-ſtruck, with furious Throws,  
Th' impetuous Billows labour to impoſe,  
Upon the trembling Earth, the ſwelling Main:  
Then ſtrait the falling Tide retires again,  
And the forſaken Veſſel leaves aground;  
While, looking for the Flood, the Decks are crown'd

(d) The *Acarnanian* were wont to cut off the Hair from their Fore-heads, leſt their Enemies, cloſing with them in Fight, ſhould lay hold of it.

L 2 With



With idle Seamen : stooping from above,  
 In her bright Chariot, the Moon doth move  
 These restless Kingdoms of *Cymothœa*,  
 And the continual Labours of the Sea ;  
 Bringing the Tide, and bearing it away,  
 While still alternate *Tethys* doth obey.  
 These view'd in Haste : for weight of many Cares  
 Lay on his Thoughts ; first to remove, from Wars,  
 The Comfort of <sup>(1)</sup> his Bed, and Son, as yet  
 An Infant, and depending on the Teat ;  
 For they their Virgin Nuptial-Tapers joyn'd  
 In Youth, and still retain'd a loving Minde.  
 But at *Saguntus* Siege begot, the Childe  
 Not yet the Age of twice six Moons fulfill'd.  
 And *Hannibal*, resolving to remove  
 Those dear, and tender Pledges of his Love,  
 From Arms, and future Danger, to his Son  
 Directs his Speech ; and, smiling, thus begun.

Oh ! Thou great Hope of *Carthage*, and no less  
 A Terror to the proud *Æneades* !  
 May'st Thou exceed thy Father in thy Fame,  
 And by thy Actions build Thy self a Name !  
 May'st Thou a greater Warriour appear  
 Then was thy Grand-fire : and, now sick with Fear,  
 May *Rome* teach Matrons to prepare their Tears,  
 When they discourse the number of thy Years !  
 If my divining Soul do not delude  
 My Sense ; this very Boy, we may conclude,  
 A mighty Labour to the Earth will be :  
 I know my Countenance in his, I see,  
 Beneath his angry Brow, his threatening Eye.  
 Observe the weighty Echo of his Cry,  
 Those Elements of Anger, that from me  
 Derived are. If any Deity,

By

By Chance, so glorious Acts anticipate,  
 And break off their Beginnings, by my Fate ;  
 (Dear Wife) endeavour to preserve, with Care,  
 This Pledg of War : and, when thou first shalt hear  
 Him speak, within my Cradle him convey,  
 And on *Eiza's* Altar let him lay  
 His tender Hands, and, to my *Athens*, swear  
 The Prosecution of the *Romane* War.  
 Then, when, more firm in Years, his Cheeks shall wear  
 The Flower of Youth, let him in Arms appear ;  
 And, scorning Leagues, a Conqu'rouer at *Rome*,  
 Raise in the *Capitol* for me a Tomb.  
 But Thou, whom th' happy Honour of a Birth,  
 So High, attends, renown'd through all the Earth,  
 For Faith, and Constancy ; remove, O far,  
 Remove, from Dangers of uncertain War,  
 And leave these harder Labours : We must go  
 O'er Rocks, and Hills, that, cover'd o'er with Snow,  
 Seem to prop up the Heav'ns. We, what may make  
*Juno*, her self, admire, must undertake  
*Alcides* Labours, and the *Alps*, that are  
 A Toil, more greivous, then the sharpest War.  
 But, if inconstant Fortune my Design  
 Shall thwart, and promis'd Favours shall decline :  
 May'st thou live long, and hasty Fate extend  
 Thy ev'ner Thread of Life, beyond my End !

Thus He. *Imilce*, of *Cyrrhæan* Race,  
 Whole Ancestour (Renown'd *Castalius*) was  
*Apollo's* Priest : and *Castulo*, in *Spain*,  
 So call'd from his Mother, doth retain  
 As yet the Name ; and from that sacred Line  
 Deriv'd her Parents, since the God of Wine,  
 Shaking high *Calpe*, with his *Thyrusus*, and  
 Arm'd *Menades*, subdu'd th' *Iberian* Land:

And

And *Milicus*, who (of a *Satyre* born,  
And *Nymph Myrice*) on his Front, the Horn  
Of his lascivious Father planted wore,  
A Potent Scepter in that Country bore.  
From him her Country did *Imilce* claim,  
And fam'd Original; from him, her Name,  
Corrupted by their barbarous Speech, She than,  
Tears flowing, with sad Language, thus began.

Forgetfull, that My Safety doth depend  
On Thine, dost thou refuse Me to attend  
On thy Designs? Is thus thy Nuptial Vow,  
And first-Fruits of my Bed neglected now?  
Or shall I wanting be to climb with Thee  
The Frozen Hills? believe, and try in Me  
A Woman's Strength. No Labour is too great  
For my Chast Love: but, if on me You set  
No other Rate, but of my Sex alone,  
And part for that; I yield, I look not on  
My Fate. May *Jove* consent! Go Happy Thou,  
Go, and propitious Gods our Pray'rs allow!  
And when in Fight, and Heat of Arms, you are,  
Think then on Me, and this Your Son, with Care.  
For I nor *Romanes*, nor their Darts, nor Fire,  
Do dread so much, as Thee: who dost desire  
To Run upon their Swords, and dost present  
Thy Head to Danger. Thee no good Event  
Of Valour satisfies. Honour, to Thee  
Alone, seems vested with Infinity.  
Souldiers to dye in Peace, to Thee appears  
A Fate ignoble. Oh! my many Fears!  
Forgive Me, for I tremble: yet, I none  
Do fear, that shall encounter Thee alone.  
But pity Us, great Father *Mars*, this Storm  
Avert, nor may the *Trojans* do Him harm!

Now

Now to the Shore they haste, the Seamen climb,  
And, hanging on the Yards, their Canvase trim,  
And fit them for the gently-breathing Wind:  
While to allay his Fears, and ease his Minde,  
Oppress'd with Cares, Thus *Hannibal*; Oh spare  
These Omens, My most constant Wife! Forbear  
Thy Tears. In Peace, or War, We all must have  
A Period to Our Life. Our first Day gave  
A Being to Our last. Brave Thoughts do few  
Enflame, by Noble Actions to pursue  
Eternal Fame; such onely mighty *Jove*,  
Hath destin'd to the blest Abodes above.  
Shall I the *Romane* Yolk endure, and see  
The Tow'rs of *Carthage* in Captivity?  
Ghosts do by Night affright Me, and the Shade  
Of My dead Father doth My Sloath upbraid.  
The Altars, and the horrid Sacrifice  
I once did offer, stand before mine Eys.  
Shortness of dubious Life forbids Delay  
Of Time. Shall I sit still, that *Carthage* may,  
Alone, acknowledge Me, and speak My Fame?  
And shall not all the World know what I am?  
Shall I relinquish Honour, through a Fear  
To Dy? Alas! How little Distant are  
Death, and a Silent Life. Yet think not I  
Do Praise affect, with mad Temerity:  
I have Esteem for Life; for Glory wears  
Titles, and is ador'd in length of Years.  
Great Trophies of this War shall also Thee  
Attend: if Heav'n, and Gods propitious be.  
All *Tyber* shall Thee serve; th' *Iljan* Dames,  
And the rich *Romane*, with the Wealth he claims.  
While thus they sadly talk, and mutual Tears,  
Express their present Grief, and future Fears:

From

From the tall Ship, the Master (put to Sea)  
 Beckon to come aboard without Delay.  
 Then, from Her Husband snatch'd, with fixed Eys,  
 She views the Shore, till the swift Vessel flies  
 Through liquid Paths, and takes Her Sight away;  
 While Sea from Land retires, and Land from Sea.  
 But, *Hannibal*, resolving to remove,  
 With Cares of War, His pensive Thoughts of Love,  
 Goes to the ruin'd Walls: the which He views,  
 And, often, in His Wish their Fall renews;  
 Walking about the Ruins, till, at length,  
 His Labours overcame His stubborn Strength;  
 And Sleep insensibly, with pleasing Charms,  
 Compos'd His Minde, intent on War, and Arms.  
 Then *Jove*, designing still to exercise  
 The *Trojan* Race in Future Miseries,  
 Revive their antient Labours, and by Wars  
 To raise their lasting Name unto the Stars,  
 His slothfull Rest, and Resolution curbs,  
 And, by infused Fears, His Sleep disturbs.  
 And, now, *Cyllenius*, through the humid Shade  
 Of Night, His Father's high Commands convey'd:  
 And, lighting on the Earth, thus sharply He  
 The sleeping Youth upbraids. 'Tis base to see  
 A *General* in Sleep consume the Night:  
 They must be Vigilant, would stand in Fight.  
 The Seas oppress'd with Navies Thou shalt see,  
 And the *Ausonian* Youth, insulting, flee  
 O'er all the *Ocean*: while Thou dost stand,  
 At first Attempts, in the *Iberian* Land.  
 Is it an Action of sufficient Fame,  
 Or Valour, to commemorate Thy Name;  
 That, with so great *Attakes*, *Saguntus* fell?  
 Awake, if any Thing within Thee dwell,

Fit

Fit for brave Actions; rise, and go with Me,  
 And, where I call Thee, bear Me Company:  
 But, I forbid Thee to look back; for this  
 By th' greater Thunderer commanded is,  
 And if Thou dost obey, Thou shalt become  
 A Conquerour before the Walls of *Rome*.  
 With that He seem'd to lead Him by the Hand,  
 With Speed, and full of Joy, to *Saturn's* Land.  
 When strait a Noise breaks forth, with a loud Crack,  
 Like Thunder, round about; and, at His Back,  
 The Hiss of direfull Tongues the waving Air  
 Shakes, and repels: while He, with sudden Fear  
 Surpriz'd, no more retaineth in His Minde  
 The Precepts of the God; but looks behinde.  
 When dragging Groves from hills, & with the Strokes  
 Of His vast Bulk, eradicating Oaks,  
 And bearing Rocks along, through invious Waies,  
 A Serpent, black as Night, his Tongue displaies  
 With dreadfull Hissing, and to's Eys appears  
 As big, as that, which the unequal Bears,  
 In numerous Foldings, doth at once behold,  
 And both the Constellations unfold.  
 So large his Jaws, immanely, he distends,  
 And, lifting up his Head, in Height ascends,  
 Equal to Hills. Heaven's Rage ingeminates  
 The Noise, and, mix'd with Hail, new Fear creates.  
 He, with his Monster frighted (for nor Sleep,  
 Nor Night, did then their former Empire keep,  
 And, with his Wand, the God had put to Flight  
 The Darknes, and with Sleep had mingled Light)  
 What mighty Plague it was, demands, and where  
 'Twould fall, or whither that vast Body bear,  
 That then the Burthen of the Earth was made,  
 Or, gaping, what sad People 'twould invade?

M

To

To whom *Cyllenius* answers. Thou dost see  
 The War, so much desir'd, and fought by Thee.  
 Thee greatest Wars attend: the dreadfull Fall  
 Of Woods, and Forests, with high Storms, that all  
 The Face of Heav'n disturb, the Slaughter Thee,  
 And Death of Men, the great Calamity  
 Of the *Idean* Race, and saddest Fate  
 Do follow, and upon Thee daily wait.  
 As great, and terrible, as that dire Snake,  
 Which now the Mountains, with his scaly Back,  
 Depopulates, and drives the Forests through  
 The Fields before him, and doth Earth imbrue  
 With frothy Poison. Such thou having past,  
 And overcome the *Alps*, with War shalt wait  
 All *Italy*; and, with a Noise as great,  
 The Cities, and their Walls, shalt ruinate.

Thus wounded with these Stings, the God, and Sleep  
 At once forsake him, and cold Sweat doth creep  
 O're all his Limbs: while, in a wofull Fright,  
 His Dreams revolving, he retracts the Night.  
 And now, with happy Omens, to the King  
 Of Gods, and *Mars*, they Holy Offerings bring:  
 But, first, a Snow-white Bull devoutly they  
 To *Hermes*, on deserved Altars, lay.  
 And, all these Rites perform'd, He strait commands  
 His Ensigns to advance. With that the Bands,  
 Whole Languages, and Manners, different were,  
 With Clamours shake the Camp, and fill the Air.

But now, *Calliope*, declare to Fame,  
 What, and how many valiant Nations came,  
 (Rais'd by his dire Attempts) to *Italy*;  
 What Cities, with untam'd *Iberians*, He  
 Did arm; what Troops on th' *Paretonian* Shore  
*Libya* presum'd to muster, and before

Great

Great *Rome*, to challenge, to her self, the Reins  
 Of Rule, and on the Earth impose new Chains:  
 No Tempest, rais'd by impetuous Storms,  
 Went on so furiously; no dire Alarms  
 Of War, when twice five hundred Ships o're-spread  
 The Sea, and fill'd the trembling World with Dread.

(1) *Xerxes* his Navy, consisting of a thousand Ships, when he made that unhappy Expedition against *Greece*, and boasted to make a bridge over the *Hellespont*.

The *Carthaginian* Youth, the Chief of all,  
 Their Ensigns spread: of Body light; not tall  
 Of Stature: but of that proud Grace depriv'd.  
 Apt for Deceit, they readily contriv'd  
 Their secret Frauds. A Round unpolish'd Shield,  
 With a short Sword, their Arms; and in the Field  
 They Bare-foot march'd; ungirt, with Garments rec  
 They cunningly conceal'd the Blood was shed.  
 Captain to these, in Purple splendid, tall  
 Above the rest, Brother to *Hannibal*,  
*Mago*, in's Chariot, with the Noise alarms  
 The Fo, and's Brother imitates in Arms.  
 Next these, divided in *Sidonian* Bands,  
 (Built before Town's of antient *Byrsa*) stands  
 Old *Utica*. Then *Aspis*, which the Shore  
 Encompass'd with *Sycanian* Walls: whose Store  
 Of crooked Turrets, that a Warlike Shield  
 Resembled, all the Neighbouring Sea beheld.  
 But young *Sychæus* drew the Eys of all  
 Upon himself: whom, Son to *Hafdrubal*,  
 With a vain Pride, his Mother's high Descent  
 Had fill'd; and's Uncle *Hannibal* content,  
 With no less Pride, still to repeat his Name.  
 Near these, the Warlike Souldier, that came  
 From watry *Berenice*, and the Bands,  
 That, with long *Dolons* arm'd, among the Sands  
 Of thirsty *Barce* dwell. Then to the Fight  
*Cyrene*, sprang from *Pelops*, doth excite

(2) *Dolus* was a sort of Weapon, not otherwise of ore fashion, being a long Staff with an head of Iron; sometimes a short sword fasten'd to it; sometimes a Dagger, and sometimes a Whip.

M 2

The

The false *Battiades*: whom, once extoll'd,  
 And by *Amilcar* fam'd, *Ilertes* old  
 In War, but young in Counsel, did command.  
 With *Tabraca* (then *Tyrian* People) and  
*Sarranian Lepis*, *Oea* too combin'd,  
*Trinacrian* Colonies, with *Africk* join'd:  
 And *Tingis* sent, from a Tempestuous Sea,  
 By *Lixus*: *Vaga*, and *Hippo* fam'd to be  
 The Love of Kings, and their Delight of old.  
 And *Ruspina*, that doth from far behold  
 Unequal Billows, rising on the Main:  
 With <sup>(b)</sup> *Zama*, where the *Libyan* Troops were slain  
 By valiant *Scipio*. <sup>(c)</sup> *Thapsus* too, that stood  
 Renown'd, as oft imbrud with *Romane* Blood.  
 These Nations, both in Arms, and Body great,  
 Whose Name, and Deeds, did still perpetuate  
*Alcides* Honour; taller by the Head,  
 Then all his following Bands, <sup>(k)</sup> *Anteus* led.  
 Then came the *Æthiopians*, not unknown  
 To fruitfull *Nile*; who that mysterious Stone  
 Do cut, that draws, untouch'd, the distant Steel:  
 With *Mibians*; whose parched Bodies feel  
 The Fury of the Sun; not wont to wear  
 Helmets, or Coats of Mail, or Bows to bear;  
 Accustom'd, when in Fight they did contend,  
 With Flax their Heads, and Bodies, to defend,  
 And, in some deadly Poison, to imbrue  
 Their Swords, or to infect the Darts they threw.  
 Then first *Cinyphian Macæ* did begin  
 To learn *Phœnician* Warlike Discipline:  
 Their squallid Beards, their Faces over-spread,  
 And Goat-Skins rough their Shoulders covered;  
 With Sling-Darts arm'd, they came into the Field.  
 But th' *Adymachide* a painted Shield,

And

And Swords, like Hooks, by Art intort'd, bear;  
 And their left-Legs with Armour guarded were:  
 But they Rude Tables have, and uncouth Fare;  
 For in hot Sands their Viands roasted are.  
*Mafsilians* then, with Ensigns shining bright;  
 Who, last of all, behold the falling Light  
 Of Day, which the *Hesperian* Seas do drown.  
 These, with long curled Tresses hanging down,  
 Fierce *Bocchus* leads, and views upon the Shore,  
 Growing, on sacred Trees, the precious Ore.  
*Getulians* likewise, from their wandering Home,  
 Into the Camp, to his Assistance, come;  
 Familiar with wild Beasts, they could allay,  
 With Words, the Lyon's Rage. No Houses they  
 Possess; but dwell, continually, in Wains,  
 Bearing their restless *Lares* through the Plains.  
 A thousand winged Troops, whose Steeds obey  
 The Wand, as nimble as the Winde, their Way  
 Into the Camp do break. As when the Hills,  
 And Plains, a Pack of Dogs with Echo fills;  
 And with full Crie, in view, the flying Deer,  
 Do follow, and precipitate with Fear.  
 These, his stern Face, and Brow, with Rage o're-spread,  
*Acheras*, slain *Hasbyte's* Brother, led.  
 And near to them, the Medicinal Troops, in Arms  
 Advance, the tann'd *Marmarides*: whose Charms  
 The Poison of fell Serpents can allay,  
 And make the horned Ceraft to obey.  
 Then her unskilfull Youth *Bamura* sent;  
 A Nation poor in Steel for Arms, content  
 Their Spears to harden onely in the Fire:  
 Yet, with this weak Defence, did they desire,  
 To mix their horrid Murmurs with the rest,  
 And furiously unto the Battel prest.

Then

(b) *Zama*, a small City, five days journey distant from *Carthage*; made famous by the Overthrow given by *Scipio* to *Hannibal*.

(c) See the Continuation of the second Book.

(k) *Anteus*, a *Libyan* King, slain by *Hercules*.

Then fierce *Antioles*, whose nimble Speed  
 Outstrips the Torrent, or the fleetest Steed:  
 Birds to their Speed, in Flight, might seem to yield;  
 And, when they overran the Champian Field,  
 It was as vain a Task, to think to finde  
 Their Foot-steps, as to trace the lighter Winde.  
 Next, who by Juice, and Fruit of that fam'd Tree,  
 The Hospitable <sup>(1)</sup> *Lotus* nourish'd be,  
 Are list'd in the Camp, with those, that stand  
 Amaz'd to see, in *Garamantick* Sand,  
 The *Dypsades*; whose boiling Poyson fills  
 With Flames, and with strange thirst the wounded kills.  
 When *Perseus* had cut off the *Gorgon's* Head,  
 (As Fame reports) her banefull Blood was shed  
 On Sandy *Libya*; and, since that, the Ground  
 With *Medusean* Serpents doth abound.  
 These by a Captain, most renown'd in War,  
 And born in *Meninx* Isle, commanded are:  
 (*Chospes* was his Name, who still did bear  
 In's fatal Hand, a missile barbed Spear.  
 Then *Nasamon*, who durst invade the Sea  
 For Ship-wrack, and deprive her of her Prey.  
 Next, those, who near to *Pallas* Pools do dwell:  
 And where the Warlike Maid (as Fame doth tell)  
 Among those Waters, with her Olive found,  
 With it did first enrich the *Libyan* Ground.  
 Then all those Nations, that inhabit, where  
 The Sun doth fall, and *Hesperus* first appear,  
 Before the rest, the stout *Cantabrians*, whom  
 Nor Frost, nor Summer's Heat could overcome,  
 Nor Hunger; and were still observ'd to be  
 Above the Reach of all Extremity:  
 Who, when their Heads are crown'd with hoary Hairs,  
 From some high Rock prevent their weaker Years:  
 Life

(1) See the Continuation of the Sc-  
 ene in Book IV.

Life, without War, they hate: in Arms they place  
 The cause of Life; to live in Peace, is base.  
 With these, unhappy *Memnon's* Servant, from  
 The *Egft*, a Stranger to his Native Home.  
 Th' *Afyrian*, sprinkled with *Aurora's* Tears,  
 Within another World, in Arms appears.  
 His Horse was little, and unknown to War;  
 Yet swift, and firmly on his Back would bear  
 The skilfull Rider; or, in easie Reins,  
 Hurry the peacefull Chariot o're the Plains.  
 Next, *Heardrus*, who *Pyrene* meteth o're  
 In Chase, and fights with Arrows, like the *Moor*.  
 To joyn with these, the Warlike *Celte* came;  
 Who with th' *Iberi* did divide their Name.  
 By these 'tis Honour held, in War to dy,  
 And to be Burnt. For, when their Bodies ly  
 Expos'd abroad, they do believe't to be  
 'Gainst Heav'n, and Gods, a great Impiety,  
 If on their Limbs devouring Vultures tire.  
 Then Rich *Gallecia*, in Divining Fire  
 And panting Entrails skilfull, thither brings  
 Her Youth; who sometimes in their Language sings  
 Rude Sonnets; sometimes, with alternate Feet  
 Striking the Ground, the barbarous Numbers meet;  
 Or beat the lofty Tune upon the Shield:  
 Their Pastime this, and chief Delight, is held;  
 (2) The Womens Labours other things fulfill:  
 For 'tis beneath the Men to sow, or till  
 The fertile Ground; and whatsoever's done  
 Without a War, their Wives perform alone.  
 These, with the *Lusitanians* drawn from far  
 Removed Caves, and Dens, conducted are  
 (3) By *Viriathus*, whom the active Fire  
 Of Youth then warm'd; who after did acquire

(2) This Custom (not wholly om-  
 mitted in Spain) was not peculiar, one-  
 ly to the old Inhabitants of *Gallicia*,  
 but to the *Celte*, *Thracians*, and o-  
 thers, who imposed those more servile  
 Labours on their Wives.

(3) *Viriathus* was, at first, a cunning  
 Hunter, then a Robber, after, by his  
 Valour, attaining to be a General of  
 a *Lusitanian* Army; and he hit over-  
 threw three *Roman* Captains, in three  
 several Conflicts; but was in the end  
 slain by some of his own Party, cor-  
 rupted, by *Cepio* the *Roman* Consul,  
 See *L. Florus*.

By

By shedding *Romane* Blood, a noble Name.  
 With these the neighb'ring *Ceretani* came,  
 Once great *Alcides* Camp: and *Vasions*, who  
 No Helmets us'd to wear: <sup>(c)</sup> *Ilerda* too,  
 Which after saw the *Romanes* Civil Rage:  
 Neither did *Concavus*; who doth assuage  
 His Thirst with Horse's Blood (whose Fierceness shews  
 He sprang from *Massagets*) this War refuse.  
 Now *Etefius* *Phœnician* Arms assumes,  
 And *Artabus*, who, arm'd with <sup>(d)</sup> *Aclides*, comes,  
 Or flightier Darts, and fierce the War attends:  
 With these the *Balearique*, who descends  
 From *Lindus*. But *Iepolemus* with Slings  
 Is arm'd, and winged Lead in Battell flings,  
 From *Oena*, and *Ætolian* Tyde, came  
 The *Gravians*, who had chang'd their *Graian* Name.  
 Next <sup>(e)</sup> *Teucrican* *Carthage* sends a youthfull Band:  
*Phœcians*, and *Tarraco*, whose Land  
 In Vines abounds, whose Grapes, in Clusters swell'd,  
 By *Latian* *Bacchus*, onely, are excell'd.  
 'Mong these the *Hædetanian* Cohorts went  
 In shining Arms, from cooler *Sucro* sent:  
 And *Setabis*, which lofty Towers adorn:  
 That *Setabis*, whose Textures seem to scorn  
 The proud *Arabian* Webs, and overcome,  
 In rarest Art, the best *Egyptian* Loom.  
*Mandonius* these Commands, and *Cæso* known,  
 For Horse-manship, their Camps now joyn'd in one.  
 But the *Balarian* Light *Vetonian* Wings  
 Tries, by the open Sea; and when the Springs  
 Approach, and *Zephyrs* breath their warmer *Airs*,  
 Preserving hidden Lust, his Herds of Mares  
 Exposeth, and by <sup>(f)</sup> generative Winde,  
 Makes them conceive, and propagate their Kind.

But

But they are not long-liv'd, their Age doth haste,  
 And th' seventh Year is, commonly, the Last.  
 But *Susana* (whose Walls *Sarmatians* rear'd)  
 On Horses not so light, in Arms appear'd:  
 These Strong, and full of Mettle, to the Bit,  
 Or their fierce Master's Will, do scarce submit.  
 Them *Rindacus* commands: with crooked Spears  
 They fight, and ev'ry Crested Helmet bears  
 The frightfull Jaws of Beasts: Themselves they give  
 To Hunting; and by Theft, and Rapine, live.  
 But, above all, *Parnassian* *Castulo*,  
 With noble Ensigns, shines: and *Hispal*, who,  
 Assaulted daily by Alternate Tides,  
 Renown'd, against the *Ocean* firm abides.  
 Near these, familiar with *Lycæus* Rites,  
*Æbrissa*: where the *Satyrs* their Delights  
 Enjoy by Night; and, cloath'd i'th' Panther's Skin,  
 There *Menades* their Mysteries begin:  
*Carteia* too (to Heighten hese Alarms)  
 The Nephews of great <sup>(g)</sup> *Argonthonius* Arms;  
 A Warlike King, whose Life the Age surpass  
 Of Men, and thrice ten times ten years did last.  
*Tartessos* too was there; which still surveys  
 The Steeds of *Phœbus* diving in the Seas.  
 Then fatal <sup>(h)</sup> *Munda*, that as deep a Stain  
 Of *Romane* Blood, as the *Æmatian* Plain,  
 Did after bear; and *Corduba*, the Grace  
 Of the Gold-bearing Land, the War embrace.  
 These *Phœcis*, with long yellow Tresses crown'd,  
 And fierce *Arantibicis*, in Arms renown'd;  
 Led, from their Native Countrey, to engage  
 In *Libya's* Quarrel; both of Equal Age,  
 Born upon *Bethe's* Banks; whose horned Brows  
 Were overshadow'd with fat Olive-Boughs.

N

These

(c) *Ilerda* is situated near the River *Agro* (in Spain) where *Cæsar* besieged *Particus*, and *Africanus*, two of *Pompey's* Generals.

(d) *Aclides* were a kind of Dolphins, which, bound to a chain, they threw at the foe, and drew back again.

(e) New *Carthage* in Spain, founded by *Annib.*

(f) *Argonthonius* was King of that part of Spain, where stood *Cortica*, and *Particus*, upon the River *Bæta*: whose fruitful Soil is extolled, both by *Pliny*, lib. 7. cap. 4. and *Strabo*, lib. 3. Those neither allow him above half that Age, ascribed to him by the *Poet*.

(g) Where *Cæsar* besieged the two Sons of *Pompey*: the one whereof was slain there in fight, and the other fled. The Slaughter of the *Romans* there was so great, that *Cæsar* made a *Comitum* *Alure* in an *Atrique* of thirty thousand Carcases.

(h) The generative Winde was from the *gulf*, in the *French* *Eprouve*. And of this sort onely the *Poets*, but even *Philosophers*, as *Aristotle*, *Plato*, and *Pliny*, who (*Lib. 2. c. 4.*) mentions them to be about *Libe* in *Portugal*. And likewise by *Saint* *Augustine* (*Lib. 21. D. C. c. 10. in C. p. 10.*) who, but they allow them not to long live, as our Authors, by four years. However, both the *Winde*, and *Wine*, if ever they had this Virtue, have long been obsolete.

These the *Sidonian* Captain, through the Field,  
Clouded with Dust, commanded, and beheld  
Muster'd in Arms: and, in what Place so'e're  
All His bright Ensigns could, at once, appear,  
He drew them up in Triumph; all along  
Covering the Ground, with Shadows of the Throng.  
As when, descending through the Liquid Plain,  
To visit farthest *Tethys* in the Main,  
Where weary *Phæbus* rests, the God of Seas  
His Chariot drives; the blew *Nereides*  
Rush from their Caves, and each, contending, swims,  
Displaying, in perspicuous Waves, their Limbs.

But *Hannibal*, disturbing the Repose  
Of th' World, to th' Top of high *Pyrene* goes:

(\*) *Pyrene*, (whose rough Brows the Clouds enfold)

From far the Rich *Iberi* doth behold,  
Divided from the *Celte*, and still stands  
A firm Divorce between those mighty Lands.  
The Hills their Name from a *Bebrician* Maid  
Did first derive, and by the Crime ('tis said)  
Of *Hercules*, a Guest; when, by the Fate  
Of those his Labours, rais'd by *Juno's* Hate,  
Triple *Geryon's* Land he did invade:  
And then, in *Bebrix* cruel Palace, made  
*Lyæus* Vassal, he *Pyrene* left,  
Her Form bewailing, now by him bereft  
Of her Virginity; and (if we may  
Believ't) of her unhappy Death (they say)  
That God was Cause: that God, who in her Womb  
Began to swell. For She her dearest Home,  
Frighted, forsook; and, with an awfull Dread,  
Her Father's Ire, as from a Serpent, fled.  
Wandering in desert Caves, *Alcides* Night  
She did Lament, and all his Vows recite,

And

And Promises, unto the Shady Groves:  
Till, thus bewailing his ingratefull Loves,  
And lifting up her Hands t' implore his Aid,  
She to the salvage Beasts a Prey was made.  
But when, at length, the God return'd again  
With Spoils, a Conquerour, *Gerion* slain;  
Her mangled Limbs with Tears he did bewail,  
And, when he saw her Face, with Rage grew Pale.  
The lofty Hills, struck with his God-like Voice,  
Appear to shake: when with a mournfull Noise  
He on *Pyrene* calls; and under Ground  
The Dens of Beasts, and all the Rocks, resound  
*Pyrene's* Name: then sadly he prepares  
Her Sepulchre, Embalming her with Tears:  
Nor can the Teeth of Time destroy her Fame,  
The Hills retaining her lamented Name.

Now, or'e the Airy Mountains, and through vast  
Condensed Woods, bold *Hannibal* had past  
The Bounds of *Bebrix*, and, by's armed Hand,  
His Way, through the inhospitable Land  
Of *Volsians*, breaks: untill His Army stood  
Upon the Banks of that (\*) unruly Flood;  
Which from the *Alps*, and Snowy Rocks, descends  
Upon the *Celte*, and himself extends  
Into a swelling Stream, that makes his Way  
O're Land, with a large Current, to the Sea.  
To its great Force mix'd *Arar* adds, that seems  
To stand (so slow his Pace) with silent Streams;  
Which *Rhodanus* once seizing, bears away  
In restless Billows, and, without Delay,  
Drowns in the Main, and forceth it disclaim,  
Near to its Native Shore, its Countrie's Name.

(\*) *Rhodanus*.

But now the Hostile River all invade:

While some upon their Heads, and Shoulders, lai'd

N 2

Their



Their Arms; and, breaking through the Torrent, strive,  
Which, on the adverse Bank, shall first arrive.  
To Skifs, (that late were Trees) their Steeds they binde,  
And Waft them o're: nor do they leave behinde  
The Elephants, whose Fears awhile withstood;  
For covering, with mighty Beams, the Flood,  
So much by them abhor'd, and ev'ry Plank  
With solid Earth o're-spreading, from the Bank  
The Beasts descend; whom to the other side  
Swimming (as on the Ground) they gently guid.  
The River, frighted with so vast a Weight  
Of the fierce Herd, the threatening Billows strait  
From his Sandy Bottom turns, and all his Springs  
Lets loose, and, to his Aid, with Murmurs brings.

Now the *Tricassian* Coast the Army gains,  
And fertile Fields; now through *Vocuntian* Plains  
They move, where swift *Druentia*, troubled, rolls  
Huge Stones, and Trunks of Trees, and so controlls  
Their pleasant March: for from the *Alps* it springs,  
And, thence with roaring Waves devolving, brings,  
Eradicated Trees, and Quarries torn  
From hollow Rocks, at the Creation born;  
Then, deviating, his fallacious Streams  
Turns from their Course, and is not what he seems.  
The Fords deceitfull are, to Foot unstable,  
The Chanel to small Barks innavigable:  
But, then increas'd by fall of sudden Storms,  
O'rewhelms a Multitude of Men, with Arms  
Surcharg'd; who, sinking in the foaming Waves,  
Dismembred, in the Bottom finde their Graves.

But now, all Memory of Labours pass'd,  
And Fears, the *Alps*, so near in View, displac'd.  
All Parts with Frost, and undissolving Hail  
Are cov'rd, and Eternally prevail

To

To keep their aged Ice: the lofty Brow  
O'th' airy Hills is bound about with Snow;  
Which, opposite to *Phæbus* rising Beams,  
Will know no Dissolution by his Flames.  
As far, as the *Tartarean* Abyss  
Of that pale Kingdom, where the Dwelling is  
Of mournfull Ghosts, and *Stygian* Waters are  
Removed, from the upper Earth: so far  
Erected, through the Air, the Mountains rise,  
And, with their Shadow, intercept the Skies.  
No Springs, no Summer's Glories do appear:  
But deform'd Winter still inhabits there,  
And on the Cliffs perpetually defends  
Her Seat, and thither, from all Quarters, sends  
The swelling Clouds, and Hail-commix'd Showres.  
Here all the Storms, and Winds, their furious Powers  
Dispose. Beyond the Rocks no Eyes extend  
Their Sight; the Hills above the Clouds ascend.  
Though *Atbos* lay on *Taurus*, *Rhodope*  
On *Mimas*, or though snowy *Pelion* be  
On *Ossa* Heap'd, or *Othrys* were beheld  
On *Hæmus* lai'd; to these they all must yield.  
*Alicides*, first, to these unknown Abodes  
Aspir'd to go: whom, cutting Clouds, the Gods  
Beheld, and cleaving highest Hills, to clime  
Those Rocks, untrod-on since the Birth of Time.  
But now the Souldiers their March retard;  
As if those sacred Bounds, which Nature barr'd;  
Bearing those Impious Arms, they had transgress'd,  
And, going forward, should the Gods resist.  
Gainst which the *General* (whom nor the Height  
O'th' *Alps*, nor Terrours of the Place, affright)  
To cure their Minds, with Monsters terrifi'd,  
And to recall their Courage, thus reply'd.

Is't

Is't not a Shame, that, through Obsequious Fear  
Of Gods, You, that so many Trophies wear  
Of War, now weary of Success, should yield  
Your Backs to Snowy Hills, and be repell'd  
With idle Terrours; while no Courage warms  
Your Hearts, and You to Rocks submit your Arms.  
Oh! (My Companions) think, You now assail  
The Walls of *Rome*, or *Jove's* high Temple scale.  
This Labour will give up into Your Hands  
*Aufonia*, and bring *Tyber* into Bands;

This said; the Army, mov'd by promis'd Spoils,  
In haste the Mountain climb, nor think what Toils  
Enfue: while He commands them to forsake  
*Aleides* Foot-steps, and new waies to take;  
To tread in Paths, that might be call'd Their own,  
And by Their Names, in future Times, be known.  
Then through untrodden Places, first of all,  
He breaks, and, from the Top of Rocks, doth call  
His Troops: and where, in hard congealed Frost,  
In the white Cliffs, the slipp'ry Path was lost,  
His Sword th' obdurate Ice divides, and now  
Into deep, gaping, Pits of yielding Snow  
Whole Squadrons sink; and, from the hollow Top,  
To Bury them alive, fresh Ruins drop.  
Sometimes fierce *Corus*, on his gloomy Wings  
Collecting Snow, against their Faces flings;  
Sometimes, uniting all his Rage in Storms,  
From the Advent'rous Souldier takes his Arms;  
Which, with the whirling Blasts, unto the Skies,  
In Circles, that delude the Sight, arise.  
The higher they Ascend, and seek to Ease  
Their Steps, the more their Labours still encrease:  
To one great Height, a greater doth succeed,  
And ev'ry Hill another seems to breed.

Hence

Hence all their Sweats, and Labours, which before  
They had O'recome, they durst not now Explore:  
Such Fears repeated Objects do present,  
And, wherefoe're their trembling Eies were bent,  
The horrid Face of Winter, ever White  
Appearing, gives sad Limits to their Sight.

So Mariners, that late forsook the Land,  
And now amid't the calmed Ocean stand,  
While no propitious Wind, or gentle Blast,  
Fills the loose Sails upon the steady Mast,  
From the smooth Sea divert their weary Eies,  
And fix their Expectation on the Skies.

Above these Miseries, and sad Distress  
The Places gave; in a most fordid Dress,  
An *Alpine* Band, like salvage Beasts, their Locks  
Stiff with eternal Squallour, from the Rocks,  
And aged Mountain-Caves, their Faces show;  
And, with their constant Vigour, through the Snow,  
Through Thorns, and invious Paths, by them alone  
Frequented, and familiarly known,  
By various Incursions, on Them prest,  
And their enclosed Enemy infest.  
All Places now assume another Form:  
The Snow's made red with Blood; there Ice grew warm  
With purple Streams; and that, which ne're before  
Could be o'recome, resolves, by reeking Gore.  
And as, with Iron Feet, the Horse divide  
The yielding Frost, their Hoofs, there fix'd, abide  
Within the closing Ice. Nor was their Fall  
The onely Mischief: but they leave withall  
Their Limbs behind; which, by the piercing Frost,  
Fall, as cut off, and there are sadly lost.  
(\*) Through all these Miseries, when they had past  
Twelve daies, as many tedious Nights; at last

To

(\*) In this Passage over the *Alps*,  
other Authors affirm, he spent fif-  
teen days, and broke his Forces more,  
then if he had fought his way through  
Armies of his Enemies; losing in his  
March from *Rhodanus*, before he arri-  
ved in the *Taurus* Plains, above six and  
thirty thousand Men, and a vast Num-  
ber of Horses.

To the desired Top they come, and there,  
 Hanging on broken Cliffs, their Tents they rear  
 But *Cytherea* (who, through Fear, grew Faint)  
 Goes to her Father, with this sad Complaint.  
 What stint of Punishment, I pray? what end  
 Of Plagues, shall the *Æneades* attend?  
 When shall they, after Toils by Sea, and Land,  
 Repose? Why now doth *Carthage* take in hand,  
 And labour thus, to drive my Progeny  
 From that Renowned City, giv'n by Thee?  
 See! on the *Alps* they *Libya* impose;  
 Threatning our Empire's Ruin: and the Woes  
 Of lost *Saguntus* *Rome* may justly fear.  
 Oh! whither shall we *Troy's* last Ashes bear?  
 Those sacred Ruins, and th' *Assarick* Race,  
 With *Vesta's* Secrets? Give us, *Jove*, a Place,  
 Where we may Safely dwell. Is it so small  
 A thing; that they have Wandring fought, through all  
 The World, their Exile? Or shall *Troy* become,  
 Again, a Prey, in captivated *Rome*?

Thus *Cytherea*: whom the Thunderer  
 Thus answers. *Erycina*, cease to fear;  
 Nor let these high Attempts, or what's design'd,  
 By envious *Libya*, perplex thy Mind.  
 Thy Blood possesseth, and shall Long possess  
 The high *Tarpeian* Town's: the Fates no less  
 Permit. By this great weight of War, will I  
 Perpend their Virtue, and their Valour Try.  
 Shall that brave Nation, that so long hath been  
 Inur'd to War, that hath with Triumph seen  
 So many their great Labours overpast,  
 The Honour of their Ancestours, at last,  
 Decline? Or shall they, whom our Seed did raise,  
 Who never spar'd their Blood in seeking Praise,

( Still

( Still thirsting after Fame ) obscurely spend  
 Their Time, or with Inglorious Silence end  
 Their Daies, as poison'd with the Love of Ease?  
 Valour suppress'd doth perish by Degrees.  
 It is a mighty Work, not to be done  
 Without much Toil, and Labour, that alone,  
 Among so many valiant Nations, *Rome*  
 Should to her self the Reins of Rule assume:  
 Yet shall the Time arrive, when She shall be

(1) The Chief, Ennobled by Calamity.  
 Hence their great Acts shall add unto the Skies  
 New Stars, and Names: hence *Paulus* shall arise;  
 Hence *Fabius*, and *Marcellus*, who shall be  
 Pleasing, for his Opimous Spoils, to Me.  
 These, by their Wounds, shall raise in *Italy*  
 An Empire, that not all the Luxury  
 Of their degen'rate Issue can destroy.

And there's already born a Warlike (2) Boy;  
 Who shall the *Carthaginian* recall  
 To his own Countrey, and, before the Wall  
 Of *Carthage*, of his Arms shall him deprive.  
 Then *Cytherea* shall thy Issue live  
 Long in Command; Then, by the *Cures* shall  
 Celestial Virtue to the Stars extoll  
 Her self: and, by their Sacred Rites, proclaim  
 A large Addition to *Iulus* Name.  
 Then from a (3) *Sabine* Stock a Branch shall spring,  
 Whose Father shall enable him to bring  
 Trophies from unknown *Thule*, and shall be  
 The first, that *Caledonian* Woods shall see,  
 With his Victorious Troops; who shall confine,  
 Within his hollow Banks, the swelling *Rhine*;  
 Shall govern the rebellious *African*,  
 With Vigilance; and, when an aged Man

O

Palm-

(1) After the Battel of *Cannæ*, *Rome* was reduced to such Distress, that some consulted to quit their Countrey; but by the Virtue of *Fabius*, *Scipio*, and others, she recovered to that Height of Glory, that afterward made her Mistress of the World.

(2) *Scipio Africanus*, who, invading *Libya*, forced *Hannibal* to quit *Italy*, to relieve his own Countrey. See *Book*, 14.

(3) *Vespasian*, in whose Time, and *Domitian's*, the Poet lived.

Palm-bearing *Idumea* shall subdue ;  
 Nor shall He, after Death, those Kingdoms view ,  
 That are for ever Dark, or th' *Stygian* Lake,  
 But of our <sup>(b)</sup> Honours, and this Place, partake.  
 Then shall a <sup>(c)</sup> Youth, excelling in his Strength  
 Of Understanding, on Himself, at length,  
 Assume the Burthen of His Father's Care,  
 And, in His Empire, have an equal Share :  
 He the *Judean* War, so full of Rage,  
 Shall quite extinguish in his tender Age.  
 But, thou, <sup>(d)</sup> *Germanicus*, who, though a Child,  
 Thy Father's Acts transcendest, and hast fill'd  
 The yellow *Germanes* with an awfull Dread,  
 Fear not the *Capitolian* Fires ; thy Head ,  
 Amidst those Sacrilegious Flames, shall be  
 Preserv'd. Thou long, and happy daies shalt see :  
 To thee *Gangetick* Youth their Bows, unbent,  
 Shall offer up ; and *Bactria* shall present  
 Her empty Quivers : from the Icy *North*  
 Thou shalt, in Triumph, bring thy Chariot forth,  
 And through the City ride : then from the *East*  
 Such Trophies gain ; as *Bacchus* ne're possessest.  
 Thou frozen *Ister*, scorning to give way  
 To *Dardan* Ensigns, shalt compell t' obey,  
 And in *Sarmatick* Limits shalt restrain.  
 Thou *Romane* Nephews, that shall Honour gain  
 By Eloquence, shalt in thy Speech excell :  
 To Thee the Learned Sisters, that do dwell  
 Near *Thebſian* Springs, shall offer Sacrifice.  
 Thy Lyre shall sound more sweetly, then did his,  
 That *Hebrus* made to stand, and *Rhodope*  
 To follow, and shall utter things may be  
 Admir'd by *Phœbus*. Raised by thy Hand  
 On the *Tarpeian* Rocks, where Faith doth stand ,

Ador'd

<sup>(b)</sup> *Vespasian* Defied.<sup>(c)</sup> *Vitus* made Companion in the Empire with His Father *Vespasian*.<sup>(d)</sup> *Xiphilin* in this contradicts *Suetonius* (who saies, that he performed that Expedition with admirable Felicity) affirming, that he returned without so much as seeing the Enemy.<sup>(e)</sup> In the War between *Vespasian*, and *Vitellius*, then a Youth, hid himself in a Chapel of the *Capitol*, which by Chance was set on fire. In Memory of his miraculous Escape, He (when escap'd) Dedicated a Temple there to the Honour of *Jupiter*, his Preserver.

Ador'd of old, Rich *Capitols* shall shine ,  
 And to the Stars their lofty Turrets joyn.  
 But thou, O born of Gods ! which shalt give Birth  
 To future Deities, the happy Earth  
 Rule with thy Father's Power ; thy Fate shall be  
 Retarded, and these Heav'nly Mansions thee  
 A late, and Aged, Guest shall entertain :  
*Quirinus* shall give place, and Thou shalt gain  
 Between thy Brother, and thy Sire, a Throne,  
 And, near Thee fix'd, shall shine thy Starry Son.

While *Jove* the Series of Times to come  
 Doth thus unfold, the *Libyan* Captain, from  
 Th' unequal Hills, through *Waies* perplex'd, descends,  
 And, dubiously, on Quarries moist contends  
 To fix his sliding Steps. No furious Shocks  
 Of Foes deterr him : but the obvious Rocks ;  
 Whose prone, and threatening Cliffs obstruct the Way ;  
 So, as Besieg'd, they stand, and the Delay,  
 And Difficulties of their March lament :  
 Nor would the Time allow them to Foment  
 With Rest their frozen Limbs. They spend the Night  
 In Labour, and their Shoulders all unite,  
 With Speed, the Forests from the Hills to bring.  
 The highest Mountains naked made, they fling  
 The Trees in Heaps together, and surround  
 With Flames the Rocks : which, with a dreadful sound,  
 Now yielding to their Bars of Iron, breaks,  
 And, to the weary Troops, a Passage makes  
 Into *Latinus* Kingdom. When they'd past,  
 Through all these Miseries, the *Alps* ; at last ,  
 The *General* within the *Taurine* Plains  
 His Tents doth pitch, and there Encamp'd remains.

In the mean time, from *Garamantian* Sands,  
 With *Ammon's* Oracles, and dark Commands,

O 2

*Boslar*

*Bolsar*, with Joy, arrives, and doth appear  
To glad their Hearts, as *Jove* himself were there;  
And thus begins. Great *Hannibal*, whose Hand  
Hath banish'd Bondage from thy Native Land;  
We have through *Libya* pass'd, where Sands arise  
Up to the Stars, and lift us to the Skies.  
Us Earth, more furious, than the Raging Main,  
Had almost swallow'd up: The barren Plain,  
From the first Entrance, to the farthest Bound  
Of Heav'n, extends: nor can an Hill be found  
By Nature rais'd, in all that spacious Tract,  
But what, with hollow Clouds of Sand impact,  
The nimble-turning Whirlwinds build: or when  
Fierce *Africus*, escaping from his Den,  
To spoil the Earth; or *Cornus*, that the Stars,  
Doth with the Ocean wash, with furious Wars  
Invade the Field, and with congested Sand  
Make Heaps, that there in stead of Mountains stand:  
Observing Stars, o're this inconstant Ground  
We sail; for Day Our Voyage would confound.  
And *Cynosura*, that a faithfull Star  
Doth prove to the *Sidonian* Mariner,  
The wandering Traveller, who seems t' abide  
Still in the Midst, through the deep Plain doth guid.

But when we, weary, to the Sacred Grove,  
And Woody Empire came, of horned *Jove*,  
Where, on large Columns, stands the shining Fane;  
With what a chearfull Brow our Entertain  
*Arisbas* gave, (the God's divining Priest)  
Who to his House conducted Me his Guest:

(g) Near to the Temple, in the Grove, a Spring  
Doth rise (a strange, and memorable Thing)  
Which, at the Birth of Day, and its Decline,  
Is Warm; when *Sol*, in midst of Heav'n, doth shine,  
It

(g) Of the Causes of the Changes of the Spring, (called by *Diodorus Siculus*, lib. 17, 71: Fontaine of the Sun) See *Isidore*, lib. 6. Explained by *Alexander* in his *Comment on Ovid*, *Alph. 12*, cap. 13.

It soon grows Cold: but, in the Shades of Night,  
That Heat is greater made, that shuns the Light.  
Full of the God, these Places, then, he shews,  
And Glebes, made wealthy without Help of Plows,  
And chearfully thus speaks. This Shady Grove,  
These Woods, whose Tops do touch the Feet of *Jove*,  
Connex'd to Heav'n, here Prostrate, falling down,  
*Bolsar* adore; for unto whom unknown  
Are *Jove's* fam'd Gifts, through all the World; the Pair  
Of Doves, that in the Top of *Thebe* were:  
Of which, the first, that the *Chaonian* Land  
Did touch, and on *Dodona's* Oak did stand,  
Fill'd it with Prophecy. But that, which o're  
*Carpathian* Seas, unto the *Libyan* Shore,  
With Snowy Wings, repair'd; this sacred Seat

(g) The *Cytherean* Bird did then create:  
And where you Altars, and dark Groves, behold  
Standing between the Horns (strange to behold)  
Of a choice Ram, the Leader of the rest  
O'th Wealthy Flock, from its inspired Breast  
Answers, to the *Marmarick* People, sung.  
Then out of Earth this Wood, thus Shady, sprung;  
And Groves of aged Oaks, that now the Skies  
Do seem to touch: and such at first did rise,  
By ancient Favour; keeping, as before,  
Their Po'wr, and we with Altars warm adore.  
While I these things with Admiration view,  
Struck with a Noise of Terrour, open flew  
The Temple-Doors, and strait a greater Light  
Our Eyes beheld. The Priest, array'd in White,  
Before the Holy Altars did appear,  
The People all contending to go near.  
Then I, as I was order'd, having pray'd:  
Behold! the God doth suddenly invade

(g) These Doves (saith the Fable) gave their Oracles, (the most ancient of all Greece) in a Grove sacred to *Jupiter*, near *Dodona*, a City in *Chaonia*; but quitting that place, one fled to *Dolphus*, the other to this Grove: whence both places became *Oracular*.

The Prophet; and, through all the Ecchoing Grove,  
Grave Mummings from the trembling Beams do move.  
And, now, a Voice more loud, then usual, through  
The yielding Air doth break. For *Latini* you  
Intend (said he) and to infect with War  
The Issue of *Asaricus* prepare.

I see what warlike *Libya* intends :

And now the cruel God of War ascends  
His Chariot, and his furious Steeds expire,  
Towards th' *Hesperian* Coast, a gloomy Fire,  
While Blood upon their Reins doth largely flow.  
But thou, who dost desire Events to know  
Of Battels, and th' Extremities of Fate,  
(Couragiously attempting Toyls so Great)

(b) The *Etolian* Captain's *Lapygian* Field  
 Invade, encrease of Honour thou shalt yield  
 To thy *Sidonian* Fathers: after Thee,  
 Into the Bowels of rich *Italy*,  
 No Conquerour shall further penetrate ;  
 Till, by thy Hand subdu'de, the *Dardan* State  
 Shall tremble, and their Youth ne're quit their Fears,  
 While *Hannibal* alive, on Earth, appears.

These Oracles brought *Boſtor*, and Deſires  
Of preſent Battel into all inſpires.

*The End of the Third Book.*



# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Fourth Book.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The People's Fears, when Hannibal had pass'd  
 The Alpine Hills: the Senate's Care, and Hastie  
 To oppose His Progress. On Ticinus Shore  
 The Armies meet. What Auguries, before  
 The Fight begun, foretold the Libyans Stay  
 In Italy: the Romanes lose the Day,  
 Scipio in Fight's relieved by his Son,  
 Then but a Boy. The Romanes, marching on  
 To Trebia, their Arms with Gracchus join,  
 And lose a second Day. The Apennine  
 When Hannibal had with His Army cross'd,  
 In Cold, and Moorish Grounds, an Eye He lost.  
 His Son, demanded for a Sacrifice  
 To Saturn, by the Senate, He denies;  
 And promiseth hereafter to make good  
 Those Rites, again, with Noble Romane Blood.*



O W Fame Ausonia's fright-  
 ed Cities fills  
 With Rumours; That the  
 Cloud-encompass'd Hills,  
 And Rocks, that threatned Hea-  
 ven, the War imbrac'd;  
 That now the Carthaginians had  
 pass'd

Those pathles Waies: and often doth repeat,  
 That Hannibal, who seem'd to emulate

Alcides

*Alcides* Labours, did the Plain possess.  
 And thus mischievous Tumults doth express,  
 Encreasing as She goes; and, swifter far,  
 Then swiftest Winds, with the Report of War,  
 Shakes the affrighted Tow'rs. The People's Fear  
 (Apt to believe the Vainest things they hear)  
 The Rumour feeds. Now all with Care, and Speed,  
 Prepare for War, the Noise whereof is spread  
 Through all *Aufonia*, must'ring Arms, and Men.  
 They whet their Piles, and (Rust wip'd off 'agen)  
 Its cruel Splendour to the Steel restore.  
 The Youth their Plumed Helmets, long before  
 Laid up in Peace, repair: their Loops they join  
 To Darts; and new, from Forges, Axes shine.  
 With these, impenetrable Coats of Mail  
 They form, and Breast-Plates, destin'd to prevail  
 'Gainst many Hands, and frustrate strongest Blows.  
 Some, carefully, provide *Italian* Bows;  
 While others teach the panting Steeds to wheel,  
 Or trot the Round; and whet on Stones their Steel.  
 Then with like Care, and Speed, they Stones convey  
 To antient Walls, and Castles; whose Decay  
 Was wrought by Time: in these their Magazin  
 Of Arms they make, and speedily begin  
 With Bars of Oak their Trenches, and their Gates  
 To fortifie; while Fear precipitates  
 All that they Act, and doth in chief Command.  
 Some in the Desert Fields, amazed, stand;  
 Others their Household-Gods, and Home forsake,  
 And, frighted, on their trembling Shoulders take  
 Their feeble Parents, whose weak Thread of Life  
 Was almost spent. One drives before, his Wife,  
 With Locks dishevel'd, dragging a little Son,  
 That in each Hand unequally doth run.

Thus

Thus do the People vent their Fears, nor scan  
 The Cause, or whence those Rumours first began.

The *Senate*, though these bold Beginnings fill'd  
 Their Hearts with Terror, and they now beheld,  
 Ev'n in the Heart of *Italy*, a War,  
 To which the *Alps*, and pathless Rocks, from far  
 Seem'd to descend, oppose a valiant Mind  
 Against Adversity, resolv'd to finde  
 Honour in Dangers, and by Valour raise  
 A Name so great, of such Immortal Praise,  
 As Fortune never did before bestow,  
 Or to the best Successes would allow.

But, now, his Troops, chill'd with a long Excess  
 Of Cold, and Tyr'd, doth *Hannibal* Careless  
 In safe Retreats, and to their joyfull Eyes (Prize.  
 Shews through rich Fields their Way, and *Rome* their  
 Yet He omits not to pursue the Cares  
 Of War; and, still consulting his Affairs,  
 He, onely, takes no Rest. As, when of old  
*Aufonia's* happy Territory bold,  
 And Warlike, Nations fiercely did invade,  
 And by their Valour to the World were made  
 A Terror, the *Farpeian* Thunderer,  
 And Captiv'd *Romanes*, felt a cruel War.

(\*) While He endeavours, with his Gifts, the vain,  
 And wav'ring, Nations to his Side to gain,  
 And join in Arms; the *Consul Scipio* from  
 (\*) *Mafilla*, by Sea, returning Home,  
 Arrived, suddenly, upon the Shore:  
 And these great Captains, that had try'd before  
 The several Labours of the Sea, and Land,  
 Now, in the Plain, more near to Danger stand,  
 And joyn their Fates; while a most dismal Hour  
 Approach'd. For, when the *Consul*, with His Power,  
 P Came

(1) Soon as *Hannibal* had putted the  
*Pyrenean* Hills, the *Gauls*, though it was  
 Rumoured, that the War was intended  
 against *Italy*, hearing how He had sub-  
 jugated *Spain*, betwixt themselves to  
 their Arms, resolv'd to oppose him:  
 but, upon *Trebia* at His Camp near *Al-*  
*ba*, (now *S. Paul*) the *perce-Kings*,  
 won by His large Tribes to His Army,  
 gave free Passage to His Army by their  
 City *Revin* (now *Rosellum* in *Genoa*)  
 whereupon the *Romanes*, immediately re-  
 solv'd from that Obedience, and with  
 Him invaded *Italy*. See *Livy*. lib. 21.  
 (\*) *Alaric* in *Provence*.



Came to the Camp, and Fortune all Delay  
 Had laid aside, the Troops no longer Stay  
 Endure; but all, incensed with Desire  
 Of Fight, the Fo in view, the Sign require.  
 The *Tyrian* Captain then, to animate  
 His num'rous Army, doth aloud relate  
 His glorious Conquests in th' *Iberian War*:  
 That not *Pyrene's* Hills could set a Bar  
 To his Commands; nor furious *Rhodanus*:  
*Saguntus* burnt; that, through the *Celtæ*, thus (been  
 He had, conqu'ring, made his Way, and where 't had  
*Alcides* Labour, he in Arms had seen  
 His *Libyan* Horse insult; and, trampling on  
 The Rocks, with Neighing make the *Alps* to groan.  
 But, contrary, the *Consul* to the Fight,  
 And noble Actions, doth his Men excite.

You have (said He) a *Tyr'd*, and weary Fo,  
 Already half confundi'd with Frost, and Snow:  
 Who scarce can drag his Limbs, benummi'd with Cold.  
 Go on, and let him Learn, that was so Bold  
 To pass those Sacred Mountains, and those high  
 And airy Rocks, how far this Trench doth ly  
 Above *Herculean* Tow'rs: that with more Ease  
 He may ascend those Hills; then break through these  
 Impenetrable Ranks. Let him recite  
 To Fame his vain Attempts, untill in Fight  
 Subdu'd, and hasting to Return again  
 By the same Way he came, the *Alps* restrain (through  
 His Flight. The Gods have brought him hither,  
 Those Difficulties, that he might imbrue,  
 With his perfidious Blood, th' *Italian* Ground,  
 And that his Bones, hereafter, may be found  
 Scatter'd in hostile Land. I fain would know,  
 If he be another *Carthage*, that doth now

Intend

Intend us War, or is't the same again,  
 That, near *Egates*, perish'd in the Main?

This said; the Army to *Ticinus* goes.  
*Ticinus* in a shallow Chancel flows  
 With clear, and quiet Waters, and the Stream  
 So Slowly passeth on; that it doth seem  
 To Stand, as it, with Silence, glides along  
 To embrace the shady Banks, where Birds do throng,  
 And their shrill Quires perpetually keep,  
 As if to charm the lazy Flood asleep.

Now, at Night's Period, the Morn begun  
 With shining Shades, and Sleep its Course had run:  
 When, to explore the Place's Nature, round  
 The neighbouring Hill, and view the Champagn-ground,  
 The *Consul* went abroad: the *Libyans* too  
 The like resolve, and it with Care pursue.  
 This done, they both advance into the Field,  
 With Wings of Horsemen; and, as they beheld  
 The Clouds of Dust to rise, and heard the Sound  
 Of furious Steeds, that, prancing, made the Ground  
 To tremble, and the Trumpet's shrill Alarms,  
 Each Captain cries, Now (Souldiers!) to your Arms.  
 In both, an equal Valour, and Desire  
 Of Honour, shin'd, in both an equal Fire  
 To press into the Fight: and when, as nigh  
 They came, as from a Sling a Dart might fly,  
 A sudden Augury diverts their Eyes,  
 And Minds (all Clouds dispers'd) unto the Skies.  
 An Hawk pursuing, from the South, the fair,  
 And gentle Birds, that by <sup>(4)</sup> *Dione* are  
 So well belov'd, with his devouring Bill,  
 His Pounces, and his Wings, fifteen did kill;  
 Nor would be satisfied: his strong Desire  
 Of Blood increas'd, and Slaughter fed the Fire;

P 2

Untill

<sup>(7)</sup> *Tours*. Doves sacred to her;

Untill, as stooping at a trembling Dove,  
That knew not, in its Flight, which Way to move  
To meet with Safety, from the Rise of Day  
An Eagle came; and, frightening him away,  
Towards the *Romane* Ensigns flies, and where  
The *General's* Son (young *Scipio*) did appear  
(Then but a Boy) in Arms, with a loud Cry  
There twice, or thrice, Proclaims the Victory:  
Then, with his Bill, his Helmet's Crest doth bite,  
And to the Stars again resumes his Flight.  
*Liger*, who knew, by his Divining Skill,  
The God's Advice, and by his Learned Quill  
Could Future things declare, aloud, to all,  
Exclaims. Full eighteen years the *Libyan* shall  
Th' *Ausonian* Youth in *Italy* pursue,  
Like that rapacious Bird, and shall imbrue  
His Hands in Blood, and wealthy Trophies gain.  
But yet, proud *African*, thy Rage restrain;  
For, see! *Jove's* Thunder-Bearer Thee denies  
*Italian* Scepters. Chief of Deities  
Be present! may thy Eagle's Omen be  
At length confirm'd. For, noble Youth, to Thee  
The final Fates of conquer'd *Libya* are  
Reserv'd, and a most glorious Name in War;  
Greater than *Carthage*, in her Height of Pride,  
Unless those Birds, in Flight, the Gods bely'd.

But *Bogus*, contrary to this, doth sing  
All happy Omens to the *Tyrian* King.  
The Hawk a good Prefage; The Doves, that fell,  
Slain in their Airy Region, foretell  
The Fall, and Ruin, of the *Romane* State.  
Thus having said, as Conscious of Fate,  
And prompted by the Gods; He, first, doth throw  
With Strength, a ready Jav'lin at the Fo:

But

But, through the spacious Field, 't had Vainly flown,  
And lost its killing Force; if Riding on  
Full Speed, Ambitious to be first of all,  
That gave the Charge, bold *Catus* Horse ith' Fall  
Had not receiv'd it, on his Face; and, though  
It then was weak, he met the Fatal Blow,  
And found his Ruin: for the trembling Wood,  
Fix'd in his Front, between his Temples stood.  
Now, with loud shouts, both Armies, through the plain,  
Came rushing on, and meeting, all Restrain  
Their Reins, to stand the Charge. The furious Steed  
Erected stands, and, struggling to get Head,  
Flies, like a Tempest; through the Champagne-Field;  
While to his Feet the Sand doth hardly yield.  
Before the rest, a nimble Active Band  
(*c*) Of *Boii*, whom stout *Chryxus* did command,  
Assault the Van; and *Chryxus*, with a Rage,  
Great as his Giant-Body, doth engage.  
From *Brennus*, He his fam'd Original  
Deriv'd; and, now, the Conquer'd *Capitol*  
Among his Titles wore: upon his Shield  
The Penfive *Romanes*, ready all to yield,  
On the *Tarpeian* Sacred Hill behold  
The *Celtae*, weighing their redeeming Gold.  
His Iv'ry-Neck a Golden Chain did bear,  
His Garments with pure Gold Embroider'd were,  
Bracelets of massie Gold adorn his Wrist,  
And the like Metal shin'd upon his Crest:  
By his fierce Onset, the *Camertine* Bands  
At first were routed. Nothing now withstands  
The *Boii*, who, in a condensed Throng,  
Break through the thickest Ranks, and, mix'd among  
The Bar'rous *Senones*, beneath the Feet  
Of their fierce Horses, trample all they meet,

And

(c) The *Boii* were a Warlike people, inhabiting that part of *Gallia*, which was called *Lugdunensis*; (the Territories of *Lyon*) they were inveterate Enemies to the *Romanes*, and had several times invaded *Italy*; but, not long before, were Triumpled over by the Consul *Flaminius*; after which Victory, the *Romanes* began to place Colonies on that side the *Alps*, which the rather provoked them to side with *Hannibal*.

And strew, with mangled Corps, the Field, which seems  
 To swim in Blood, that in continued Streams  
 From Men, and Horses, flows, and doth imbrue  
 The sliding Steps of them, that still pursue.  
 Bodies half-dead, by Horses hoofs, are slain  
 Out-right, which, flying round the fatal Plain,  
 Scatter'd from their light Heels the purple Flood,  
 And lave the Wretches Faces with their Blood.  
*Tyrrhenus*, born near high *Pelorus* Shore,  
 First dying, stained with his purple Gore  
 A conqu'ring Dart; for, as he did excite,  
 With a shrill Trumpet, others to the Fight,  
 Reviving Courage by the Warlike Sound,  
 Received, by a Barb'rous Dart, a Wound  
 In's panting Throat: which quickly doth impair  
 The rising Noise, yet the infused Air,  
 Blown from his dying Mouth, awhile, doth pass  
 ( His Lips now silent ) through the winding Brags:  
*Picens*, and *Laurus*, both by *Chryxus* dy.  
 But yet not both alike: for *Laurus* by  
 His Sword was slain; selected near the *Po*,  
 A polish'd Spear, gave *Picens* fatal Blow.  
 For, as aside he turned, to Delude  
 ( By wheeling round ) the Fo, that him pursu'd,  
 The Spear, at once, both penetrates his Thigh,  
 And's Horses Flank; and both together dy.  
 Next he wounds *Venuslus*, and from his Neck  
 Retires the Weapon stain'd with Blood, to check  
 Thy Speed ( rash *Farfurus* ) who by the same  
 Dost likewise fall: with *Tullus*, near the Stream  
 Of cold *Velinus* bred, *Ansonia's* Pride;  
 And of a glorious Name, had he not dy'd;  
 Or had the *Tyrrians* their League maintain'd.  
 With these the great *Tyburti*, who had gain'd

Renown

Renown in Wars, and *Romulus* his Hand  
 Sent to the Shades below. *Hispellus*, and  
*Metaurus*, *Dannus* too, his Ruin found  
 From him, whom, with his Lance, he thought to wound.  
 Nor was there room for *Tyrrians* to engage  
 In Battel, with the rest. The *Celick* Rage  
 Fill'd the whole Field: no Shafts from any Hand  
 Were sent in Vain; but fix'd in Bodies stand.  
 Here, among trembling Files, *Quirinus*, high  
 In Courage, and disdain'ing Thoughts to fly,  
 Resolv'd to meet, with an undaunted Mind,  
 His Fate, if prosp'rous Fortune once declin'd:  
 Inflames his furious Courser with his Spear,  
 And with his Arms disperfeth here, and there,  
 The Shafts, that him invade; thinking to make  
 His Way, and through the thickest Ranks to break,  
 T'attach the King: and, certain to receive  
 His Death, attempts by Valour to atchieve  
 That Honour, he could not survive. A Wound  
 Into the Groin of *Tentalus*, the Ground  
 Doth make to tremble, with his weighty Fall.  
 Next *Sarmens* dy'd, for Valour known to all:  
 Who his long yellow Tresses, that out-shin'd  
 Pure Gold, contracted in a Knot behind,  
 Had vow'd ( if He return'd a Conquerour )  
 A Sacrifice to Thee, the God of War.  
 But the stern Fates, regarding not his Vow,  
 Him, with his Hair unshorn, to th' Shades below  
 Untimely sent. O're all his Snow-white Limbs,  
 The reeking Blood, in Streams diffused, Swims,  
 And stains the Earth. *Lycampus*, whom a Dart,  
 That met him, as he mov'd, could not divert,  
 Rush'd in, and, waving his Revenging Sword,  
 With all the Strength, that Fury could afford,

Upon

Upon his Shoulder gives a fatal Wound,  
Where his left Arm (by yielding Sinews bound)  
Its Strength, and Motion did receive; which now  
Hangs loosely down, and lets the Bridle go:  
And, as he, Stooping, labour'd to retain,  
Within his trembling Hand the Reins again,  
From his Body *Vegafus* lop'd off his Head,  
And in his Helmet, as it largely bled,  
Ty'd to his Horse's Main, it bears about;  
The Gods saluting with a barb'rous Shout.

While thus the Field the *Gauls* with Slaughter feed;  
The *Consul*, mounted on a Milk-white Steed,  
Into the Fight advanc'd, with fresh Supplies:  
And first, of all, with high-raisd Courage, flies  
On the prevailing Fo, On Him attend  
The choicest Youth, that *Italy* could send.  
The *Marsi*, *Coræ*, and the *Latines* Pride,  
*Sabellus*, who by all was magnifi'd  
For flinging his swift Dart with certain Skill:  
With stout *Tudertes*, from his Native Hill,  
Devote to *Mars*; and the *Falisci*, who,  
Deck'd in their Countries-Linen, Wars pursue;  
With these, that by a silent River, near  
(d) *Herculean* Walls, their wealthy Orchards rear,  
With Apples crown'd. Next the *Catilli* came,  
That dwell on Banks, where *Anio's* swift Stream  
To *Tyber* hasts; and those, that from their Slings  
Send *Hernick* Stones, hardned in freezing Springs.  
Nor were they absent, that inhabit where  
*Casim* still is crown'd with misty Air.  
Thus went th' *Italian* Youth to War, and by  
Th' unequal Gods were destin'd there to dy.  
But *Scipio*, where the Fury of the Fo  
Did highest Triumph in the Overthrow,

And

And Slaughter of his Men, spurs on his Horse;  
And, as if from their Fall inspir'd with Force,  
To their sad Ghosts kills frequent Sacrifice.  
There *Padus*, *Labarus*, and *Camus* dies:  
*Brennus*, whom many Wounds could scarce destroy;  
And *Larus*, that, like *Gorgon*, turn'd his Eye.  
And there *Leponticus* by cruel Fate,  
Most fiercely fighting, fell: for, snatching at  
The *Consul's* Reins, and, as he stood Upright  
Afoot, the Horseman equal'd in his Height,  
With his sharp Sword his Head the *Consul* cleaves,  
And it, divided on his Shoulders, leaves.  
Next *Abbatus*; that, in its furious Course,  
Endeavour'd, with his Shield, to stop his Horse;  
Was by a Kick struck dead, upon the Place;  
The Beast still trampling on his wounded Face.  
The *Romane* Captain, through the bloody Plain,  
Thus raging Rides: as, when th' *Icarian* Main  
Cold *Boreas*, with victorious Blasts, doth raise  
From its deep Bottom, over all the Seas,  
In batter'd Ships, the Mariners are tost,  
And in white Foam the *Cyclades* are lost.  
*Chryxus* now seeing Hopes of Life declin'd,  
And Death's Approach, confirms his valiant Mind  
With a contempt of Fate. His horrid Beard  
Shin'd with a bloody Foam: his Jaws appear'd  
All white with Froth: his Locks, with flying Sand,  
And Dust made squallid, stiff, like Bristles, stand.  
Thus *Tarius* fiercely he invades, who nigh  
The *Consul* fought, and with strong Blows doth ply:  
Then fells him to the Ground; for with a Spear,  
(That his last Fate upon its Point did bear)  
Wounded, he tumbles Headlong from his Steed:  
Which mov'd by Fear, with uncontrouled Speed,

Q

Drags

(d) From a famous Temple, there  
Dedicated to *Hercules*.

Drags him (his Legs fast in the Stirrop bound)  
 About the Field. Blood issuing from the Wound  
 Leaves a long winding Tract, that, with his Spear  
 Trail'd in his Hand, doth in the Dust appear.  
 The *Consul* prais'd his Death, and doth prepare  
 To vindicate his Ghost: when through the Air  
 An horrid Noise was heard; and he descries  
 Those Shouts commended *Chryxus*, whom his Eys,  
 Scarce known before, beheld. His Anger now  
 Grew high, and viewing, with a troubled Brow,  
 His Giant-Body, with a gentle Hand  
 Clapping his Horse's Neck, he makes a Stand,  
 And thus bespeaks him. We, as yet, have made  
 A vulgar War, and to the *Stygian* Shade  
 Have sent down People of no Name at all:  
 But, my *Garganus*, now, the Gods us call  
 To greater Actions. See'st thou not how great  
*Chryxus* appears? To thee I'll Dedicate  
 Those Trappings, that with *Tyrian* Lustre shine:  
 Their Grace, and golden Reins shall all be thine.  
 This said: he *Chryxus* in the open Plain  
 Aloud provokes the Combate to maintain.  
 His willing Enemy the like Desire  
 Inflames. On either Side the Troops retire,  
 Commanded to give way, and strait beheld  
 The Champions in the Lifts, amidst the Field.  
 Great as the Earth-born *Mimas* did appear  
 In the *Phlegrean* Plains, when Heav'n for Fear  
 Ev'n trembled at his Arms: from's salvage Breast  
 Such cruel *Chryxus*, here, himself exprest  
 With horrid Murmuring: and, to engage  
 His valiant Fo, with Howling whets his Rage,  
 And thus, insulting, speaks. Do none Survive  
 In Burnt, and Captivated *Rome*, could give

Thee

Thee Notice, what brave Hands the Progeny  
 Of *Brennus* bring to War? now Learn of Me:  
 And, as he spake, a knotty Beam of Oak,  
 That would have shaken with its weighty Stroak  
 A Citie's Gates, he flings. A dreadfull Sound  
 It makes, and, falling vainly, tears the Ground:  
 For, having lost his Distance, by a Throw  
 Too strong, it flew beyond his nearer Fo.  
 To him the *Consul* answers: Take to Hell  
 This with Thee, and remember, that thou tell  
 Thy Grand-fire, how far distant thou didst fall  
 From the *Tarpeian*-Hill: and say withall,  
 It was not lawfull for thee once to view  
 The *Capitol*. And, as he spake, he threw  
 A Jav'lin (fitted to destroy so vast  
 A Fo) which, from the thong with vigour cast, (through  
 Pierc'd through his Cassock's numerous Folds, and  
 His Coat of Mail, which Nerves confirm'd, into  
 His Breast, whose Depth the Weapon wholly drown'd:  
 With a vast Ruin, prostrate on the Ground  
 He falls. The suffering Earth beneath the Weight  
 Of's Arms, and Body, groans, and feels his Fate.  
 So on the *Tyrrhene* Coast the Hills, that stand  
 To oppose the Billows, that invade the Land,  
 Struck by impetuous Storms, immanely roar,  
 And raving *Xerxes*, beating on the Shore,  
 The Waves, divided by their furious Shocks,  
 Drown in the angry Deep the broken Rocks.  
 Their Captain slain, the *Celtæ* all to flight  
 Themselves, and Hopes, commit; their Courage quite  
 Declines. As when, on the *Pyrænean*-Hill,  
 The busie Hunter, with Sagacious Skill  
 Searching the secret Dens, to rouse his Game  
 From their thick Coverts, fires the Thornes: the Flame  
 Q 2 With

With Silence gathers Strength, and to the Skies  
 Dark Clouds of pitchy Smoke aspiring rise;  
 Then all on fire the Hill doth strait appear,  
 Loud Noises fill the Woods: The Beasts, for fear,  
 And Birds, forsake their Shelter, and from far  
 Through all the Vale the Cattle frightened are.  
 When *Mago* saw the *Celick* Troops were gone,  
 And their first <sup>(c)</sup> Onset (which in them, alone,  
 Is vigorous) was lost, he strait doth call  
 His Countreymen to fight: and first of all  
 The Horse-men; w<sup>l</sup>. appear on ev'ry Side  
 In Troops, and, without Reins, or Bridles ride.  
 Now the *Italians* fly, and then renew  
 The Fight. The *Tyrians* then for Fear withdrew,  
 And now advance again. These their Right Wing  
 In Moon-like Circles lead; The other bring  
 Their Left alike in Form: Alternately  
 In Close-form'd Globes they fight, and, when they fly,  
 With Art avoid the Slaughter of the Fo.  
 So, when the Winds from sev'ral Quarters blow,  
 PIERCE *Boreas* one way drives the swelling Main,  
 Which *Eurus* meeting tumbles back again,  
 And with alternate Blasts, both furious, throw  
 The *Ocean* (that obeys them) to and fro.  
 At length in *Tyrian* Purple shining, wrought  
 With Gold, comes *Hannibal*, and with Him brought  
 Terrour, and Fear, and Fury to the Field.  
 And soon as He His bright *Callaick* Shield  
 Held up, and struck a piercing Light through all,  
 Their Hopes, and Valour both together fall.  
 Their trembling Souls cast off all Shame of Flight:  
 None care to seek a noble Death in Fight.  
 Resolv'd to fly, they rather wish to know  
 Death by the gaping Earth, then by the Fo.

So

(c) In this Character of the *Gauls*,  
 in general (and not yet wholly worn out  
 in the Nation) *Florus* agrees with  
 the *Poets*; That in their first Onset  
 they seem to exceed Men; but in the  
 second are inferior to Women.

So when a Tiger from's *Caucasean* Den  
 Descends, the Fields forsaken are by Men,  
 And Beasts. All, as distracted, fly for Fear,  
 And Shelter seek; while, as a Conquerer,  
 He wanders up, and down, the desert Plain,  
 And now extends, then shuts his Jaws again,  
 As if some present Carcass he did ear;  
 And, gaping wide, doth Slaughter meditate.  
 Him nor could *Metabus*, nor *Ufens* shun:  
 Though *Ufens*, very tall, did swiftly run;  
 And *Metabus*, full Speed, on Horse-back fled:  
 For *Metabus* was with his Lance struck dead;  
 And *Ufens*, falling on his Knees, did bleed  
 By's Sword: so lost his Life, and Praise of Speed.  
 Then *Stebnius*, *Laurus*, and *Collinus* dy.  
*Collinus*, born in a cold Climate, nigh  
 The Chrystal Caves of *Fusinus*, and o're  
 That Lake, by Swimming, pass'd from either Shore.  
 The next Companion of their Fate, that fell  
 Was *Mafsius*; born on that Sacred Hill,  
 That crown'd with fruitfull Vines doth bear his Name,  
 Near *Lyrus* nurs'd, that with a silent Stream  
 Its Course dissembleth, and with glittering Waves,  
 Unchang'd by Rain, the quiet Margent Laves.  
 But now the Heat of Slaughter grew so high,  
 That they could scarce finde Weapons to supply  
 Their Active Rage; Shields clash on Shields, and Feet  
 On Feet do press: and, as they, Furious, meet,  
 Encountering close, the waving Crests, that crown'd  
 Their Helmets, mutually their Fore-Heads wound.  
 Three famous Twins, all valiant Brothers, whom  
*Sidonian Barce*, happy in her Womb,  
 In time of War, unto *Xantippus* bare,  
 Most fiercely fighting, in the Van appear.

Their

(f) *Xantippus*, who was sent by the *Lacedaemonians* to be General for the *Carthaginians* against *Regulus* the Roman Consul: whom he vanquished, and led Captive to Carthage. See *Lib. 6.*

Their Power, and Wealth in Greece, their <sup>(f)</sup> Father's  
(A valiant Captain) with *Amycle's* Name, (Fame  
And *Regulus*, in *Spartan* Fetters bound,  
With all that their Fore-Fathers had renown'd,  
Inflam'd their Minds, in Arms to prove their high  
Descent, and by their Deeds to testify  
That they from *Lacon* sprang: to visit then  
The cold *Taygeta*, and Wars again  
Allai'd, through their *Eurotas* sail, and see  
Those Rites, *Lycurgus*, were ordain'd by Thee.  
But Heav'n, and three *Ausonian* Brothers, who  
In Age, and Courage, equalled the Fo,  
Sent by *Aricia* from those lofty Groves,  
Where *Numa* with the Nymph his secret Loves  
Enjoy'd, deny'd they should to *Sparta* go.  
Nor would the too impartial Fates allow,  
That they <sup>(g)</sup> *Diana's* Altars should behold,  
And Sacred Lakes. For now the fierce, and bold  
*Clytias*, *Eumachus*, and *Xantippus*, proud  
Of's Father's Name, engaged in the Croud,  
And Heat of all the Fight. As when, within  
The *Libyan* Plains, the Lyons do begin  
A War among themselves, their Roaring fills  
The Fields, and Cottages; or'e secret Hills,  
And pathless Rocks, th' affrighted *Moor* doth fly;  
His Wife endeavouring to suppress the Cry  
O'th' tender Infant, hanging at the Teat  
Of her large Breast; the raging Beasts repeat  
Their Murmurs, and between their bloody Jaws  
Crash broken Bones: while limbs beneath their Claws,  
And cruel Teeth, still fight; as if with Scorn  
To seem to yield, though from the Body torn:  
So the *Egerian* Youth, fierce *Virbius*, here,  
There *Capys* prefs to fight; *Albanus* there,

Alike

Alike in Arms: Him *Clytias* by Chance,  
Stooping to shun a Blow, strikes with his Lance,  
Quite through the Belly. Strait his Bowels fill'd,  
Extruded by his Fall, his hollow Shield.  
Next by stout *Eumachus* was *Capys* slain:  
Who, as if fix'd, endeavour'd to retain  
His Target; till a Sword from his Left Side  
Lopp'd off his Arm, and by the Wound he dy'd:  
While his unhappy Hand refus'd to yield  
Its Hold, and stuck unto the falling Shield.  
Two of the three thus miserably slain,  
The last great Conquest *Virbius* doth remain:  
Who, as he fain'd to fly, *Xantippus* slew  
With his keen Sword, and eager to pursue  
*Eumachus* by his Jav'lin likewise falls.  
And thus the Fight by double Funerals  
Is equal made. Then the Survivors dy'd  
By mutual Wounds, and lai'd their Rage aside.  
Oh happy you, whom noble Piety,  
Urging your Fate, did thus persuade to dy!  
Such Brothers' future Times shall wish to see,  
And your last valiant Acts your Memory  
Shall crown with Honour; if our Verses live,  
Or miserable Nephews, that survive,  
Shall read these Monuments your Virtues claim,  
And great *Apollo* envy not Our Fame.

But now his Troops, dispers'd through all the Plains,  
The Consul, with his Voice, from Flight restrains,  
While He could use His Voice. Whither d'ye bear  
Those Ensigns? How are you destroy'd by Fear?  
If the first Place of Battel you affright,  
Or you want Courage in the Front to fight,  
Behinde Me stand; but lay aside your Fear,  
And see Me fight. Their Fathers Captives were,  
From

From whom you fly. What Hopes can we pretend,  
 If once subdu'd? Shall we the *Alps* ascend?  
 Oh! think, you see Tower-bearing *Rome*, whose Head  
 Her Walls do crown, submissively, now, spread  
 Her Hands; while her proud Foes her Sons enchain;  
 Daughters are ravish'd, and their Parents slain.  
 And in their Blood, me thinks, I see the Fire  
 Of holy *Vesta* now (alas) expire.  
 Oh! then prevent this Sin. Thus having said,  
 His Jaws with Dust, and Clamour, weary made;  
 His Left Hand snatching up the Reins; the Right  
 His Sword; his Breast to those, that fled the Fight,  
 He doth oppose: now threatens Them, and then  
 Himself to Kill, unless they turn agen.

These Armies when, from high *Olympus*, *Jove*  
 Beheld, the noble *Consul's* Dangers move  
 His Mind to Pity. Then, he calls his Son  
 (The God of War) and to Him thus begun.  
 My Son, I fear that gallant Man's not far  
 From Ruin, if thou tak'st not up the War.  
 Withdraw him, full of Fury, from the Fight;  
 Forgetfull of Himself, through the Delight  
 Of Slaughter. Stop the *Libyan General*,  
 Who will more glory in the *Consul's* Fall,  
 Then all those Numbers, that He doth destroy.  
 Thou seest, besides, how soon that <sup>(b)</sup> Warlike Boy  
 His tender Hands in Battel doth engage,  
 And strives by Action to transcend his Age,  
 Thinking it tedious to be young in War.

Thou guiding <sup>(c)</sup> Him, he shall hereafter dare  
 T' attempt Great things, and his first Trophie shall  
 Be to prevent his Noble Father's Fall.

Thus *Jove*; strait *Mars* from the *Odryan* Field  
 His Chariot summons, and assumes his Shield:

Which

Which, like a gloomy Thunder-bolt, its Beams  
 Scatters abroad: his Helmet too, that seems  
 To other Deities a Weight too great:  
 And's Breast-Plate, that with so much Toil, and Sweat  
 The lab'ring *Cyclops* form'd: then shakes his Spear,  
 Stain'd with the Blood of *Titans*, through the Air,  
 And with his Chariot fills the dusty Plain.  
 The dire *Eumenides*, and dreadfull Train  
 Of *Furies* him attend, and ev'ry where  
 Innumerable Forms of Death appear:  
 While fierce *Bellona*, who doth guid the Reins,  
 Whips on his Steeds, and all Delay disdains.  
 Then from the troubled Heav'n a Tempest forth  
 Doth break, and in dark Clouds involves the Earth.  
 His Entrance ev'n the Court of *Jove* doth shake,  
 And Rivers, by his Chariots Noise, forsake  
 Their Banks, and, struck with Horrour, backward fly  
 To their first Springs, and leave their Channels dry.  
 The *Garamantian* Bands, now, ev'ry where  
 Invest with Darts the *Consul*, and prepare  
 New Presents for the *Tyrian* Prince: the Spoils  
 Of his rich Arms, his Head, through many Toils  
 Of that sad Day, bedew'd with Sweat, and, Blood.  
 While He, not to give way to Fortune, stood  
 Resolv'd, and then, more fierce with Slaughter grown,  
 Returns the num'rous Darts against him thrown.  
 Till over all his Limbs the Blood of Foes,  
 Mix'd with his own, in Streams diffus'd flows,  
 And then, his Crest declining, in a Ring  
 More closely girt, the *Garamantians* fling  
 Their steeled Shafts, with nearer Aim, and all,  
 Like Storms of Hail, at once, about him fall.

But, when his Son perceiv'd a Dart to be  
 Fix'd in his Father's Body (as if He

R

Had

(b) *Scipio Africanus*, who (but fourteen years old) in this fight rescued his Father; and, at twenty five years, undertook the War of *Spain*; and never relinquish'd it, till he had subdu'd *Hannibal*.



Had felt the deadly Wound) his pious Tears  
 Bedews his Cheeks, and Palenes strait appears,  
 To run o're all his Body, and with Groans,  
 That pierce the Skies, his Danger he Bemoans.  
 Twice he Attempted, to anticipate  
 By piercing his own Breast, his Father's Fate:  
 As oft the God of War converts his Rage  
 Against the Fo; with whom he doth engage,  
 And, Fearless, through the armed Squadrons flies,  
 And, in his furious Speed, doth equalize  
 The Deity, his Guid. The Troops, that round  
 His Father fight, give Way, and on the Ground  
 A Tract of Blood appears. Where'er he goes,  
 (Protected by the Heavenly Shield) he mows  
 Whole Squadrons down. On heaps of Arms he Slew,  
 Such as oppos'd his Rage, with him that Threw  
 The Dart, who dy'd before his Father's Eys;  
 With many more, as pleasing Sacrifice.  
 Then, snatching from the Bones the fixed Spear,  
 Upon his Neck, from Danger, he doth bear  
 His fainting Sire. The Troops at such a Sight  
 Amazed stand: the Libyans cease to fight:  
 Th' Iberians all give way. A Piety  
 So great, in tender Years, turns ev'ry Eye  
 Upon him, to Admire what they beheld,  
 And strikes deep Silence through the dusty Field.  
 Then said the God of War: Thou Dido's Towers  
 Hereafter shalt destroy; and Tyrian Powers,  
 Compell'd by Thee, a League shall entertain:  
 Yet never shalt thou greater Honour gain,  
 Than this. Go on (brave Youth) go on, and prove  
 Thy self to be, indeed, the Son of Jove.  
 Go on: for greater Things reserved be;  
 Though better never can be giv'n to Thee.

This

This said: the Sun now stooping to the Main,  
 The Deity returns to Heav'n again,  
 Involv'd in Clouds. Darknes the Fight decides,  
 And, in their Camps, the weary Armies hides.  
 But, when in her declining Wain the Night  
 Phæbe withdrew, and, by her Brother's Light,  
 The rose Flames from the Eoan Main  
 Gilded the Margent of the Skies again;  
 The Consul, fearing that the Plain might be  
 A great Advantage to the Enemy,  
 To Trebia, and the Mountains, takes his Way.  
 And now the winged Hours advanc'd the Day,  
 When with much Toil the Bridg was broken down,  
 (O're which the Romane Army pass'd) and thrown  
 Into the Flood: when to the Rapid Stream  
 Of swift Eridanus, the Libyan came;  
 Seeking, by marching round, through various Waies,  
 The Fords, and where its Course the River staves:  
 Trees from the Neighbouring Groves at length he takes,  
 And, to transport his Troops, a Navy makes.  
 The valiant Consul (from the antient Line  
 O'th' Gracchi sprang, whose Ancestours did shine  
 In Monuments, with noble Titles crown'd,  
 For Valour, both in Peace, and War Renown'd)  
 Thither, from high Pelorus, came by Sea,  
 Incamping near the Banks of Trebia.  
 The Carthaginians, likewise, in the Plain  
 (The River over-pass'd) encamp'd remain,  
 Encourag'd by Success of their Affairs:  
 While their insulting General prepares  
 Their Minds, and to their Fury still doth give  
 Fresh Fuel. What third Consul doth survive  
 In Rome? (said He) What other Sicily  
 Remaineth now in Arms against us? See!

R 2

All

(\*) *Sempronius Gracchus* had then the Command of the Roman Navy, to guard Sicily, and the Coast of Italy, from the Carthaginians: whose Fleet he had dispersed: and, leaving Sicily under the Care of King Hieron, on the Fame of Hannibal's success, he came with his Forces to Trebia, and joined with Carthage. On his Death, see Book 12.

All the *Italian* Bands, and *Daunian* Line,  
 Are met. Now let the *Latine* Princes joyn  
 In League with Me; now let them Laws require.  
 But thou, that in the Fight, unhappy Sire,  
 Ow'st to thy Son thy Life, so may'st thou live!  
 May'st thou to him again that Honour give!  
 May'st thou not dy in War so old! 'tis I,  
 (When Fate shall call) that must in Battel dy.  
 This with high Rage exprefs'd; he doth advance  
 With his *Mafsilian* Troops, and with his Lance,  
 Ev'n at the Trenches, doth provoke the Fo.  
 The *Latine* Souldiers, scorning thus to ow  
 Their Safety to their Rampires, and to hear  
 The Gates to Eccho with an Hostile Spear,  
 Break forth: and through the Breach, before the Rest,  
 The valiant *Consul* flies. The plumed Crest  
 Of his bright Helmet waving with the Wind;  
 His Cassock stain'd with honour'd Blood behind:  
 He calls, with a loud Voice, the following Bands,  
 And, where the Fo in strongest Bodies stands,  
 He breaks his Way, and chargeth through the Plain.  
 As when a furious Torrent, swell'd with Rain,  
 Falling from lofty *Pindus* Top, doth fill  
 The Vallies with a Noise; as if the Hill,  
 By some rude Tempest, were in Pieces torn:  
 The Herds, and salvage Beasts, and Woods are born  
 Away; the foaming Waves o're all prevail,  
 And pass with Roaring through the stony Dale.  
 Could I like the *Mæonian* <sup>(1)</sup> Prophet sing,  
 Or would *Apollo*, to assit me, bring  
 An hundred Voices, I could not declare  
 What Slaughter here the *Consul* made: what there  
 The *Libyan*'s Fury acted. *Hannibal*  
*Murrannus*, and the *Romane General*

Phalantus

<sup>(1)</sup> *Hæc.*

*Phalantus*, old in Labours, and for Skill  
 In War all famous, hand to hand, did kill.  
 From *Anxur*'s stormy Cliffs *Murrannus*: from  
 Sea-wash'd *Tritonis* did *Phalantus* come.  
 But when, by his Illustrious Habit shown,  
 The *Consul* was engag'd, *Cupentus*, one  
 Depriv'd of half his Sight, that with one Eye  
 Pursu'd the War, assaults him suddenly;  
 And fixeth in the Margent of his Shield  
 His trembling Lance. The *Consul* him beheld  
 With boiling Rage; Now (*Villain*) lay aside  
 (Said he) what ever Mischief thou dost hide  
 Beneath thy Ugly, and Deformed Brow.  
 And, as he spake, with Aim, directly through  
 His glaring Eye he thrusts his fatal Spear.  
 No less incens'd doth *Hannibal* appear;  
 By whom, in silver Arms, unfortunate  
*Varrenus* fell: *Varrenus*, whom of late  
 Fertile *Fulgina*'s wealthy Fields with Gain  
 Enrich'd, and, wandering in the open Plain,  
 His curled Bulls, as white as *Alpine* Snow,  
 Return'd from cold <sup>(2)</sup> *Clitumnus* Stream: but now  
 The Gods were angry, and those Victimes prove  
 Nourish'd in vain; which for *Tarpeian* Jove,  
 With so much Care, by him were fed before.  
 Then light *Iberians* with the nimble *Moor*  
 Advance. Here Piles; there *Libyan* Arrows fly,  
 So thick, from either Side, they hide the Sky:  
 And all the Space, between the River's Shore,  
 And Champagn-Ground, with Darts is cover'd o're;  
 So thick they stand, the Wounded have no Room  
 To Fall, and Dy. There *Allius*, that from  
*Argyripa*, through *Daunian* Fields, with rude  
 Unpolish'd Shafts, his flying Game pursu'd,

Was

(2) *Clitumnus*, a River in *Tuscia*, wherein such Bulls, as were to be Sacrificed to *Jupiter*, were washed, and became White. See the Continuation of the first Book.

Was born, into the midst of all his Foes,  
 Upon his *Iapygian* Steed, and throws  
 (Not vainly) his *Apulian* Darts: his Breast  
 The Skins of rough *Sammitick* Bears invest,  
 Instead of Steel: his Head an Helmet wore,  
 Fenc'd with the Tusks of an Aged Boar.  
 But him, thus Active, as if he had bin  
 Then following the Chase of Beasts, within  
 The *Gargan* Woods, when *Mago* here espy'd,  
 There bold *Mabarbal*; they on either Side  
 Charge him. As Bears, more fierce by Hunger made,  
 From sever'al Rocks a trembling Bull invade;  
 Their Fury not permitting them to share  
 Their Prey with Leisure: so both here, and there,  
 Gainst *Allius* discharged Weapons flew.  
 At length, through both his Sides, the *Libyan* Yew  
 Doth, singing, pierce into his trembling Heart,  
 And Death remain'd ambiguous, to which Dart  
 It should give way; for both together there,  
 As in their Center, met. Now full of Fear  
 The *Romane* Troops, with scatter'd Ensigns, fly;  
 Whom to the Banks the *Libyan* furiously,  
 (A Sight of Pity!) wandering up and down,  
 Pursues, and in the River strives to drown.  
 Then *Trebia* to their Ruin doth conspire,  
 And raising, at *Saturnia's* Desire,  
 His fatal Waves, begins a second War  
 Against the weary Vanquish'd: who are  
 By Earth, that shrink beneath them, where they stood,  
 Devour'd, and cover'd by the treach'rous Flood.  
 Nor could they from the thick, tenacious Mire,  
 (If once engag'd) their weary Limbs retire:  
 But stand, as bound, and fix'd within the Mud,  
 Untill, o'rewhelm'd by the deceitfull Flood,

Or

Or Ruins of the hollow Banks, some fall;  
 While others through the Slippery places crawl,  
 And seek through the inextricable Shore,  
 Their several Ways to Safety. But, as or'e  
 The rotten Bogs they fly, and Ruin think  
 To shun, by their own Weight oppress'd, they Sink.  
 Here one swims swiftly, and now near the Land,  
 Snatching the tops of Rushes in his Hand,  
 To raise himself above the Flood again,  
 Nail'd by a Jav'lin to the Bank, is slain:  
 Another, having lost his Weapon, fast  
 Within his Arms his struggling Fo' embraç't,  
 And in one Fate, both join'd together, dy'd.  
 Death in a thousand Shapes, on ev'ry Side,  
 Appears. There wounded *Lagus* backward fell  
 Upon the Shore; and, as the Flood doth swell  
 With Heaps of Bodies, and his Visage laves,  
 He sucks in, with his Sighs, the bloody Waves.  
 But scarce half-way did fair *Hirpinus* swim,  
 And beckned to the rest to follow him:  
 When, carry'd by the Stream's impetuous Force,  
 And gaul'd with many wounds, his head-strong Horse  
 Obeys the Torrent, till with Labour tir'd,  
 Under prevailing Waves, they both expir'd.  
 Yet still these Miseries encrease: for, as  
 The towred Elephants attempt to pass  
 Into the Flood, with Violence they fell  
 (As when a Rock, torn from its native Hill  
 By Tempest, falls into the angry Main)  
 And *Trebia* afraid to entertain  
 Such Monstrous Bodies, flies before their Breast,  
 Or shrinks beneath them with their Weight oppress'd,  
 But as Adversity man's Courage tries,  
 And fearless Valour, doth to Honour rise

Through

Through Danger; stout *Fibrenus* doth disclaim  
 A Death ignoble, or that wanted Fame:  
 And cries, My Fate shall be observ'd, nor shall  
 Fortune, beneath these Waters, hide my Fall.  
 I'll try, if Earth doth any living bear,  
 Which the *Ausonian* Sword, and *Tyrrhen* Spear  
 Cannot subdue, and kill. With that, he prest  
 His Lance into the right Eye of the Beast,  
 That, with blind Rage, the penetrating Blow  
 Pursu'd, and tossing up his mangled Brow,  
 Besmear'd with reeking Blood, with horrid Cries  
 Turns round, and from his fallen Master flies.  
 Then with their Darts, and frequent Arrows all  
 Invade him, and now dare to hope his Fall.  
 His immense Shoulders, and his Sides, appear  
 One Wound entire, his dusky Back doth bear  
 Innumerable Shafis; that, like a Wood,  
 Still waving, as he mov'd, upon him stood:  
 Till in so long a Fight, their Weapons all  
 Consum'd, he fell, Death hast'ning through his Fall.

But now (although a Wound, which by the way  
 An Adverse Hand inflicted, did delay  
 His Speed a while) implacable with Rage,  
 Within the River, *Scipio* doth engage.  
 And with unnumber'd Slaughters doth infect  
 The Enemy; while *Trebia* seems oppress'd  
 With Targets, Helmets, and with Bodies slain;  
 And scarce doth any vacant Space remain  
 To see the Water. There *Mazæus* by  
 His Lance, there *Gofar* by his Sword doth dy.  
 Then against *Telgon*, who from *Pelops* sprung,  
 And in *Cyrene* dwelt, a Pile he flung,  
 Snatch'd from the stained Torrent, and within  
 His gaping Mouth fix'd the whole Steel. His Chin

Now

Now falls: against his Teeth the trembling Wood  
 Rebounds with Noise, and sudden Streams of Blood,  
 Together with his Life, flow from the Wound:  
 Yet, after Death, no Rest his Body found;  
 For *Trebia* it *Eridanus* conveys,  
*Eridanus* it tumbles to the Seas.  
 With him, and others, *Lapsus* likewise dy'd,  
 To whom the Fates a Sepulchre deny'd.  
 What then avail'd his rich *Hesperides*,  
 Or Groves by *Nymphs* frequented? What his Trees,  
 That, bearing Gold, extend their shining Boughs?  
 But *Trebia*, swelling, from the Bottom throws  
 His curling Waves, unlocketh all his Springs,  
 And all his Forces with fresh Fury brings:  
 The Billows roar aloud, and, as they fly,  
 Still a new Torrent doth their Place supply.  
 The General perceiving this, his Blood  
 With greater Fury boils. Perfidious Flood  
 (Said He) severely shalt thou punish'd be,  
 For this thy Insolence. I'll scatter thee  
 In lesser Streams, through all the *Gallick* Coast,  
 Untill the Name of *River* thou hast lost.  
 I'll choak thee in thy Birth: nor shalt thou flow,  
 Through this thy Chancel, to the Banks of *Po*.  
 What sudden Rage is this, doth thee invade,  
 And thee *Sidonian* of a *Latine* made?  
 Him boasting thus, the Waters in a Heap  
 Assail, and on his lofty Shoulders leap.  
 Himself against their Rage He doth oppose,  
 And with His Shield sustains their furious Throws.  
 Behind, the Storm-raisd Surges thicker come,  
 And cover His Plum'd Helmet with their Foam.  
 That He should farther wade, the God deny'd;  
 While from His Feet the slippery Earth doth slide.

S

The

The angry Billows, now, begin a War  
Among themselves, and, striking Rocks, afar  
Diffuse the Noise through all the Neighb'ring Coast;  
And in the Fight his Banks the River lost.  
Then, lifting up his streaming Locks, his Brow  
Impail'd with Bull-Rushes, said He, Dost Thou  
So proudly threaten Thy Revenge on Me?  
And that the Name of *Trebia* shall be  
By Thee extinguish'd? Oh, Thou Enemy  
To this My Empire! see what Bodies I  
Do bear; that by thy fatal Hand were slain:  
Such Heaps of Shields, and Helmets here remain,  
That they my Waters from my Chanel force,  
And I'me constrain'd to leave my former Course.  
Thou see'st how deep with Slaughter they are slain'd,  
And backward flie. Restrain thy killing Hand,  
And pitch Thy Camp within this Neighb'ring Field.

This *Cytherea* from an Hill beheld,  
And, near her, *Vulcan*; who themselves did shroud  
From Mortal Eyes, within an airy Cloud.  
But *Scipio*, sighing, listeth to the Skies  
His Hands, and saith; Ye Gods, whose Auspices  
Have hitherto preserv'd *Dardanian Rome*,  
Must I, at length, a Sacrifice become  
To such a Death, preserv'd by You of late  
In so great Fights? Is it above my Fate  
To fall by Fortune? Oh, deliver me  
Again ( my Son ) unto the Enemy;  
That I may dy in Battel! and My End  
Unto My Brothers, and to *Rome*, commend.

Griev'd with this Language, *Venus* sigh'd, and all  
Her Husband's Fury on the Flood lets fall.  
O're all the Banks, the active Flames appear  
Dispersed, and the Streams, that many a Year

Had

Had there been Nourish'd by the aged Flood,  
Most furiously devour. The Neighb'ring Wood  
Doth likewise burn, and through the highest Groves  
(\*) *Vulcan*, an uncontrouled Conqu'ror, moves.

Now Fir-Trees lose their Arms; the lofty Pines,  
And Alders sink, the Poplar too declines;  
And from their standing Trunks those Branches fell,  
Where Quires of Chanting Birds were wont to dwell.  
Ev'n from the Bottom of the troubled Flood,  
The Fire licks up the Waters, dries the Blood,  
Late shed upon the Banks. The parched Earth,  
( As when rash *Phaeton*, to prove his Birth,  
Did Fire the World ) with Heat excessive cleaves,  
And Heaps of Ashes on the Waters leaves.

Father *Eridanus* now thinks it strange,  
That his Eternal Course so soon doth change,  
The *Nymphs* their liquid Caves with mournfull Cries  
Now fill, and, as the Flood endeavour'd thrice  
To raise his scorched Head, the God of Fire,  
Throwing a Lamp, constrain'd him to retire  
Beneath his smoaking Waves, and thrice his Head  
Of Reeds deprives: at length, as Vanquish'd,  
And Weak, submitting to his Conqu'ring Fo,  
'Twas granted in his former Banks to flow.

*Scipio*, and *Gracchus*, then, from *Trebia*, all  
Their Troops, unto a fenced Hill, recall.

But *Hannibal* the River doth adore,  
And, with much Honour, sprinkles near the Shore  
His (\*) Social Waters on the Holy Grails:  
Not knowing how much greater things ( alafs! )  
The Gods would act, What Woes for *Italy*

Were (*Tibrasminus*) then prepar'd by Thee.

Not long before, *Flaminius* did invade  
The *Boii*, and an easie Conquest made

S 2

Over

(\*) This *Trebia* alludes to that of  
*Homer*, *Iliad* XXI. where the violent  
Inundation of the River *Stenor*  
is restrained by *Vulcan*, in the presence  
of *Achilles*.

(\*) *Social Waters*, in token, that  
He then received that Part of the  
Country into His Protection, and A-  
mity.

Over that Nation, Weak, and void of all  
 Deceit. But to contend with *Hannibal*  
 Requir'd more Toil, more Vigilance, and Skill.  
 Him, fatal to his Country, and with ill  
 Presages born, *Saturnia* prepares  
 As *General*, while *Italy's* Affairs  
 Sadly declin'd : A man most worthy all  
 The Mischief, that did on his Country fall.  
 For, in the first Day, that he took in Hand  
 The Helm of State, and th' Army did command :  
 As Mariners, unskillfull to convey  
 A beaten Ship through a tempestuous Sea,  
 Obey the Winds, and leave to ev'ry Blast,  
 Or Wave, the wandering Vessel ; which at last  
 Is driven by the Pilot's artless Hands  
 On Rocks, or else is swallow'd up in Sands :  
 So, with rash Arms, *Flaminius* doth invade  
 The *Lydians*, and those Mansions Sacred made  
 By antient <sup>(p)</sup> *Corythus* Arrival there ;  
 And the *Mæonian* Colonies, that were  
 Joyn'd to *Italian*, by their Grand-fires Blood,  
 And in the Catalogue of Kindred stood.  
 Nor did the Gods neglect to advertise  
 The *Libyan* Captain of an Enterprize,  
 That to his Name such Honour might produce.  
 For when that Sleep, o're all the World, his Juice  
 Of Poppy had diffus'd, and with his Wings  
 Had cover'd o're the Tedious Care of things,  
*Juno* the Figure of the Neighb'ring Flood  
 Assumes, and, as he slept, before him stood :  
 The dangling Tresses, on her wary Brow,  
 Encompass'd with a wreathed Poplar-Bough,  
 With sudden Cares, she dives into his Breast,  
 And with this pow'rfull Language breaks his Rest.

Oh

(p) *Corythus*, a Town in *Tessaly*,  
 built by King *Corythus*, descend'd of  
*Lyronius*, the son of *Deus*, King of  
*Thrace*, and father to *Lybia*, from  
 whom the *Thracians* were call'd *Lydi-  
 ans*, whose Colonies were planted in  
 this part of *Italy* by *Lyronius*.

Oh *Hannibal*, most happy in thy Fame,  
 And unto *Italy* a fatal Name !  
 Who, if th' *Ausonian* Land had giv'n Thee Birth,  
 (q) Might'st with the Gods, when Thou forsak'st the  
 Hereafter be Enthron'd. While yet we may, (Earth,  
 And Fates permit us, banish all Delay :  
 The great Success, which Fortune doth allow,  
 Not long endures. Go on ; the Blood, which Thou  
 Didst to thy Father promise, when the War  
 'Gainst *Rome*, before the Altar, Thou didst swear,  
 Shall from *Ausonian* Bodies flow to Thee,  
 And Thou Thy Father's Ghost shalt satisfy  
 With Slaughter, and to Me securely pay  
 Deserv'd Honours. Therefore now Obey :  
 For I that *Thrasimeneus* am, that by  
 The Bands, from *Tmolus* sent, encompass'd ly  
 Beneath high Hills, and reign in shady Streams.  
 By this Advice excited from his Dreams,  
 His Army, which the Deity doth fill  
 With Courage, strait He leadeth to the Hill.  
 High *Apenninus*, who his Fore-head joyns  
 Unto the Stars, surcharg'd with lofty Pines,  
 Was cover'd, then, with Ice. Among the steep,  
 And slipp'ry Rocks, all Trees, in Snow, as deep  
 As is his Height, were hid, and to the Skies  
 His hoary Head, with Frost congeal'd, did rise.  
 Here He commands them on : for having cross'd  
 The *Alps*, all former Glory had been lost,  
 And quite extinguish'd ; had they made a Stand  
 At other Mountains : therefore they ascend  
 Those broken Cliffs, whose Tops the Clouds invest  
 Perpetually with Shows. Nor did they rest,  
 When once that Labour they had overcome ;  
 But strait descend into the Plains, that swum

With

(q) *Dislocation* being peculiar to  
 the *Romanes*.

With thawing Ice, and where, in Moorish Ground,  
The cold, unfrozen Waters did abound:  
In these unwholsome Fens, the *Gen'ral's* bare,  
Uncover'd, <sup>(4)</sup> Head, was shaken by the Air,  
And on his bloodless Cheeks his melting Eye  
In Tears descends. While, scorning Remedy,  
He thinks the Time of Battel is to be  
Purchas'd with any Danger. Therefore He  
Disdains the Beauty of his Face to spare,  
So He may have His Ends; nor doth He care,  
To part with other Limbs, if Victory  
May be the Price, and thinks his single Eye  
Enough; if so a Conquerour He may  
Behold the *Capitol*: or any way  
Subdue a Fo, that bears the *Romane* Name.  
Through all these Miseries at length He came  
Unto the <sup>(5)</sup> Lake, where for His Loss of Sight  
He kills unnumber'd *Piacles* in Fight.

But now, behold, from *Tyrian Carthage* sent  
Ambassadors arrive. The first Intent,  
And Motive, of their Journey was of Weight:  
Yet could they nothing of Content relate.  
It was a Custome 'mong those People, where  
Exil'd *Elisa*, first, her Walls did Rear,  
The Favour of the Angry Gods to seek

<sup>(6)</sup> With Humane Slaughter, and (what ev'n to speak  
Is Horror) on their flaming Altars burn  
Their tender Sons. Those Lots an annual Urn  
Revi'd; the bloody Rites to imitate  
Of *Thoantean Dian*: to this Fate,  
And Lot of Heav'n, as Custome was, inspir'd  
Of old, with Malice, *Hanno* then requir'd  
The Son of *Hannibal*, although the Fear  
Of his Return, and Arms, did then appear

As

<sup>(4)</sup> *Uncover'd*, informed that the *Roman Army*, under the Conduct of *Phalaris*, was advanced to *Artemis* (as *Phalaris* is reported His Winter Quarters) might at the next Way (being the River *Artemis*) be the River *Artemis* where the exclusive Mouldure of the River (helds the great Irons) might be the River *Artemis* who were contrived to by their fighting, under them in the Water, and therefore deprived them of their Eye. *See lib. 22.*

<sup>(5)</sup> *The Lake*

<sup>(6)</sup> *With humane Slaughter*, as common to the *Carthage* (as the *Carthage* people) in that when they were overthrown by *Phalaris*, the King of *Syracuse*, they believed *Artemis* (to whom they offered the human *Phalaris*) to be angry with them, and therefore sacrificed to her two hundred Noble Children. *See lib. 22.*

As present, for Revenge, to other Eyes.  
Mov'd by this dire Demand, with mournfull Cries,  
Tearing her Hair, and Cheeks, *Imilce* fills  
The Town, As when, on the *Pangæan* Hills,  
*Edonian* Froes their <sup>(4)</sup> *Treiterian* Feast  
Perform, and *Bacchus* reigns in ev'ry Breast.  
*Imilce* so, among the *Tyrian* Dames,  
(As if she saw her Son amidst the Flames)  
Cries *Is*, Husband, in what Part so'er  
O' th' World thou wagest War, Oh, hither bear  
Thine Designs; here, here is an Enemy  
More violent, more near. Thou, happily,  
Ev'n at the Walls of *Rome*, receivest now  
Darts, flying, in Thy Target, or dost throw  
A burning Lamp, *Tarpeian* Tow'rs to fire.  
In the mean time, Thy Son, Thy onely Heir,  
Ev'n from the Bosom of Thy Countrey, to  
The *Syracian* Altar's drag'd. Whilst Thou dost go  
To waite *Ausonian* Houses with Thy Sword,  
Tread in forbidden Paths, break that Accord,  
That League; which, once, by all the Gods was sworn:  
These dire Rewards doth *Carthage*, now, return  
For Thy Deserts; such Honours unto Thee,  
Ingratefull, Shee decrees. What Piety  
Is this, the Temples thus with Humane Blood  
To stain? Alas! had Mortals understood  
The Nature of the Gods, this horrid Crime  
Had ne'er been known. Go, and, at such a Time,  
With Holy Frankincense, just Things desire  
Of Heav'n; and let those cruel Rites expire.  
The Gods to Men are mild: let it suffice  
(I pray) that we fat Oxen Sacrifice:  
Or, if the Gods resolve, that this Decree  
Shall stand, to Your Desires, accept of Me,

Me

<sup>(4)</sup> The Feast of *Bacchus*

Me that have born him; why should You deprive  
*Libya* of those great Hopes, that in him live?  
 Why should *Ægates* more lamented be;  
 Or, if the *Punic* Kingdoms we should see  
 Now sinking; then the sad untimely Fall  
 Of this brave Off-spring of my *Hannibal*?

This Speech, the *Senate* wav'ring 'twixt a Fear  
 Of Gods, and Men, invited, to forbear  
 Their Sentence, and to Her 'twas left to chuse;  
 Whether She would the killing Lot refuse;  
 Or else the Honour of the Gods obey.  
 At this *Imilce* trembled, ev'ry way  
 With Fear distracted: there Her Husband's Ire  
 She apprehends; and there the fatal Fire.

This heard with greedy Ears: the *General*  
 Replies, Dear *Carthage*, What can *Hannibal*,  
 Though equal to the Gods, return to Thee,  
 Worthy such Favours? What Rewards can be  
 Invented? Day, and Night, I Arms will bear,  
 And make, that to Thy Temples *Rome* repair,  
 With gen'rous *Vidimer*, that their Blood derive  
 From Her *Quirinus*. But My Boy shall live,  
 Heir to these Arms, and War, My onely Hope;  
 And, while *Hesperia* threatens, the onely Prop  
 Of *Tyrian* Affairs by Sea, and Land.

And (Boy) remember that Thou take in Hand,  
 And wage a War with *Rome*, while Life doth last.  
 Go on, behold the *Alps* which I have past,  
 Are open. Me succeed in Toils, and War,  
 And you my Countrey's Gods, whose Temples are  
 By Slaughter Holy made, who're pleas'd to be  
 Ador'd with Fears of Mothers, turn to Me  
 Your Minds, and pleas'd Aspect: for I prepare  
 Your Sacrifice, and better Altars Rear.

You

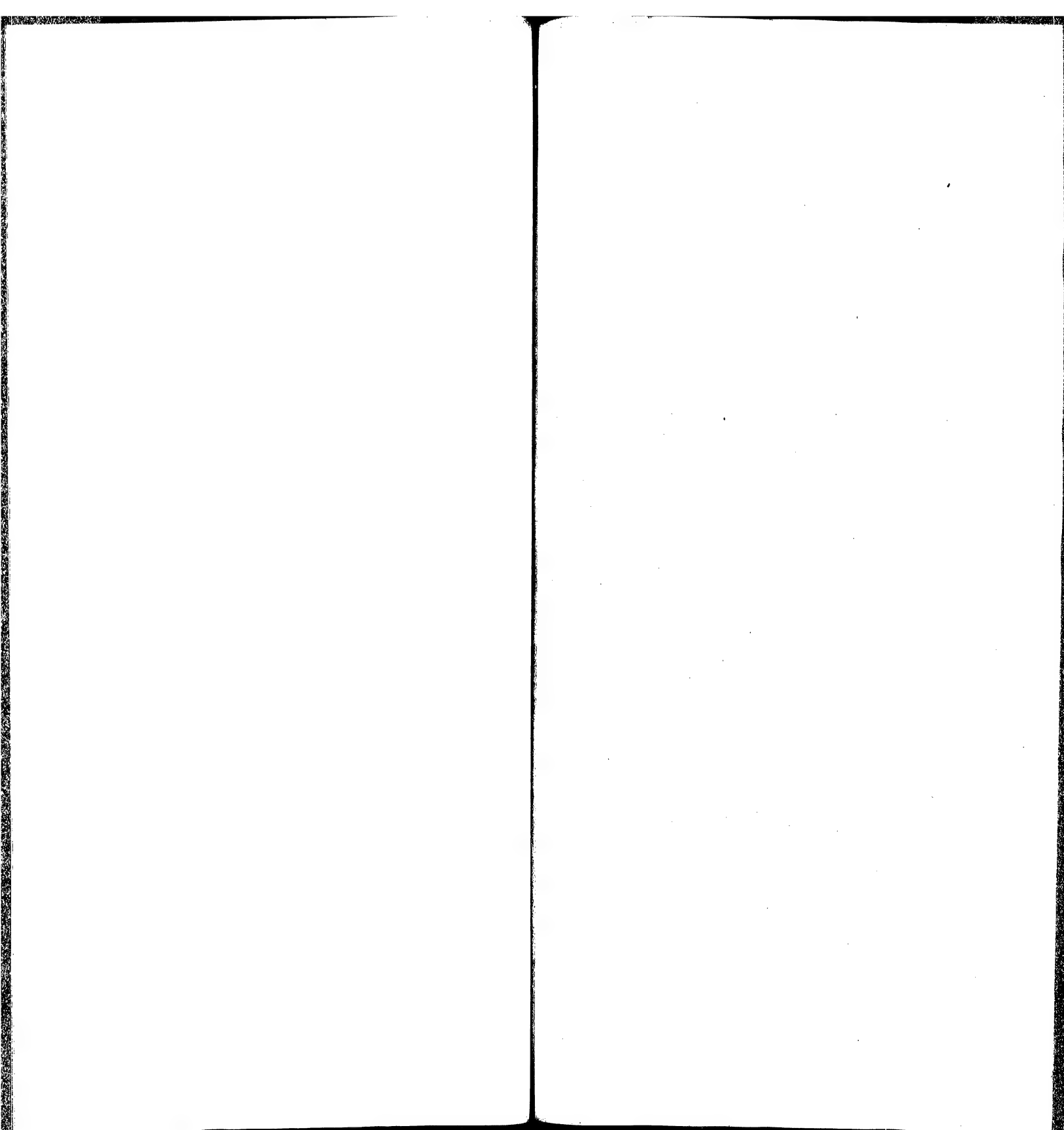
You *Mago*, to the Top of yonder Hill  
 Conduct your Troops; and let *Chaope* fill  
 Those nearer to the Left; *Sichæus* shall  
 Into those *Avenues*, in Ambush fall.  
 While, I will *Thrasimenes* quickly view,  
 With lighter Troops, and for the Gods their Due,  
 Of Warlike Sacrifice prepare. For now,  
 They, with clear Promises, great things allow,  
 Which having seen (dear Countrey-men) you may  
 Into your native City, home convey.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

T

THE







O're-flowing, cover'd with tenacious Slime.  
Here *Faun*-got *Aunus* reign'd, in Antient time;  
But, now, 'tis known by *Thrasimene's* Name,  
Whose Sire <sup>(a)</sup> *Tyrrhenus* (*Lydian Tmolus* Fame)

<sup>(a)</sup> *Tyrrhenus* was the Son of *Apyr*, King of *Maonia*, who, fearing a Famine, resolv'd to disburden his own Countrey, by transplanting some of his People, under the Conduct of one of his two Sons, *Lydius*, and *Tyrrhenus*; the latter, which was to determine it, fell upon *Tyrrhenus*; who planted himself in that Part of *Italy*, which is now call'd *Tuscan*. He built twelve Cities, and was so prudent in Establishing his Affairs, that he was legended to be gray-headed from his Youth. He is said to have invented the Trumpet; and his People improv'd to eminently in civil Government; that from them the *Romans* borrowed all their Triumphal, and Consular Ornaments, with their Rods, Axes, & other Emblems of Authority, as likewise *Musick*, *Amphury*, and *Rites of Sacrificing*. See *Strabo*, lib. 5.

<sup>(b)</sup> *Agylle* a small City in *Tuscan*.

To the *Italian* Coasts, that since do bear  
His Name, *Mæonian* Colonies, from far,  
By Sea did bring; and is by all Renown'd,  
For having taught those Nations, first, to found  
The Trumpet, and their Silence broke in Fight.  
Yet, not content with this, he doth excite  
His Son to greater things; But, fir'd with Love  
Of the fair Boy (who with the Gods above,  
For Beauty, might compare) now, Chaste no more,  
<sup>(b)</sup> *Agylle* snatch'd him, walking on the Shore,  
Into the Stream. This *Nymph's* Lascivious Minde  
Was still to Love of beauteous Boys inclin'd,  
And the *Italian* Darts soon warm'd her Breast;  
But him the carefull *Naiades* carest  
Within their mossy Caves: while He the Place  
Abhors, and seeks to shun their fond Embrace.  
From hence the Lake, a Dowry to his Fame,  
Still conscious of his Rape, retains his Name.  
And, now, the Chariot of the Dewy Night,  
Its Bounds approach'd; although the Morn her Light,  
Not yet from her bright Chambers did display,  
But, from the Threshold onely, breath'd a Ray;  
And Men could less affirm, that Night had run  
Her Course, then that the Day its Race begun:  
When, through by-Ways, the Consul March'd before  
His Ensigns; after Him, the Horse, (no more  
In Order) haste: Next, in Confusion go  
The light-arm'd Bands; the Foot, disorder'd, too  
Forlake their Ranks: with them, though us'd in War,  
Unfit for Fight, the Sutlers mixed are;

And

And Ominous Tumults through all Places spread,  
Advancing to the Fight, as if they fled.  
While from the Lake, a Vapour, black as Night,  
Arose, and, quite depriving them of Sight,  
In a dark Mantle of condensed Clouds  
Involves the Skies, and Day desired shrouds.

But <sup>(c)</sup> *Hannibal* pursues His Fraud the while,  
And, in His Ambush closely sitting still,  
Would not permit them, in their Haste, to be  
Oppos'd, while all the Shore appeareth free  
From Danger, and neglected by the Fo,  
Who, to their Fall, permits them on to go.  
For they, advancing through a narrow Way,  
(Before design'd, their Safety to betray)  
A double Ruin found. The Waters here  
Contract their Passage: there steep Rocks appear,  
And, on the Mountain's Top, within the Wood,  
T'engage them, there a *Libyan* Party stood,  
Ready to fall on any, that should fly  
To a Retreat. So, when a Fisher, by  
A Chrystal Brook, an Osier Weel doth twine,  
The Entrance large he makes, but binds within  
The Tonnel Close, contracting by Degrees  
The yielding Tops into a *Pyramis*;  
Through which deceitfull Hole the Fish, with Ease,  
Do enter, but return not to the Seas.

In the mean time, the furious Consul lost  
His Reason, in this Storm of Fates: in Haste  
He calls his Ensigns on; untill, from Sea,  
The Sun's bright Horses re-advanc'd the Day,  
And Rosie *Titan*, to revive the World,  
The Clouds, that o're the Face of Heav'n were hurl'd,  
Had quite dispers'd, and sensibly to Hell,  
By his clear Rays resolv'd, the Darknes fell.

And

<sup>(c)</sup> *Hannibal*, understanding the Temper of *Flaminius*, as a Person rash, and violent, would all the Countrey between *Cortus*, and the Lake *Thrasimene* with all the Miseries of War, thereby to provoke his Enemies to fight. *Flaminius*, not enduring it, as dishonourable, raised his Camp before *Arctium*, and marched towards him. But he no sooner came between the Hills, and the Lake, but he found himself encompass'd by *Hannibal's* forces, and, unable to draw his Men into Order, they were totally defeated, and the Consul slain. Liv. Book 22.

(d) Our Arciflours, faith Tully, (*lib. de Divinat.*) never enterpiz'd a War, before they had first consulted their *Augurs*. This kind of *Augury* (for they were leveral) was frequently us'd among them: and if the Birds, (which were commonly *Jackens* kept in a coop) refus'd the Meat throw'd downe them, the *Augur* pronounced the Enterprise not pleasing to the Gods; but if greedily devour'd it, they encourag'd it.

And then a Bird (which as an old <sup>(c)</sup> Prefage  
The *Latines* us'd, before they did engage  
In Fight) he took, t' explore the Gods Intent,  
And what should be the following Fight's Event.  
The Bird, Divining future Miseries,  
Refus'd her Meat, and from it, crying, flies.  
With that a Bull (a sad Prefage!) before  
The Holy Altars, ceas'd not to roar,  
And, waving with his Neck, the fatal Stroak,  
Oth' falling Ax, the Sacred Place forfook.  
Besides, as they endeavour'd, where they stood,  
To pull their Ensigns up, the Earth black Blood  
Into their Faces spouts; as to foretell  
That Slaughter, which silent, afterwards, befell.  
Then *Jove*, the Sea, and Land, with Thunder shook,  
And, snatching Belts from *Aëna's* Forges, strook  
The *Thracian* Lake, that smok'ing seems  
To burn, and Flames to live within the Streams.  
Oh lost Admonishments, and Prodiges,  
That strive, in vain, to stop the Destinies!  
Ev'n Gods, themselves, must with the Fates dispence.  
And here *Corvinus*, fam'd for Eloquence,  
And of a Noble Name, (whose Helmet bore  
Thy Bird, *Apollo*, that did long before  
The Valour of his <sup>(c)</sup> Grand-Father declare,  
Full of the Gods, and, troubled at the Fear  
Of his Companion, intermingled than  
With Counsel Pray'rs, and with these Words began:  
By the *Liack* Flames, the Fate of *Rome*,  
Our Countrie's Walls, and by our Sons, that from  
This Fight's Event the Fates as yet suspend,  
Yield to the Gods, We pray thee, and attend  
A Time more fortunate for Battel: they  
A Field will give thee, and a better Day.

Only

Only disdain not Thou t' expect the more  
Propitious Gods, and that more happy Hour,  
Which shall for *Libya's* Destruction call;  
And when, not forc'd, as now, our Ensigns all  
Shall follow; when our Birds shall gladly feed,  
And pious Earth no more so strangely bleed.  
How much is left to Fortune in this Place,  
Skilfull in War, Thou know'st. Before our Face  
The Fo appears: those woody Hills now threat  
An Ambush; on the left Hand no Retreat  
The Lake allows: the Pass is narrow too  
Between those Hills. It's Wisdom then in you  
With Stratagems to strive, and fight Delay,  
Untill with fresh Supplies, *Servilius* may  
Arrive, that with you, in Command, doth share,  
And's Forces, in the Legions, equal are.  
The War with Policy we must pursue:  
To th' fighting Man the least of Honour's due.  
*Corvinus* thus exhorts: the Captains were  
No less importunate, and all with Fear  
Divided. Sometimes for *Flaminius* pray  
Unto the Gods: then him intreat t' obey  
The Pow'rs Divine, and not their Will oppose.  
With that his kindled Fury higher rose,  
And hearing (full of Rage) that new Supplies  
Would soon be there; Saw you not Me (he cries)  
When in the *Boian* War I charg'd, and when  
So great a Ruin, and such dreadful Men  
Came on: that, the *Tarpeian* Rock again  
Did tremble, then what Multitudes were slain  
By me? How, then, this vengefull Hand the Ground  
Bestrew'd with Bodies, which the deepest Wound  
Could scarce destroy: yet were they forc'd to yield,  
And now their scatter'd Bones oppress the Field.  
Therefore

Therefore *Servilius* Arms may come too late  
 To this brave Action, if you think not that  
 I cannot overcome, unless I share  
 My Triumphs ; and contented am to bear  
 A part of Honour ; but the Gods do seem  
 T'advise us otherwise. Oh do not Dream  
 (You that now fear the Trumpets Sound) of Gods,  
 So like your selves. Our trusty Swords are odds,  
 And *Augury* enough, against the Fo.  
 The best Prefage the *Romane* Souldiers know,  
 Is, that, in Feats of Arms, they do excell ;  
 Must it be then resolv'd that I sit still  
*Corvinus*, basely thus within a Vale  
 Besieg'd, while the *Sidonians* do prevail  
 Against *Arretia's* Walls, and levell to  
 The Ground, the Tow'r of *Corythus*, and go  
 Thence to *Clusnum*, and at length may come  
 Untouch'd, unto the very Walls of *Rome* !  
 Vain Superstition ! a Deformity  
 In men of Arms ! Valour alone should be  
 The Goddess that should o're their Souls command.  
 Troops of sad Ghosts, by Night about us stand,  
 Whose Corps are tumbled still in *Trebia's* Waves,  
 And swift *Eridanus*, and want their Graves.

Thus having said, without Delay, he quits  
 Th' Assembly ; and, Inexorable, fits  
 His last unhappy Arms : a Sca-Bulls Hide  
 His Helmet lines, and on the Top (its Pride)  
 A triple Crest ascends, and largely spreads  
 A Main, the Locks resembling of the *Svedes* :  
 Above was *Scylla*, waving in her Hand,  
 A broken Oar, and Dogs about her stand  
 With gaping Jaws. This noble Trophie, He  
 Gain'd near *Garganus*, and the Victory,

So

So pleas'd him (having slain the *Baian* King)  
 That, fitted to his Head, he us'd to bring  
 This, as his Glory, into ev'ry Fight.  
 Then takes his Coat of Mail, whose Scales were knit  
 To Chains of Steel, and studded o're with Gold.  
 Next he assumes his Shield, where they behold  
 The Stains of *Celtick* Blood, which He before  
 In Battel shed : and, in it carv'd, he bore  
 A she-Wolf's Figure, in her gloomy Den,  
 Licking a Child's soft Limbs, as it had been  
 Her Whelp, and nurs'd of the *Affarick* Line  
 A Stem, that afterwards was made <sup>(f)</sup> Divine.  
 At last, he girds his Sword, and to's Right Hand  
 Makes fit his Lance. Hard by doth ready stand  
 His Horse ; which, cover'd with a Tiger's Hide,  
 Champs on his frothy Bit with pleasing Pride.  
 Then mounted, where the way between the Hills  
 Was streight, thus with Encouragement he fills  
 His Men. Your Work, and Honour, it will be  
 (Dear Countrey-men) to let your Parents see  
 Fix'd on a Spear, and born, with Joy, through all  
 The Streets of *Rome*, the Head of *Hannibal*.  
 That Head may satisfy for all the rest :  
 Let each man therefore fancy in his Breast,  
 What may excite his Rage, and thus deplore ;  
 My Brother, now, upon *Ticinus* Shore  
 Unburied lyes. Alas ! my Son through all  
 The *Po* now swims, and wants a Funeral.  
 Thust to himself let ev'ry Man prepare  
 Revenge ; but as to you, who have no Share  
 Of private Grief, let those great things, which fire  
 A publick Soul, enflame your greater Ire.  
 Think they have broken through the *Alpine* Hills ;  
 And then remember those Nefandous Ills

(f) Remains Deified.

U

*Saguntus*

*Saguntus* suffer'd, what a Sin it was  
 In them, *Iberus* Sacred Bounds to pass,  
 And now ev'n *Tyler* touch. For while, in Vain,  
 With Birds, and Entrails, Augurs you detain;  
 It onely wanteth, now, that he invade  
 The *Capitol*. This when he'd eager said,  
 And seeing that his Horse, amidst the Croud  
 Of thousands, rais'd his cloudy Mane, aloud  
 He cries; To fight, my *Ophitus*, must prove  
 Thy Task. What other to *Feretrus* Jove  
 Opimous Offerings can in Triumph bare?  
 For why should any Hand this Honour share  
 With Me? Then moves, and hearing a known Voice  
 In Fight, Far hence (said he) that Martial Noise  
 Shews thee to be *Murrinus*: and I Thee  
 Already high in *Tyrian* Slaughter see.  
 How great a Praise attends thee? but (I pray)  
 Let thy Sword wider make that narrow Way.  
 Then knowing (born upon *Soracte's* Hill)  
*Æquanus*, who in Beauty did excell,  
 And Arms (the Customs of whose Countrey were,  
 The Entrails thrice through harmless Flames to bear,  
 When as the Pious Archer did desire  
 To offer Sacrifice in Holy Fire)  
 Noble *Æquanus*, may't thou ever so  
 Unburnt, on *Phœbus* flaming Altars go,  
 And conquering the Smoak, so ev'ry Year  
 To the pleas'd God (said he) thy Offering bear.  
 Worthy thy Deeds, and Wounds, conceive a Rage:  
 Accompanied by Thee, I dare engage  
 To penetrate through the *Marmarick* Bands,  
 Or charge *Emphybian* Troops. With that he stands  
 No longer to advise, or to delay  
 With Words that Fight, which by the *Romanes* may

Be

(2) That some Reliques of this Sacrificion was remaining in *Phœbus's* Temple, he relates *lib. 7. cap. 2.* in these Words: "Not far from *Rome* in the Territories of the *Falisci*, are some few Temples called the *Horpe*, wherein an Annual sacrifice to *Jupiter* on the Hill *Soracte*, with without Harm on burning of Gods, and for that, by a Decree of the *Rome*, were discharged from the Duty of War."

Be<sup>(2)</sup> long deplor'd. The Signal ev'ry where  
 Is giv'n, and fatal Trumpets rend the Air:  
 Oh Grief! Oh Tears, which, in so long Descent  
 Of Ages, cannot, now, too late be spent!  
 I Tremble, as if now those Mischeifs all  
 Were acted; as if *Libyans Hannibal*,  
 And arm'd *Assurians*, from their Hills did bring,  
 Or the fierce *Balearick* with his Sling.  
 Now num'rous Troops of *Macians*, *Nomades*,  
 And *Garamantians* fall forth: with these  
 The Warlike, stout *Cantabrians*; then whom,  
 With Mercenary Hands, none sooner come  
 To fight; or hired Arms more gladly bear:  
 And *Galcois* too, that Helmets scorn to wear.  
 On this Side, horrid Rocks; on that, the Lake:  
 Here clashing Arms, with the loud Shouts they make,  
 Amaze, and urge: beside the Signal from  
 The *Tyrian* Camp, through all the Hills, doth come.  
 The Gods, their Faces turning from the Field,  
 Unwillingly to greater Fates do yield.  
 Ev'n *Mars*, thy Fortune (*Hannibal*) doth fear;  
 Sad *Venus* weepeth, with dishevel'd Hair;  
*Apollo*, to his *Delos*, doth retire,  
 And strives to ease his Grief with mournfull Lyre.  
*Juno*, alone, on *Appenninus* stood  
 Expecting Slaughter, hating *Trojan* Blood.

But, as if forcing Heaven, and free from Fear,  
 In their own Hands, th' incens'd Souldiers bear  
 Predestin'd *Picacles*, and kill again  
 Fresh Sacrifice, in Fight, to those were slain.  
 First, the *Picenian* Bands, when they beheld  
 The Cohorts dissipated, and repell'd,  
 And *Hannibal* advancing furiously,  
 Charge Him with Courage, and, before they dy,

U 2

Amaze

(2) In this Battle were slain fifteen thousand men, eleven thousand scattered through all *Hither*, and many wounded. The *Consul*, *Flaminius*, slain upon the Place, and never found by *Hannibal*, who diligently sought his Body to give a Burial: all that returned after this fight to *Rome*, were received with such Joy, that two Mothers, at sight of their Sons, fell dead in the Embrace.

Amaze the Conquerour (whom they invade)  
 To see the Slaughters, that their Valour made.  
 For, now, with one Consent, and Force, a Shower  
 Of Piles upon the *Libyan* Troops they pour,  
 And when repuls'd, their fixed Targets all,  
 Press'd with the Weight of crooked Shafts, let fall.  
 This with their *General's* Presence doth excite  
 The *Libyans* Rage; who mutually to fight  
 Exhort each other, and so closely press  
 Upon their Foes, they fought them Breast to Breast.  
 Her Torch *Bellona* shaking through the Air,  
 And sprinkling, with much Blood, her flaming Hair,  
 Through both the Armies, up, and down, doth flee,  
 And, from her horrid Breast, *Tisiphone*  
 A deadly Murmur sends: while to engage,  
 The fatal Trumpets all their Minds enrage.  
 These by their adverse Fortune, and Despair  
 Of future Safety, animated are:  
 Them more propitious Gods, and Victory,  
 Smiling upon them with a joyfull Eye,  
 Encourage, favour'd by the God of War.  
 But *Lateranus*, while entic'd, too far  
 With Love of Slaughter, furious on he goes,  
 At length engaged stood among his Foes:  
 When *Lentulus*, of equal Age, him spy'd,  
 Too much with Fight, and Blood, on ev'ry Side  
 Oppress'd, and midst an Army to provoke  
 The Fates, with a brisk Charge, to aid him, broke  
 Through all the Ranks; and *Baga*, then about  
 To wound him in the Back (though fierce, and stout)  
 Prevented with his Spear, and doth attend  
 The Fate, and hard Adventures of his Friend.  
 With chearfull Courage, now, their Arms they joyn,  
 Their Fronts, and Crests, with equal Glory shine.

When

When *Syracus*, by Chance (for who durst move  
 Arms against them, unless by *Stygian Jove*  
 Condemn'd to dy?) descending from the Hill,  
 Arm'd with a broken Oak, upon them fell:  
 And as the weighty Tree about he waves,  
 With Thirst of both their Deaths, thus vainly raves.

Not here (fond Youths) *Aegates*, nor a Coast  
 Treach'rous to Seamen, nor the Ocean, tost  
 By new-raisd Tempests, shall on you bestow  
 Fortune, without a War. You now shall know,  
 That once were Conquerours at Sea, by Land  
 What *Libyan* Warriours are, nor us withstand  
 Within a better Empire. As he spoke,  
 At *Lateranus* with the pond'rous Oak  
 He strikes, and fighting rails: when *Lentulus*,  
 Gnashing his Teeth for Anger, meets him thus.

Sooner shall *Thrasimeneus* raise his Flood  
 To those high Hills, then in his Pious Blood  
 That thy pernicious Tree thou shalt imbue.

And, as he stretch'd himself to strike, quite through  
 His Body pierc'd him: through the gaping Wound  
 The reeking Gore flows largely to the Ground.

No less, in other Quarters of the Field,  
 Incens'd to mutual Wounds, their Fury swell'd.  
 By tall *Hierus* *Nereus* fell: and by  
*Rullus* brave *Volumnx*, rich in Land, doth dy.  
 Nor Riches heap'd, nor Palaces, that shin'd  
 With's Countrey's Ivory, to which were joyn'd  
 His Vassal Villages, could now withhold  
 His Fate. What boots extorted Wealth? or Gold,  
 Which Men, with Thirst insatiable, pursue?  
 Whom Fortune richly did of late endue  
 With her most wealthy Gifts, is, naked, now  
 By *Charon* wafted, to the Shades below.

There

There Warlike *Appius*, though but young in Years,  
Great in Attempts, the Field with Slaughter clears:  
And where of greatest Strength, and Valour, none  
Else durst aspire, there Honour He, alone,  
Achieves. Him *Atlas* meeting (*Atlas*, who,  
Sprang from *Iberian* Blood, did vainly plow  
Remotest Sands) thrusts at his Face a Lance:  
The Top whereof, as it doth lightly glance,  
And raze the Skin, tasteth his Noble Blood.  
Like Thunder now, or a Storm-raised Flood  
He threatens. New Flames, within his furious Eyes,  
Are kindled: mad, like Lightning, then he flies (sends  
Through all th' opposing Troops; his Wound, that  
Blood from beneath his Cask, the rest commends  
Of his stout Martial Limbs: then might you see  
The trembling Youth, contending, as they flee,  
To hide themselves. As, when th' affrighted Deer  
An *Hircan* Tiger follows; or with Fear  
Doves fly the tow'ring Hawk; or as the Hare,  
When she beholds the Eagle, in the Air,  
Ready to stoop, to Covert runs with Speed:  
Here with his Sword, he lops off *Atlas* Head.  
And his Right Hand then, raging, on doth go,  
Charging, more furious by Success, his Fo.  
For arm'd with a bright *Ax*, and, in the Sight  
Of's Father *Mago*, to engage in Fight  
Ambitious: big with Hopes of Praise, there stood  
*Cnyphian* *Isalces*, vainly proud  
Of promis'd Nuptials, when the *Romane* War  
Should ended be. But *Appius* sets a Bar  
To these his Hopes, and with such Fury came  
Against him; that, as he his *Ax*, with Aim,  
Directed at his Face, so strong a Streak  
Fierce *Appius*, rising higher, gave, he broke

His

His Sword upon his Cask. *Isalces* too  
Upon his Target gives as vain a Blow.  
With that a Stone, which, had not Anger lent  
Him Strength, he could not lift, now almost Spent,  
At's Fo stout *Appius* throws: it's weighty Fall  
Him backward fells, and breaks his Bones withall.  
When *Mago* saw him fall (for near at hand  
He fought) he wept beneath his Helmet, and  
Groaning with Rage, came on. Th' Alliance late  
By them contracted, and the Nephews, that  
He thence expected, fire his Thoughts the more.  
But as, with nearer View, he doth explore  
*Appius* his Shield, large Members, and the Raies  
Of's Helmet; him a while that Sight delays.  
As when a Lyon from a shady Hill  
In haste descends, his hungry Gorge to fill,  
He stands, and soon contracts his Speed, if he  
Within the Plain a Bull approaching see;  
Though with long Hunger press'd, he views his high,  
Thick, rising Neck; admires his threatening Eye  
Beneath a rugged Brow, while he prepares  
For Fight, and Earth, to give the Signal, tears.  
First *Appius* spoke, as he a Jav'lin threw;  
If thou hast any Piety, pursue  
Thy Contract, and accompany thy Son  
In Death. With that the flying Weapon run  
Quite through his brazen Arms, untill it struck  
His Left Arm, and in it, deep wounding, stuck.  
The *Libyan* Return of Words forbore.  
But with his Spear (which *Hannibal* before  
*Saguntus* Walls, a Conquerour had ta'en  
From Noble *Durius*, there in Battel slain,  
And to his Brother gave; which, with Delight,  
He, a brave Trophie, bore in ev'ry Fight)

Charg'd



Charg'd him. Grief lending Force, the Weapon  
His Cask, and Mouth, inflicts a deadly Blow; (through  
And, as he strove to draw it from the Wound,  
His Hands, soon bloodless, fell. Upon the Ground,  
*Appius*, a Name through the *Mæonian* Sea,  
Renown'd, a great Part of *Rome's* Ruin, lay.  
And in his bloody Mouth, expiring, there  
Crush'd, and, with murm'ring, bites the fatal Spear.  
The Lake then trembled: from his Body dead,  
With Waves contracted, *Thrasimenus* fled.

Next, with no better Fates, *Mamercus* dyes,  
And wounded falls, by all his Enemies.  
For where the *Lusitanian* Cohorts fought,  
Gain'd with much Blood, and Valour, as he brought  
A Standard, whose stout Bearer he had slain,  
And call'd his flying Countrey-men again,  
His Foes, incens'd at what they saw him do,  
What ever in their Hands was Missile threw,  
And likewise all, that Earth, then cover'd o're  
With Darts, and Spears, afforded (like a Shour  
Of Hail) upon him falls, and greater Store  
Of Darts no single *Romane* felt before.

Thus stout *Mamercus* fell, and at his Fall,  
Vex'd at his Brother's Hurt, came *Hannibal*,  
And raging ask'd (when He the Wound espy'd)  
Now him, then his Companions, If his Side  
The Spear had pierc'd: or, if within the Wound  
Twere fix'd: But, when no fear of Death he found,  
Nor Danger, from the Field he strait was sent,  
Cover'd with His own Coat, into His Tent,  
Within the Camp, and free from Trouble: there  
For Cure all Med'cinal Arts prepared were  
By Learned *Synalus*, who did infuse,  
Bathing the Wound throughout, the healing Juice

Of

Of choicest Herbs, and, with a secret Charm  
The Weapon strait extracted from his Arm,  
Him with a crooked Snake to Sleep compell'd:  
All other *Synalus* in Skill excell'd,  
And for it was through all the Neighb'ring Land,  
And Cities, fam'd, o'th' *Parætonian* Sand.  
To *Synalus* (his Grand-father) of old  
Those Secrets *Garamantick* *Hannion* told,  
And how the Bitings of wild Beasts to heal,  
And deepest Wounds of Weapons did reveal.  
He those Celestial Gifts, while yet he liv'd,  
Transmitted to his Son; who them deriv'd  
To th' Honour of his Heir: whom *Synalus*,  
As great in Fame, succeeds, and, Studious  
His *Garamantick* Secrets to improve,  
(As a Companion once to Horned *Jove*)  
With many Images, his Grand-fire's Line  
Deduc'd. Now, when he brought those Gifts Divine  
In Halte (as Custom was) his Garments round  
Tuck'd up, with Water first he purg'd the Wound  
From Blood. But *Mago*, thinking on the Spoils,  
And Death, of his slain Fo, his Brother's Toils,  
And Cares, with Words of Courage, thus allaies,  
And eas'd his own Mishaps, with Thoughts of Praise.

Cease from Thy Fears (dear Brother) to my Wound  
No greater Remedy can now be found:  
Great *Appius*, by me compell'd, is gone  
To th' Shades below, and we enough have done,  
Since He is dead, I, willingly, can go  
To Hell it self, after so brave a Fo.

But, when the *Consul* from an Hill beheld,  
That this the *Libyan* Captain from the Field  
Had, troubled, turn'd; that in their Trenches they  
(As if the Clouds of War were vanish'd) lay;

X

With

(1) *Parætonium*, a Town in *Libya*,  
*Marmarica*, lying upon a vast Tract  
of Sand, abounding with Serpents  
*Strab. lib. 17.*

With sudden Fury, for his Horse he calls,  
 And, from the Hill descending, fiercely falls  
 Upon the trembling Files; which, now grown thin,  
 He routs, and in the Valley doth begin  
 The Fight again. As when the Clouds above,  
 Surcharg'd with rattling Hail, dissolve, and *Jove*,  
 Mixing his Thunder with their Torrent, shakes  
 The *Alps*, and high *Ceraunian* Rocks, and makes  
 The World (thus mov'd) the Earth, the Sea, the Air,  
 To tremble, and ev'n Hell it self to fear:  
 So, like a sudden Tempest, from the Hill,  
 The *Consul* on the frighted *Lybians* fell.  
 The Sight of Him chill Horror strikes into  
 Their Bones; while he through thickest Ranks doth go,  
 And, with his Sword, cuts out a spacious Way.  
 With that, confused Cries to Heav'n convey  
 The Fury of the Fight, and strike the Stars.  
 As, when the angry Seas against the Bars  
 Of *Hercules* do beat, and roaring Waves  
 Throws into lofty *Calpe's* hollow Caves,  
 The Mountain groans; and, as, with furious Shocks,  
 The foaming Billows break against the Rocks,  
*Tartessos*, though far distant thence by Land,  
 And *Lixus*, that by no small Sea doth stand  
 Divided thence, at once the Echo share.  
 By a swift Dart, that Silent through the Air  
 Had pass'd, before the rest doth *Bogus* fall:  
*Bogus*, who at *Ticinus*, first of all,  
 Against the *Romuli* his Jav'lin flung,  
 And vainly thought, that *Clotho* would prolong  
 His Thread of Life, and that a numerous Line  
 Of Nephews he should see, by the false Sign  
 Of flying Birds deceiv'd. But none have power  
 By Augury to remove the fatal Hour.

Midst

'Midst Storms of Darts he falls; and to the Skies  
 Lifting, in vain, his dim, and bleeding Eyes,  
 O'th Gods, misunderstood, as he expires,  
 The Promises of longer Life requires.  
 Neither could *Bogusus* then boast, in Fight  
 That he, unpunish'd, in the *Consul's* Sight,  
 Had conquer'd *Libo* strip'd; who vainly there  
 The Lawrel of his Ancestours did wear.  
 But a *Masilian* Sword lops off his Head,  
 And, on his Cheeks as Down began to spread,  
 The barb'rous Souldier, by untimely Death,  
 Suppress'd his rising Years. Yet his last Breath  
 Did not in vain implore *Flaminius* Aid:  
 For strait, by him, his Fo was headless made:  
 As pleas'd that, after his Example, by  
 The same sad Death the Conquerour should dy.  
 What God, O *Muses*, aptly can rehearse  
 So many Funerals? Or who, in Verse,  
 Worthy such Noble Shades, lament their Fall?  
 Or tell how there the Early Youth did all  
 Contend in Death for Honour? Or what then,  
 Ev'n in the Porch of Death, more Aged men  
 Perform'd? What Courage of unconquer'd Hearts  
 They shew'd; when as their Breasts were fill'd with  
 On either Side, as Furious they engage, (Darts?  
 They frequent fell, nor would their Eager Rage  
 Allow them Time to Spoil, or Thoughts of Prey,  
 Which their Desire of Slaughter takes away.  
 The *Consul*, while, within the Camp, the Fo  
 The Wound of *Mago* kept, now Darts doth throw;  
 Then us'd his Sword, and, mounted on his Horse,  
 Through *Myriads* of Men, his Way doth force:  
 Sometimes afoot before the Eagles goes;  
 While Blood the fatal Valley overflows

X 2

With

With num'rous Streams, and th' hollow Rocks, and  
 The Noise of Horſe, and Arms, with Eccho fills. (Hills,  
*Marmarick Othrys*, in the Field, among  
 The reſt, advanc'd to fight. His Body ſtrong  
 Above all humane Strength: the very Sight  
 Of his Gigantick Members turn'd to Flight  
 The trembling Wings: his Shoulders, largely ſpread,  
 Above both Armies rais'd his lofty Head.  
 Rude, like an Horſe's Mane, his Treſſes hung  
 Upon his lowring Brows: his Beard as long  
 O're ſhadowing his Mouth: his ſquallid Breſt  
 The horrid Briſtles of a Boar expreſt.  
 Scarce any dare look on him, or come near  
 To fight him. Like a Monster ev'ry where  
 He rangeth through the Field, from Danger free:  
 Till, turning his fierce Looks on thoſe that flee,  
 A *Cretan* Arrow, mounting to the Skies  
 With ſilent Wings, in one of's glaring Eyes  
 Doth falling fix, and turneth him aſide  
 From the Purſuit. Which, when the *Conſul* ſpy'd  
 He lanceth at his Back, as he retreats  
 Towards the Camp, a Dart, that penetrates  
 (Breaking his naked Ribs) his Body through,  
 And in his briſtled Breſt the Head doth ſhew.  
 To draw it forth, with Haſt, he labours, where  
 The fatal ſhining Point did firſt appear;  
 Till, the Blood largely flowing to the Ground,  
 He fell, and crush'd the Weapon in the Wound.  
 His laſt Breath, waving through the Field, doth rear  
 The Duſt, and heaves a Cloud into the Air.

In the mean time, a diff'rent War, the Hills,  
 The Woods, and Cliffs, with various Slaughter fills;  
 The Rocks, and Thorns, as dy'd with Blood appear.  
 The Cauſe of their Deſtruction, and their Fear,

*Sycheus*

*Sycheus* was: who, at a Diſtance, ſlew  
*Marranus* with a Lance; then whom none knew,  
 In time of Peace, more ſweetly with his Quill  
 To touch *Orphean* Nerves, or had more Skill.  
 In a vaſt Wood he fell, and, ev'n in Death,  
 Look'd for the *Aequanian* Hills (where firſt his Breath  
 He drew) in Wine moſt fertile; and for fair  
*Surrentum*, where the *Zephyrs* purge the Air.  
 To his ſad Fate conqu'ring *Sycheus* join'd  
 Another's Fall: and in that new ſad Kind  
 Of cruel Fight rejoyc'd. For, while into  
 The Wood, *Tauranus*, raſhly, did purſue  
 The ſtragling Fo; too far engag'd, as he  
 Secur'd his Back, againſt an aged Tree,  
 From Blows, and vainly his Companions calls  
 With his laſt Breath, he by *Sycheus* falls:  
 And, piercing through his Body, in the Wood,  
 Behind him fix'd, the *Tyrian* Jav'lin ſtood.  
 But what did You unto your ſelves prepare?  
 What Anger of the Gods? What ſad Deſpair  
 Your Minds poſſeſs'd? [Who, quitting Fight, did fly  
 To Arms of Trees for your Security?  
 Fear, in diſtreſs'd Affairs, adviſeth ſtill  
 The worſt; and, whenſoe'er th' Event is ill,  
 It argues want of Courage. In the Wood,  
 It's Branches to the Skies extending, ſtood  
 An aged Tree: which, high above the reſt,  
 Into the higheſt Clouds, aſpiring, preſt  
 Its ſhady Head, and (had it ſtood within  
 An open Field) as it a Grove had been,  
 To a moſt large extent, the dark'ned Ground  
 Had cover'd with its Shade. Near that they found  
 An Oak, which, there through many Ages grown,  
 Endeavour'd to the Stars its moſie Crown

To

To raise, and from its spreading Trunk did fill  
 The Arms with Leaves, and shadow'd all the Hill.  
 Hither the Cohorts, sent from *Sicily*,  
 Not daring to prevent their Infamy  
 By Death, and yielding up their Minds to Fear,  
 Contend with Speed to fly; and climbing there,  
 The Wav'ring Boughs, with their uncertain Weight  
 Oppress'd, and all contending to be at  
 The safest Place, some shaken from their Stand,  
 Fall to the Ground, by rotten Branches, and  
 The aged Tree deceiv'd; some Trembling hung  
 Still on the Top, among the Darts were flung  
 Against them by the Fo: untill resolv'd,  
 That in one Ruin all should be involv'd  
 At once, *Sycheus* laid his Shield aside,  
 His Weapons chang'd, and strait an Ax imploy'd,  
 Late sharpen'd for the Fight. With him the rest  
 Hasten the Work, and all the Tree invest;  
 Which now, through frequent Blows declining, cracks  
 Aloud: and, as the weakned Body shakes,  
 Th' unhappy Troop upon it, to, and fro  
 Are tott'ring tof'd. So, when the *Zephyrs* blow  
 Upon an antient Grove, the Birds, that there,  
 On the weak Tops of Trees, their Nests prepare,  
 Are tof'd, and made the Sport of ev'ry Blast.  
 O'come with many Blows, the Oak, at last,  
 (Their most unhappy Sanctuary) doth fall,  
 And, in its spacious Ruin, crush'd them all.  
 Then doth another Face of Death appear;  
 That Tree, that to their Slaughter was so near,  
 Shines, and is seisd by active Flames: among  
 The Leaves, and Branches dry, and growing strong  
*Vulcan* his Globes of furious Fire doth turn  
 To ev'ry Side, and highest Boughs doth burn.

Nor

Nor do the *Libyans* cease their Darts to cast;  
 While Bodies, half-consum'd by Fire, imbrac'd  
 The burning Arms, and with them, groaning, fell.  
 But amidst this Destruction (sad to tell)  
 The incens'd *Consul* came, and buied all  
 His Thoughts on Rage, and fierce *Sycheus* fall.  
 The Danger of so great an Enemy  
 Prompts the brave Youth, his Fate again to try  
 With's Lance; which lightly on the brazen brim  
 Of's Shield he plac'd, thereby to hinder him  
 To pass through that Defence: the *Consul*, loath  
 To trust the Fortune of *Sycheus* Death  
 To missile Weapons, with his Sword advanc'd,  
 And, maugre his thick Shield, so deeply lanc'd  
 His Side, he fell, expiring, to the Ground  
 Upon his Face. Death, entring at the Wound,  
 With *Stygian* Cold, through ev'ry Part doth creep,  
 His Eyes composing to Eternal Sleep.  
 While thus the God of War himself applies,  
 To Enterchanges of sad Tragedies,  
*Mago*, and *Hannibal* the Camp forsake,  
 And, in their speedy March, their Ensigns take  
 Along; most eager to repair the Time,  
 That they were absent, by a greater Crime  
 Of Blood, and Slaughter: with their furious Pace,  
 The Troops, advancing, raise in ev'ry Place  
 Thick Clouds of Dust (like Whirlwinds) to the Skies;  
 And with the Sand the Field doth seem to rise:  
 And wheresoe're the *Gen'ral* bends his Course,  
 Like a strong Tempest, with impetuous Force,  
 Through the vast Air it swells, and highest Hills  
 Covers with horrid Darkness. Here he kills  
 Valiant *Fontanus*, wounded in the Thigh:  
 There, pierc'd quite through the Throat, stout *Bucca* by  
 His

(k) A City, where he was born.

(i) A City in Campania.

His Spear was slain; the Point through th' Wound ap-  
 In's Neck behind: (k) *Fregella* him with Tears (pears  
 Bewail'd, renowned for's antient Descent:  
 Th' other his fair (i) *Angnia* did lament:  
 Like Fate (*Levinus*) thee befell, although  
 Thou didst not choose the *Tyrian* King thy Fo;  
 But with *Hiremon*, who then led the light  
*Autololes*, contend'd in single Fight:  
 Whom, wounded in the Knee, and Prostrate, while  
 Thou dost keep down, and vainly seek to spoil,  
 With cruel Force, an heavy Jav'lin broke  
 Thy Ribs; thy Body by the fatal Stroke,  
 With sudden Ruin, on thy prostrate Fo  
 Doth fall, and Both in Death together go.

Nor were the *Sidicinan* Cohorts then  
 Wanting in Valour: these (a thousand Men)  
 Stout *Viridasus* arm'd, whose Skill did yield  
 To none, to guid a Ship, or pitch a Field;  
 None sooner could with batt'ring Rams prevail  
 'Gainst Walls, or sooner highest Tow'rs could scale.  
 Him, when the *Libyan General* beheld,  
 With the Successes of his Valour swell'd,  
 (For he *Avaricus*, not trusting to  
 His Arms, and by him Hurt, did then pursue)  
 His Anger rising higher, at that Sight,  
 He thought him worthy with Himself to fight:  
 And, from *Avaricus* as he withdrew,  
 His wounding Spear upon him fiercely flew,  
 And, piercing deep into his Breast, said He;  
 Prais'd be thy Valour, whoso'er thou be;  
 'Tis pity Thou by other Hands should'st fall.  
 The Honour, thus to dy by *Hannibal*,  
 Bear to the Shades below; and, were not Thou  
 Born of *Italian* Blood, thy Life should now

Be

(m) *Sicily*, from the River of  
 that Name.

Be spar'd: next him, he *Fabius* slew, and bold  
*Labicus*, who in feats of Arms was old,  
 And long before, in (m) *Arethusa's* Land,  
 Had with *Amilcar* fought, and Honour gain'd:  
 And, now, unmindfull of his broken years,  
 With Courage fresh, again in Arms appears:  
 But that He now grew cold in War, his Blows  
 More vain betray (the Fire, so, weakly glows  
 In dying Embers, that no Strength at all,  
 The Flame retains) him, when fierce *Hannibal*  
 (Shew'd by His Father's Armour-Bearer) spy'd,  
 Thy former Fight's due Punishment (He cry'd)  
 Receive, by this my Hand: *Amilcar* now  
 Revenging, drags thee to the Shades below.  
 This said, from's Ear, with Aim, a Dart he throws,  
 Which, as upon the Wound he turned, goes  
 Quite through his Head, the fatal Shaft again  
 Pull'd out, his hoary Locks, a Crimson Stain,  
 Of Blood, receive, and his long Labours all,  
 In Death are ended. Next to him doth fall  
*Herminius* (a Youth) who first, there took  
 Up Arms, before accusom'd with his Hook,  
 (Fam'd *Thrasimenus*) in thy Lake to prey,  
 And to his aged Father oft convey  
 Delicious Food, and with his Angle, from  
 The Neighb'ring Waters drew the Fishes Home.

But, now the *Carthaginians*, sad, convey  
 Upon their Arms, *Sicheus* Corps away,  
 Unto the Camp, whom with a mournfull Cry  
 Pressing along, as *Hannibal* doth spy.  
 With a Prefaging Grief He strikes his Breast,  
 What is this Sadness that's by you express'd  
 My Friends? (said He) of what hath us the Ire  
 Of Heaven depriv'd? Thee burning with Desire

Y

Of

Of Praise, *Sichæus*, and too great a Love  
 Of thy first War, doth this Black day remove  
 From Life, and Us, by an untimely Fall?  
 With that he groan'd, to which the Tears of all,  
 That bare him, do Consent, who likewise tell,  
 Weeping, by whose revengefull Hand he fell.  
 I see it in his Breast (said He) see where  
 The Wound was made by the *Illick* <sup>(\*)</sup> Spear:  
 Oh worthy our dear *Carthage* shalt thou go,  
 And worthy *Hasdrubal*, to Ghosts below.  
 Nor shall thy Noble Mother thee lament,  
 Degenerate, from thy so high Descent.  
 Nor, as unlike thy Ancestours, from Thee  
 In *Stygian* Shades, shall our *Amilcar* flee.  
 But these our Tears *Flaminius*, this Day,  
 (The Cause of all) by's Death shall wipe away:  
 This Pomp, thy Funeral shall sure attend,  
 And impious *Rome* her self shall, in the End,  
 That my *Sichæus* Body with her Sword  
 She ne're had wounded, any Rate afford.

Thus he his Fury vents, and, as he speaks,  
 From's foaming Mouth, like Sinoak, a Vapour breaks.  
 His Rage in broken Murmurs from his Breast  
 Extrudes that Breath, that should have Words express:  
 (So from a boiling Pot in scalding Heaps, (leaps)  
 Like Waves, through too much Heat, the Liquour  
 Then with blind Rage, into the midst of all,  
 He Runs, and Rends the Air, as He doth call  
 Upon *Flaminius*; who no sooner hears  
 His Voice, but to the Combat he appears,  
 And *Mars* more near approach'd, while Hand, to Hand,  
 To fight within the Lists, both Champions stand.  
 Then strait, through all the Rocks a sudden Crack  
 Doth run: the Mountains all with Horrour shake;  
 Their

(\*) *Romant.*

Their Tops do tremble, and the Grove of Pines  
 That crown'd them, from its pleasant Height declines;  
 And broken Quarries on the Armies fall;  
 Groaning, as pull'd from her Foundations, all  
 The <sup>(\*)</sup> Earth doth quake, and breaking strangely wide  
 Through the vast *Gulfe*, where *Stygian* Shades discry'd,  
 And fear'd the Day again. The troubled Lake  
 Rais'd to the highest Hills, forc'd to forsake  
 Its ancient Seat, and Channel, with a Flood  
 Before unknown, now laves the *Tyrrhen* Wood:  
 This Storm the People, and the Towns of Kings,  
 Like a dire Plague to sad Destruction brings.  
 Besides all this, the Rivers backward run,  
 And fight with Mountains, and the Sea begun  
 To change its Tydes, the Faunes now quit the Hill.  
 Of *Apennine*, and fly to Floods, yet still  
 The Souldier (O the Rage of War!) although  
 The reeling Earth doth tols him to, and fro,  
 Fights on, and as he falls, deceived by  
 Th' unconstant Ground, throws at his Enemy  
 His trembling Darts, till wandring here, and there,  
 The *Damian* Youth distracted through their Fear,  
 Fly to the Shore, and leap into the Stream.  
 The *Consul*, who by Chance was mix'd with them,  
 That by the Earthquake fell, their Fight, in vain,  
 Upbraids. What then; I pray you, doth remain  
 To such as fly? To *Hannibal* thus you  
 His Way unto the Walls of *Rome* doth show:  
 You put both Fire, and Sword into His Hand,  
 'Gainst *Jove's Tarpeian* Tow'r: Oh Souldiers stand;  
 And Learn by me to fight; If ye deny  
 To fight at all, then Learn of me to dy;  
*Flaminius* to Posterity shall give  
 No vile Example; and while I do live,  
 Y 2 No

(\*) The *Poet* in this, agrees with *Livy*, who affirms, the Fury of the Souldiers to be such, that neither Side were sensible of that Earthquake, which subverted a great part of many Cities in *Italy*, turned the Course of Torrents, transported the Sea into Rivers, and with a terrible Noise, tore Mountains asunder. *lib. 22*

No *Libyan*, or *Cantabrian*, shall see  
 A *Consul's* Back, although alone I be.  
 But, if so great a Thirst, and Rage of Flight  
 Your Minds invades, their Weapons all shall light  
 Upon this Breast; and, after this my Fall,  
 My Ghost into the Fight shall you recall.

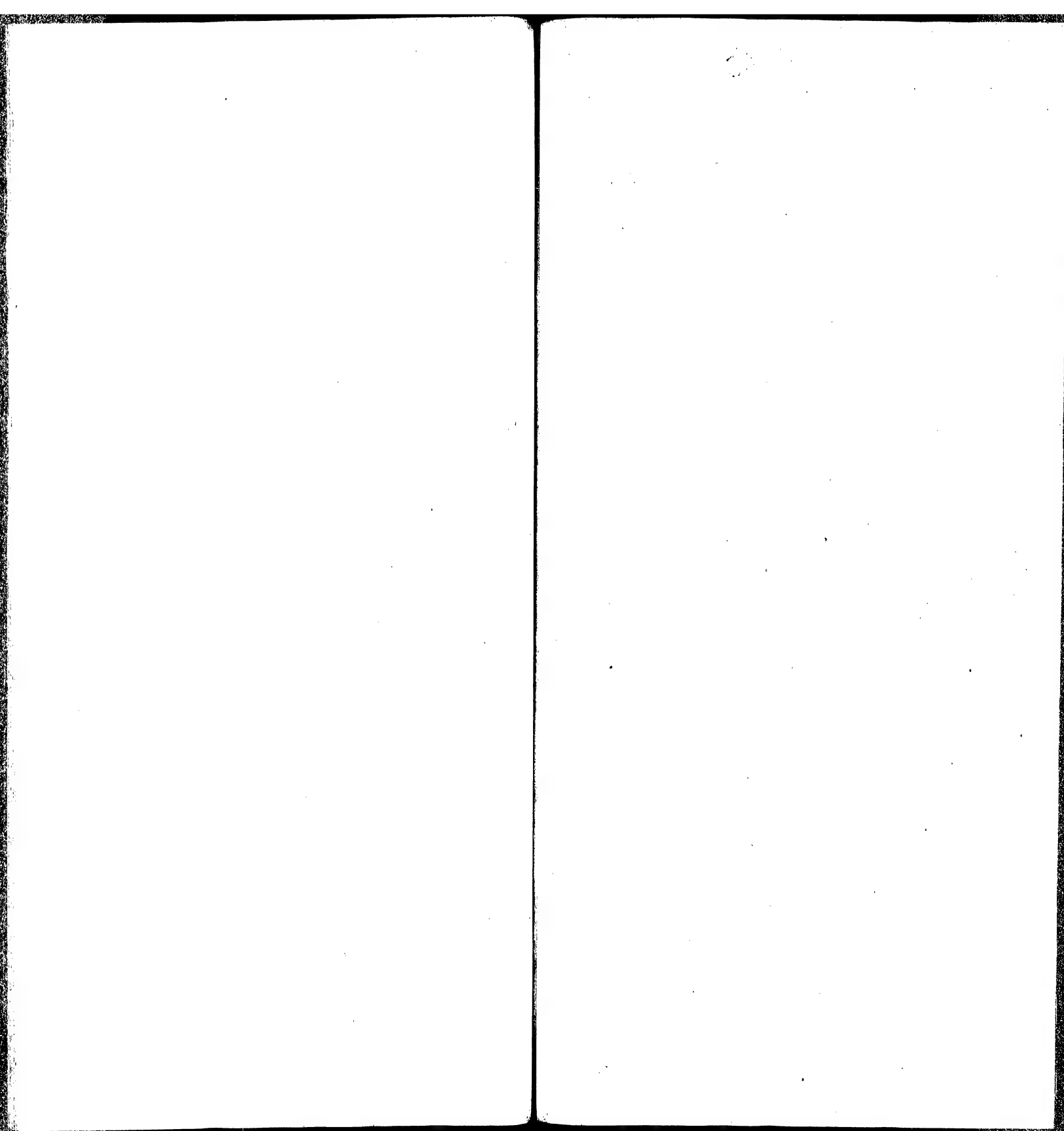
While thus he vents his Grief, and doth advance  
 To meet his numerous Foes, with Countenance,  
 And Mind as Cruel, forth *Ducarius* came,  
 Who from his Ancestours deriv'd his Name;  
 And, since the *Boian* Armie's Overthrow,  
 Those Wounds, which he receiv'd so long ago,  
 As Marks of barb'rous Courage, did retain,  
 And, knowing the proud Conqu'rou's Face again,  
 Art Thou the *Boians* greatest Terror? I  
 (Said he) by this my wounding Dart will try,  
 If th' Blood of such a Body may be shed:  
 Nor be You slack, more vulgar Hands, that Head  
 To Sacrifice to valiant Ghosts; 'twas he,  
 Who in his Chariot, proud of Victory,  
 Our captiv'd Fathers to the *Capitol*  
 Drove: and they, now, on You for Vengeance call.  
 With that a Shower of Darts, that ev'ry where  
 Fly, like a Tempest, through the darkned Air,  
 O'rewhelm, and hide his Body; so that none  
 Could after boast, that by his Hand, alone,  
*Flaminus* dy'd. Thus with the *General*  
 The Fight soon ended: for the Chief of all  
 The Youth, as angry with themselves, and Heaven,  
 That to their Arms so ill Success had given,  
 And choos'ing rather once to dy, then see  
 The *African* enjoy the Victory,  
 With Hands all bloody, in the fatal Fight,  
 Seise on their *General's* Body, in their Sight

So

So lately slain, with all his Weapons; and,  
 United in a Ring, about him stand,  
 Till all, in one great Heap of Slaughter, dy'd,  
 And falling, like an Hill, his Body <sup>(p)</sup> hid.  
 Now, having spread Destruction through the Wood,  
 And Lake, and left the Valleys deep in Blood,  
 To th' Heap of Bodies *Hannibal* withdrew,  
 And with him *Mago*: and, as them they view, behold,  
 What Wounds? What Deaths are here? (said he)  
 How ev'ry Hand still grasps a Sword, though cold  
 In Death! The armed Souldiers, as they ly,  
 Seem to maintain the Fight! How these did dy  
 Now let our Troops observe: the Threats appear  
 Yet in their Foreheads, and their Faces bear  
 Their living Anger, and, I fear, that Land,  
 Which fruitfull is in Men so valiant, and  
 Of so great Courage, Fates to her decree  
 The Empire of the World, and She shall be  
 Victorious in Distress. This said, He yields  
 To Night: and Darkness, over all the Fields  
 Diffus'd, (while *Sol* into the Sea descends)  
 Restrains their Fury, and the Slaughter ends.

(p) It appears by this, that *Flaminus* had laid aside all Ornaments of *Cavalry*, or *General*: for that his Body could not be distinguished from any of those, that fell about him.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*







# SILIUS ITALICUS

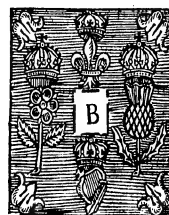
OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Sixth Book.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

Brutius great Valour, who, before he dy'd,  
His Eagle from his Foes i'th Earth doth hide.  
Sorranus, wounded, to Perusa's Plains  
By Night, retires: him Marus entertains,  
And, having dress'd his Wounds, to him declares  
Great Regulus (his Father's) Death, and Wars,  
His Noble Courage in his Punishment.  
Fabius elected General: his Descent.  
The Romanes Sadness, and the People's Cries,  
Affrighted at the Libyans Victories.  
The Conqu'rouns to Linternum go, and there  
The Monuments, that did at large declare  
The Victories by Sea, and Land, which Rome  
From Carthage once had gain'd, with Fire consume.



U T, when his Steeds in the  
Tartessack Main,  
Loos'd to give way to Night,  
Sol joyn'd again,  
On the Eoan Shores, and Seri-  
ans, who

The first of all the World his Beams review,  
For silken Fleeces to their Groves repair,  
The Place of sad Destruction ev'ry where

Appears,

Appears, and Monuments of furious War.  
 Here Men, and Arms, and Horses, mingled are,  
 There Hands lop'd off, still to their Lances stick;  
 In Wounds of Bodies slain: there Targets thick,  
 Trumpets, and headless Trunks, ly scatter'd round  
 Through all the Plain: with Swords, that as they wound  
 'Gainst Bones were broke. Some with be-nighted Eys,  
 Half dead, in vain, there fought th' enlign'd Skies.  
 The Lake all foams of Gore, and on the Waves  
 Float Bodies, that for ever want their Graves.  
 Yet midst these Miseries, and loss of Blood,  
 Firm, as her Fate, the *Romane* Valour stood.  
*Brutius*, whose many Wounds declar'd that He  
 Against his Foes had fought unequally,  
 Scarce from the Heaps of th' miserable Dead,  
 ('Mong whom he lay) had rais'd his wounded Head,  
 Striving with mangled Limbs to creep away,  
 His Nerves now shrinking, when the fatal Day  
 Was done. Him Fortune had not plac'd among  
 The Rich, nor was he honour'd for his Tongue,  
 Or his Descent: but Valiant with his Sword.  
 Nor did the *Volscian* Nation afford  
 Any, that had of Time recover'd more:  
 Nor fought he, when but yet a Boy, before  
 The Down had cloth'd his Cheeks, himself to hide  
 For Safety in the Camp. *Flaminius* try'd  
 His Courage, when in Fight he overthrew,  
 With better Gods, the *Celtick* Arms, hence grew  
 His present Honour, in all Wars, that he  
 The Keeper of the Sacred Bird should be.  
 Hence Glory made him to preserve with Care  
 The Cause of's Death. For when he did despair  
 Of Life, perceiving nothing could withstand  
 (a) To keep his Eagle from the *Libyan* Hand;

(a) This Honour, which *Brutius* enjoyed, as the Reward of his Valour, was always conferred on the first *Captain* of the *Troop* (who were the Reserve of the Army) he was oblig'd to lose his Life with this Ensign of his Charge, which was honour'd by the whole Army, and therefore stiled Sacred by the *Poet*. The *Romans* adorning their Eagles (which were sometimes of Silver, seldome of Wood, but often woven or painted on the Banner) as if they were Divine. *Herodotus lib.*

Since Fate gave Way, and that the *Romane* Side  
 Was ruin'd in the Fight, he fought to hide,  
 And bury't in the Earth; but overthrown  
 With sudden Darts again, and falling down,  
 Extends himself upon it, and beneath  
 His Body hides it, choosing such a Death.  
 But, when from *Stygian* Night, and Sleep, the Light  
 Return'd, he from the Neighbouring Heaps, upright,  
 Arose upon his Spear, and Strong alone  
 In his Attempt, the Earth now overflown  
 With Blood, and softned by the standing Gore,  
 With's Sword he digs, and, as he doth adore  
 Th' unhappy Eagle's Image, with his Hand,  
 Now fainting, smooths again th' unequal Sand:  
 Then into thinner Air his Breath doth go,  
 And his great Soul unto the Shades below.

Near him was to be seen the Sacred Rage  
 Of Valour, whose Deservings do engage  
 Our *Muse* to sing its Fame. *Levinus*, born  
 On high *Privernum*, that rich Vines adorn,  
 Dead, on dead *Nasamonian* Tyres lay;  
 And, when unequal Fortune had, that Day,  
 Depriv'd him of his Arms, his Spear, and Sword,  
 Then naked in the Fight, his Griefs afford  
 New Weapons. With his bloody Mouth he flies  
 Upon his Fo, and with his Teeth supplies  
 His want of other Arms, and thus he tears  
 His Nostrills off, bites out his Eyes, his Ears  
 Pulls from his mangled Head, his Forehead too  
 Strangely disfigures; while the Blood doth flow  
 About his Jaws, yet this not satisfies,  
 Till with his Mouth, all full, he feeding dyes.

While Valour sadly to the Victour's Eye  
 These Wonders shews, the wounded Troops, that fly,

Z

T

Since

To various Chances are expos'd. Some through  
By-ways of desert Woods, some wandering go  
By Night, through unfrequented Fields, and there  
Each little Noise, or Motion of the Air,  
Or flying Birds, affright them, and they finde  
No Sleep, or quiet Thoughts, but still inclin'd  
To fear, beleave that *Mago*, with his Spear,  
Or *Hannibal* pursues them in the Rear.

*Serranus* (a Renowned Name, thy Son  
Great *Regulus*, whose lasting Fame shall run  
Along with Time, to tell all Ages, how  
With the perfidious *Carthaginians*, Thou  
Thy Faith didst keep ) in the first glorious State  
Of's Youth, had enter'd, with his Father's Fate  
The *Punic* War, and now fore wounded from  
The Fight, to his sad Mother, and dear Home  
Alone return'd ; no Company to ease  
His smarting wounds, but thus through devious waies,  
Supported by his broken Lance, while Night  
Gave him Protection, he a silent Flight  
Towards thy Plains (*Perusia*) takes, and there  
To a small Cottage, weary doth repair ;  
(Resolv'd to try his Fate) and knock's at Door.  
*Marus*, who to his Father long before  
A Souldier, of no mean Esteem had been,  
Leaps quickly from his Bed to let him in,  
And borrowing Light from the few Coals that lay  
Upon the Hearth, lifts it up, to survey  
His Face, which strait he knows, and saw (sad Sight)  
Those cruel Wounds were giv'n him in the Fight.  
His fainting Steps supported by his Spear :  
(The Rumour of this Loss, before, his Ear  
Had struck ) What Wickdness is this (said he )  
(Oh ! born to bear too much Calamity,)

That

That I now see ? Thee, greatest Captain, I  
Beheld ; when, ev'n in thy Captivity,  
Thy Looks affrighted *Carthage*, and thy Fall  
( Which We the Guilt, and Crime of *Jove* may call )  
Gave me so deep a Wound, that from my Heart  
Not *Libya's* Ruin can remove the Smart.  
But Oh ! where are Ye now, Ye Gods, again ?  
Himself great *Regulus* offers to be Slain,  
And perjur'd *Carthage*, now ( Oh Grief to see ! )  
This rising Branch of that great Family,  
Hath quite, Alas ! destroy'd. Thus having said,  
The fainting Youth upon his Bed he lai'd ;  
Nor was he ignorant ( for he in War  
That Skill had learn'd ) fit Med'cines to prepare :  
And first with Water purg'd his Wounds, then Juice  
Of Herbs, of healing Virtue, doth infuse ;  
Then binds them up, and with a tender Hand  
Swaths on the Bolsters, with a gentle Band.

Thus having giv'n him Ease, 'twas his next Care,  
T' allay his tedious Thirst, and to repair  
His Strength with frugal Diet : this in Hast  
Perform'd, kinde Sleep its Benefits, at last,  
Apply'd, and gave his Body gentle Rest.  
But, e're the Day again did gild the *East*,  
*Marus*, as if he'd cast off Age, again  
Was ready to allay the burning Pain,  
That then return'd, with Med'cines try'd before,  
And piously doth Nat'ral Warmth restore.  
But here the Youth, lifting up to the Skies,  
With Sighs, and frequent Groans, his weeping Eyes,  
Said ; Oh Immortal *Jove* ! if yet thy Hate  
To the *Tarpeian* Rock, *Quirinus* State  
Hath not condemn'd, with a more kinde Aspect  
On *Italie's* distress'd Affairs reflect.

Z 2

Our

Our *Iliads* of Woes behold : for we  
 The *Alps* have lost, and our Adversity  
 No Limits finds. *Ticinus*, and the *Po*,  
 Swoln high, with *Romane* Slaughter, overflow :  
 And *Trebia*'s by *Sidonian* Trophies known ;  
 With that sad Land, that *Annus* did renown.  
 But why do I complain of this ? Alas,  
 Our present Miseries the rest surpass.  
 I saw thy Waters, *Tibrafimicus*, swell  
 With slaughter'd Men. *Flaminius*, when he fell  
 Amidst the Weapons, I beheld : and all  
 The Shades below ( my Gods ) to witness call,  
 That by a Death, worthy my Father, I,  
 With Slaughter of my Foes, then fought to dy ;  
 Had not hard Fates ( as they my dearest Sire  
 Refus'd ) deny'd a Death to my Desire.

Thus bitterly complaining, to divert  
 The Rest, old *Marus* speaks. Most noble Heart !  
 Whatever be our Lot, or whatsoe're  
 Our Fortune : it, like *Romanes*, let us bear.  
 Through various Chances, such, by the Decree  
 Of Heav'n, the Wheel of our Mortality  
 In a steep Path doth swiftly run. Of this  
 Thy Family a great Example is,  
 And fam'd through all the World. That Divine He,  
 Thy Noble Father (whom no Deity  
 Excels) 'mong all Eternal Honour gain'd,  
 For that he did Adversity withstand,  
 Nor shrunk from any Virtue ; till his Breath  
 Was from his struggling Body forc'd by Death.  
 I hardly was a Youth, when Down began  
 On *Regulus* his Cheeks to sign him Man :  
 Yet, then, I his Companion was, and We  
 Our Years still pass'd with kinde Society ;

Untill

Untill the angry Gods decreed that Light  
 Of the *Italian* Nation should quite  
 Extinguish'd be : within whose Noble Breast  
 Faith kept her Temple, and his Soul possest.  
 That Sword ( an Ensign of great Honour ) He,  
 As a Reward of Magnanimity,  
 On Me bestow'd, and Reins, you see, with Dust,  
 And Sinoak now cover'd o're ( but yet no Rust  
 Their Brightness stains ) such Gifts as these prefer  
*Marus* to any *Romane* Cavalier.

But, above all my Honours, I must prize  
 That <sup>(6)</sup> Spear, to which I often Sacrifice  
 Streams of *Lyæus* Blood, as here you see ;  
 'Tis worth your Time to know the History.

Slow *Bragada* plows up the thirsty Sand,  
 With troubled Waves : in all the *Libyan* Land,  
 No Flood more largely doth it self extend,  
 Or, swelling, doth its Waters farther send  
 O'er all the Fields. As thither We withdrew,  
 In search of Springs, of which that Land but few  
 Affords ; upon the Banks We joyfull fate,  
 Hard by the *Stygian* Grove, that did dilate,  
 To exclude the Day, its Shadow ev'ry where ;  
 And a thick Vapour, breaking through the Air,  
 Expir'd a noisom Smell : within was found  
 A dire, and spacious Cave ; that, under Ground,  
 With many Labyrinths did winding run,  
 And, ever Dark, had ne're beheld the Sun.  
 ( The very Thoughts of it my Soul invades  
 With Fear ) That fatal Bank, and *Stygian* Shades,  
 A most pernicious Monster, (by the Rage  
 Of Earth produc'd) whose Equal in no Age  
 Was seen, inhabited ; a Snake of Strength  
 Prodigious, and an hundred Ells in Length :

His

(6) By this Relique *Alanus* signified the old Religion of the *Latinæ*, who had in great Veneration the spears, or other Arms of ancient Heroes. For (as *Arrian* lib. 6. *Cypria* Gentes) *Alanus*, the *Romanes* formerly adored a Spear, instead of *Alari*.

His immense Paunch, furcharg'd with Poison (kill'd  
 Upon the River's Banks) or Lyons fill'd;  
 Or Heards, that, scorched by the furious Heat  
 Of the Sun's Rays, did thither make Retreat;  
 Or Birds, that, by his pestilential Breath  
 Attracted from the Skies, there found their Death:  
 Bones, half-devour'd, upon the Ground were spread.  
 And thus, when he had plentifully fed  
 On divers Prey, within his Noisom Den,  
 He belching lay, and when the Fire, agen,  
 Of Thirst was kindled from his fervent Food,  
 He came to quench it in the Neighb'ring Flood,  
 And foaming Waves; and, e're half-way within  
 The Water his vast Bulk had drenche'd been,  
 His Head upon the adverse Bank would ly.  
 Not thinking of so great a Monster, I  
 With *Havens*, and *Aquinus*, forward go,  
 T' explore the Silence of the Place, and know  
 The Wood: when Horror seiz'd, as we drew near,  
 Our Joynts, and all our Limbs congealed were,  
 With a most strange, unusual Cold, and yet  
 We enter, and the *Nymphs*, and Gods intreat  
 O'th' Flood, unknown, to favour what we do,  
 And thus, though full of Fear, presume to go  
 Into the secret Wood; when from the Mouth,  
 And Entrance of the Den (as from the *South*,  
 Raging with furious Storms) a *Stygian* Blast  
 Broke forth, and o're the Flood the Tempest cast,  
 Mix'd with an Hellish Noise. We, struck with Fear,  
 Gaze on each other's Face, and think We hear  
 The Earth to groan, and see it quake, the Den  
 To sink, and Ghosts to sally forth. But then  
 Big as those Snakes, wherewith the Giants arm'd  
 Themselves, when they the Court of Heav'n alarm'd:  
 Or

Or that which in the Fens of *Lerna* Thee,  
 (*Alcides*) tyr'd; or kept the golden Tree,  
 Such tearing up the Earth, and to the Skies  
 Lifting his Head, a Serpent here doth rise,  
 And 'mong the Clouds, disperfeth, here, and there,  
 His Foam, and as he gapes, infects the Air.  
 We fled, and out of Breath, with Horror, strove,  
 In vain, to raise a Cry (for all the Grove  
 His Hiss had fill'd) when *Umbrian Havens*, blind  
 With Fear, and much too blame (but Fate inclin'd  
 His Mind to what he did) himself betook  
 Unto the Body of an aged Oak,  
 Thinking, thereby, the Monster to deceive:  
 But (I my self could hardly this beleive,  
 Had I not seen 't) the Snake himself about  
 The Oak streight twines, and tears 't up by the Root.  
 Then trembling *Havens*, who to us for Aid  
 With his last Voice doth call, he doth invade,  
 And swallowing whole (this looking Back, I spy'd)  
 In his envenom'd Paunch doth quickly hide.  
 Next poor *Aquinus*, who, in's speedy Flight,  
 Himself unto the River did commit,  
 Swimming amidst the Stream, with foaming Jaws  
 He seizeth, and (a Death most cruel) draws  
 Back to the Banck, and there devours, while I  
 In the mean time, had Liberty to fly.  
 As much as my sick Thoughts permit, I haste,  
 And to the *General* tell all had past.  
 He sigh'd, and their sad Fate bewail'd, and as  
 Against an Enemy, in War he was  
 Most eager, burning with Desire to be  
 Active in high Attempts, commands, that we  
 With Speed, take Arms, and that the Choice of all  
 The Horse, into the Field should quickly fall:  
 Himself

Himself advanc'd before, and gave Command,  
 That instantly a Target-bearing Band  
 Should follow, with the Engines us'd to be  
 Employ'd 'gainst Walls, and Towr's, for Battery.  
 And now, when, prancing on the Champaign Ground,  
 The furious Steeds began to Thunder round  
 His dismal Cave, the Serpent, hissing loud,  
 Leaps forth. A *Stygian* Vapour, like a Cloud,  
 Breaks from his smoking Mouth; from's glaring Eye,  
 A Flame, as terrible as Lightning, flies:  
 His Crest, erected High, appears above  
 The Tops of tallest Trees within the Grove.  
 His Trident Tongue, which with a Motion quick  
 He waveth in the Air, the Stars doth lick.  
 But, when he heard the Trumpets sound, amaz'd,  
 His immense Body strait aloft he rais'd:  
 Then into numerous Rings, beneath his Breast,  
 Contracts his Tail, and on his Back doth rest.  
 Thus fitted for the Fight, those twisted Rings  
 Were soon resolv'd, and, as himself he flings  
 At Length, he suddenly, as if at Hand,  
 The Faces, ev'n of those that farthest stand,  
 Invades. The Horses now no more obey  
 The Reins, or Curbs, but as they fly away  
 Trembling, and panting, from his Sight, expire,  
 From their extended Nostrills, frequent Fire.  
 On his swollen Neck to ev'ry Side he moves  
 His lofty Head; and, as his Rage improves,  
 Flings some aloft, some with his Weight were crush'd,  
 And as from broken Bones the Marrow Gush'd,  
 He licks it up, and, while the Blood doth flow  
 About his Jaws, invades another Fo,  
 And half-devoured Bodies throws away:  
 And now the Ensigns all, as if the Day

Were

Were lost, Retreat. Yet some, that farthest fly,  
 By his contagious Breath infected, dy.  
 But your great Father, lab'ring to restrain  
 The flying Troops, thus calls them back again.  
 What? to a Serpent basely turn your Backs,  
*Italian* Youth? and yield to *Libyan* Snakes  
*Ausonia's* Honour? If his Breath subdue  
 The Cowards; or their Courage, as they view  
 Him gape, be lost: Alone, I'll undertake  
 To fight the Monster. And, as this he spake,  
 From his strong Arm, a winged Jav'lin flies:  
 The barbed Point whereof between his Eys (Strength,  
 Not lightly wounds his Front; and, Thrown with  
 Within the Head o'th' reeling Beast, at length,  
 It sinks, and Trembling stands. Confused Cries,  
 And Shouts of Joy, now strike the Marbled Skies.  
 Till then the Earth-born Monster ne're did feel  
 (Though he had liv'd so long) the wounding Steel:  
 A Stranger to all Pain; and, scorning so  
 To yield to any, doth more Furious grow.  
 Nor had his Rage been vain (which borrow'd Force  
 From what he felt) if, skill'd to guide his Horse,  
 (After the Wound) your Father had not wav'd  
 His fierce Assault, and, turning nimbly, sav'd  
 Himself: while, winding ev'ry way with Speed,  
 He furiously pursu'd the wheeling Steed.  
 But all this while your *Marus* did not stand,  
 As a Spectatour, with an idle Hand.  
 The second Spear, that wounded him, I flung.  
 Just as the weary Steed his forked Tongue  
 Lick'd on the Back, with all my Strength I threw  
 My Weapon: and, by that upon Me drew  
 His Fury, and the War; till all the Bands,  
 By our Example led, employ'd their Hands,

A a

And

And storm'd him with their Darts, that him engage  
 Alternately to exercise his Rage;  
 Till from a Warlike Engine, by a Stroke,  
 That would have batter'd down a Wall, we broke  
 His Strength, and yet (although he could no more,  
 His Back now broken, raise as heretofore  
 His Head unto the Clouds) more furious on,  
 He strove to come, till the *Phalarick* Stone  
 Into his Belly sunk, and then the Sight  
 Of both his Eyes, by winged Shafts, was quite  
 Extinguish'd: by those many Wounds, his Death  
 Approach'd. Then through his wider Jaws, his Breath  
 Infectious Poison (his last Refuge) cast.  
 Thus by our Darts, and pond'rous Stones, at last,  
 Stretch'd on the Ground, he prostrate lay, and yet  
 His Jaws, extended Wide, appear'd to threat,  
 Till, from an Engine shot, a Beam, that through  
 The yeilding Air, with a loud Fragour flew,  
 Struck off his Head, which as he gasping lay,  
 A pale dark Cloud of Poison (that the Day  
 Infected where it went) his Mouth exhal'd.  
 The mournfull River strait his Death bewail'd,  
 With hideous Groans, and dolefull Murmurs move  
 Upon the Waves; the Den, and Native Grove,  
 And Banks (upon whose Sands he us'd to Roul)  
 With a loud Echo Roar, and sadly howl.  
 But oh, how soon this dismal Fight we rue!  
 With how great Loss! What Punishment we drew,  
 What Plagues upon our selves? The Prophets strait  
 Us of our Dangers, but (Alas!) too late,  
 Admonish; that we had the Servant slain  
 Of the blew *Naiades*, that did remain  
 In *Bragada's* warm Streams. But then this Spear  
 (As Honour, and Reward for what I there

Had

Had done) your Father gave Me, 'cause it stood  
 First fix'd, and drank the Sacred Serpent's Blood.  
 The Noble Youth, who wept while he relates  
 This Story, interrupts him. If the Fates  
 Had suffer'd Him to live till now (said He)  
*Trebia* had ne're o'reflow'd with Blood, nor we  
 Had seen thy Billows (*Thrasimennus*) hide  
 So many Noble Names. *Marius* reply'd;  
 Yet he the *Piacles* of his sad Fate,  
 And cruel Torments, did anticipate  
 With *Tyrian* Blood. For *Africk*, wanting Men,  
 Her Wealth confum'd, had begg'd our Mercy; when  
*Thersipne*, mov'd by some malignant Star  
 Sent forth <sup>(c)</sup> a Man to prosecute the War.  
 Of Stature he was low; no comely Grace  
 Of Meen, or Signs of Honour in his Face:  
 But admirable Vigour in so small  
 A Body; Active: one, that could the Tall,  
 And Larger-Limb'd, o'recome. This Man, design'd  
 To manage now the War against us, joyn'd  
 To Arms strong Policy. In Defarts he  
 Could live, and greatest Hardship easily  
 Survive. Not *Hannibal*, who now so well  
 For *Libya* guides the War, doth him excell.  
 Oh would to Heaven, *Taygeta*! (most sad,  
 And fatal unto us) by thee He had,  
 Upon *Eurota's* Banks, ne're hardned been:  
 Then in victorious Flames I might have seen  
*Phenissæ's* Walls to sink, nor then the Fall  
 Had I lamented of my *General*.  
 Nor should (for Death, nor Fire can ease my Wo)  
 My Griefs bear with me to the Shades below.  
 Both Armies take the Field, and through the Plains  
 The God of War grows hot, and Fury Reigns

A 2 2

In

(c) *Xanthippus* (born in *Therapne* a small Town of *Locroa*) who was sent by the *Lacedæmonians*, to be *General*, for the *Corinthians*, in the first War against the *Romans*: who under the Conduct of *Attilius Regulus*, very much prevailed in *Africa*. This Character given him by the *Poet*, agreeeth with that of *Polybius* (*lib. i.*) as of a Captain, who so far exceeded all of his Time, that, by his sole Conduct, the Forces of many, that were thought invincible, were overthrown





He, in their View, as singoth a Forehead bore,  
 As when he first, on the *Sidonian* Shore,  
 Arrived with his Fleet. With his Consent,  
 In the same Ship, I his Companion went;  
 Resolving his Adversity to share,  
 And thought it greater Fortitude to bear  
 Their Nastiness, ill Diet, and their poor,  
 Obdurate Beds, and to contend with more  
 Important Miseries; then to subdue  
 A Fo. Nor is't so honourable to  
 Avoid Misfortunes, by our Vigilance;  
 As to O'come, by Noble Sufferance,  
 Whatever Fate can do. And yet (though I  
 Knew his severe, and rigid Constancy)  
 I hop'd, if Heav'n permitted us to come  
 Within our Citie's Walls, and see our Home,  
 His Heart might then relent, or by your Tears  
 (At least) be mollifi'd. Thus I my Fears  
 Kept in my Breast, and thought that he inclin'd  
 To weep, and had, in Misery, a Minde  
 Like mine. But, when we came to *Tybur*, I  
 Obsery'd his Face, and most intently  
 Beheld his Looks, which inward Sense betray.  
 But credit me (brave Youth) in what I say,  
 His Countenance amid'st a thousand Toils  
 Abroad, and when at Home enrich'd with Spoils,  
 And when to cruel *Carthage* he was sent,  
 And in the Instant of his Punishment,  
 Unalter'd I beheld, and still the Same.  
 Then all *Aufonia* from her Cities came  
 To meet the Captive; all the Neighb'ring Hills,  
 (The Plains already throng'd) their Number fills,  
 And *Tybur* to his Banks the Noise imparts:  
 But the *Sidonian* Princes (cruel Hearts!)

Strive

Strive to reduce him to their Countrey's Drefs,  
 And so the Honour of the Gown suppress.  
 The *Senate* weeping stood; the *Matrons* throng;  
 And Youth, to shew their Greifs; while He, among  
 So many Sighs, unmoved stands. His Hand,  
 The *Consul* on the Shore, as he on Land  
 First step, extends to help him, and to meet  
 With kind Respect, and his Arrival greet:  
 He stepping back (still carefull of our State)  
 Requires the *Consul* not to violate  
 His Supream Dignity, but to retire.  
 Then on he goes, (while Weeping we admire  
 His Constancy) and compas'd by the proud  
*Sidonians*, and with them a Captive Croud,  
 Rais'd Envy in the Gods. But now, his Flame,  
 With her two hopefull Sons, sad *Martia* came;  
 Unhappy in her Noble Lords Excess  
 Of Virtue, that disdain'd in his Distress,  
 To stoop to Fortune. Her dishevel'd Hair,  
 And Robes, neglected, as she sadly tare,  
 Oh know'st thou not the Day, or can it be,  
 It touch'd thee not in younger Years (said she)  
 And when in *Tyrian* Habit (like Disguise)  
 Deform'd she saw him, then with mournfull Cryes,  
 She fainting fell, and strait grew Cold, and Pale  
 In all her Limbs (Oh let our Prayers prevail!  
 And if the Gods be just, may *Carthage* see  
 Such the *Sidonian* Mothers!) then to me  
 He whispers, and commands that I remove  
 You, and your Mother, while he still doth prove  
 Impenetrable 'gainst the strongest Blow  
 Of Grief, and Scorns that Yoak to undergo.  
 Here with deep Sighs, and Tears complaining, thus  
 The Youth begun: Dear Father, whom with us

No

No Deity excells, that doth remain  
 In the *Tarpeian* Tow'rs ; if to Complain  
 May be allow'd to Piety : Oh ! why  
 This Comfort unto Us did'st Thou deny ?  
 Or why, Oh ! why (Thou too severe) that Grace  
 Did'st thou refuse to touch thy Sacred Face,  
 Or Kifs Thee ? To joyn Hands, was it a Sin  
 So great ? How much these Wounds had lighter been,  
 If, fixed in my Minde, when I repair  
 To Shades below, I Thy Embrace might bear ?  
 But I in vain these things Record ; for we  
 Were then (my *Marus*) in our Infancy.  
 Yet, I remember well, his Form was more  
 Then Humane ; that his Locks descended o're  
 His Manly Neck, white as the *Alpine* Snow ;  
 Stern Majesty was seated on his Brow :  
 The Venerable *Index* of his Minde ;  
 Such as, since then, mine Eyes could never finde.

Then *Marus*, him advising to refrain,  
 By such Complaints, to vex his Wounds again,  
 Resumes the Word. What ? when he careless past  
 By his own Household Gods, and went in haste  
 To the *Sidonians* curs'd (\*) Abode ? his Eyes  
 The Monuments of his great Victories  
 Then saw hung up ; as Shields, and Chariots, and  
 Known Darts : while at the Door his Wife doth stand  
 And cries ; Oh ! whither goes my *Regulus* ?  
 This is no *Punic* Dungeon, that Thou thus  
 Should'st fly both it, and Me. The Foot-steps here  
 Of our Chast Marriage-Bed are yet as clear,  
 As at the first. Our House still entertains  
 Its Gods without a Crime : Then say : what Stains  
 In us thou find'st ? The *Senate* gave thee Joy,  
 When I to thee This, and that other, Boy

Had

(\*) Such Ambassadors, as came from their Enemies, the *Romans* never admitted into their City ; but treated with them in the Temples of *Mars*, or *Apoll*, that stood without the Walls. And, though *Regulus* was admitted to the *Senate*, yet, according to his Promise, he returned to lodge with them, whose Quarter was on the other Side of *Tiber*. See *Polybius*, Eccl. 14.

Had born : Oh turn, and see ! This House is Thine,  
 Where Thou, a Noble *Consul*, once didst shine  
 In Purple Robes ; and, marching from this Door,  
 Did'st see the *Romane Fasces* go before.  
 Hence did'st Thou go to War, and here, with Me,  
 Wert wont the Trophies of Thy Victory  
 To fix, against these Posts. I ask not now  
 The Rites of *Hymen*, or Our Nuptial Vow :  
 Onely desist Our Household-Gods to slight,  
 And to Thy Sons, at least, allow This Night.  
 Amidst these Tears, He with the *Tyrians* goes  
 To lodge, and left Her venting thus Her Woes.

Scarce had the rising Day on *Orta* seen  
 The Place, where great *Alicides* Pile had been ;  
 When for the *Libyan* Lords the *Consul* sent.  
 I, at the Gate beheld (\*) Him, as He went  
 Into the Temple : what the *Senate* there  
 Debated, what His last Addressess were  
 To the sad, weeping Court, Himself to Me  
 Did Chearfully relate. So soon as He  
 Was enter'd ; with their Hands, and Voices, all  
 Him to his wonted Seat, contending, call.  
 But He, the antient Honour of His Place  
 Rejects ; while they, about Him throng'd, embrace,  
 And take Him by the Hand, and thus intreat ;  
 He would restore a Captain of so great  
 A Name unto his Countrey ; He might be  
 Exchang'd for Numbers in Captivity.  
 And then more justly might the *Tyrian* Land,  
 And Towers, be wasted by that valiant Hand ;  
 Which they had bound in Chains. But He, His Eyes,  
 And Hands together, lifting to the Skies,  
 Thou God of Justice (said) that govern'st all !  
 And Faith, whom I no less Divine may call !

B b

And

(\*) *Regulus*

And *Sarran Juno*! all invoc'd by Me,  
 My Promise of Return to testify!  
 Let Me speak Worthy of my self, and by  
 My Words prevent my Countie's Ruin: I  
 More chearfull shall to *Carthage* go (said He)  
 If that my Promise of Return may be  
 Preserv'd, though 't be to Punishment. Oh then!  
 Desist to tender unto Me agen  
 That Honour, with Destruction to the State.  
 My many Years, and Wars, accelerate  
 My Death: and now, by long Imprisonment,  
 And Bonds, in this my Age, my Strength is spent.  
 Your *Regulus* Was once, and did pursue  
 The hardest Duties of the War, when you  
 Did know Him such: but now within a Cold,  
 And bloodless Body, you a Name behold.  
 Oh! let not *Carthage* then (that House of Fraud,  
 That doth her self in Treachery applaud)  
 Not knowing how great things to Us remain,  
 Think, for this aged Body, to regain  
 Her Captiv'd Youth, Men fit for War. But go  
 Arm'd against Her Deceits, and let her know  
 What *Rome* can do; though I am Captivate:  
 Nor let a Peace accepted be, but what  
 Our (g) Fathers entertain'd. They now require  
 (And gave it Me in Charge, as their Desire)  
 That in an equal League, the War be weigh'd,  
 And equal Laws on either Side be made.  
 But may I Sink to *Styx*, before I see  
 The *Romanes* to so base a Peace agree.  
 This said; the Court resolving to pursue  
 His Faithfull, Grave Advice: he strait withdrew,  
 Himself to render to the *Libyans* Ire.  
 Who, with a sad Repulse of their Desire

(g) Which Conditions were; That the *Carthaginians* should not invade *Sicily*; nor any the Isles of King *Hieron*; That they should quit all the Islands between *Sicily*, and *Italy*; That all Captives should be released without Ransom, and that they should pay Tribute to the *Romanes* for twenty years. See *Polybius*, lib. 1.

Dismiss'd,

Dismiss'd, return'd, through the *Herculean* Main,  
 Threatning their cheerfull Captive, Home again.  
 After the *Senate*, now, a mournfull Croud  
 Of People throng, and all the Fields with loud  
 Complaints are fill'd: sometimes resolv'd again  
 To call him back, or else by Force retain,  
 With their just Grievs. But Trembling, 'bove them all,  
 His Wife, as at his sudden Funeral,  
 When to the Ship he went, with dolefull Cries,  
 And Shreekings, to the Sea, as Frantick, flies.  
 Take Me along, O *Libyans*, let Me  
 Share both his Death, and Punishment (said She)  
 My Dear (I beg this One thing onely, by  
 Those Pledges of our Loves) permit, that I  
 May Share with Thee whatever Dangers be  
 Destin'd by Land, or Sea, or Heav'n to Thee:  
 I did not send *Xanippus* to the War,  
 Nor did I give those heavy Chains, that are  
 About thy Neck: why then dost fly Me so  
 To Punishment? Oh! give me leave to go;  
 Me, and my Children, and perhaps, our Tears  
 May *Carthage* move to Pity. If her Ears  
 The cruel City stop, we then may all,  
 Thou, and thy Family together fall:  
 Or, if resolv'd to dy, here dy with Me;  
 For I a Sharer in thy Fate will be.

As thus she spoke, the Vessel by Degrees,  
 Loos'd from the Shore, to put to Sea, She sees:  
 Then most Unhappy, mad with Grief, She cries,  
 (Lifting her weary Hands unto the Skies)  
 See Him that boasts, with treach'rous *Libyans*, thus,  
 And Foes, to keep his Faith, but what to Us  
 Was promis'd Violates! Oh! where is now  
 (Perfidious man) thy Faith, and Nuptial Vow?  
 B b 2 These

These Words He, unrelenting, heard. The rest  
The Noise, and Dashing of the Oars, suppress'd.

Then down the River, with the Stream, We run  
Unto the Borders, where the Sea begun.

O're which We sail, and with Our hollow Pine  
Cleave the vast Billows, foaming with their Brine.  
I, dreading, more than Death, proud *Libya's* Scorn,  
Wish'd that the Ship, by some rude Tempest born  
Against some Rock, might split; or else that We  
Might, by the raging Seas, o'rewhelm'd be.

But gently-breathing Winds, the Vessel bore  
Away, and Us to *Libyan* Rage restore:

Which I, unhappy, saw; and Home was sent,  
A sad Relatour of his Punishment.

'Twas an hard Task: nor would I now relate  
To Thee, how *Carthage* then did imitate  
The Fury of wild Beasts, to vent their Spleen:  
If any Age, in all the World, had seen  
Any thing Greater, then that high, and brave  
Example, which the Rev'rent Virtue gave  
Of your great Father. 'Twere a Shame for Me  
To add Complaints to those dire Torments, He,  
So unconcern'd, endur'd: and truly You,  
Worthy of so great Blood, Yourself should shew,

By wiping Tears away. A <sup>(b)</sup> Cage they build  
Of Wood, whose Grates, on ev'ry Side, were fill'd  
With equal Pikes of Steel, which sharp, and thick,  
By Art, in Order, plac'd, erected stick.

All Sleep by this Invention was deny'd,  
And when, through length of Time, to either Side  
Dull Slumbers Him inclin'd, a Row of Pikes  
Into his Bowels, through his Body strikes.  
Oh! cease to grieve (brave Youth) suppress thy Tears.  
He Overcomes, that this with Patience bears.

His

(b) The Cage, built in form of a Cage, and proportioned to his body, is built (though briefly) described by our author, who, in describing, sends out exact picture of his punishment, mentioned by *Virgil's Aeneid* (lib. 6. p. 276). That they cut off his eyelids, so that he could not see, is a detail of his punishment, which is not mentioned here, as it is not necessary to the story, and is only a detail of his punishment.

His Glory long shall flourish: while in Heav'n,  
Or Earth, to constant Faith, a Place is giv'n;  
Or Virtue's Sacred Name alive shall be.  
A Day shall come, wherein Posterity  
(Great *Regulus*) shall tremble, when they hear  
Thy Fate, which Thou with so much Scorn did'st bear.  
Thus *Marns* spoke, and with sad Care, again,  
His Wounds fomented, to allay the Pain.

Fame, in the mean time, having sprinkled o're  
Her rapid Wings with Blood (as if before  
Dip'd in the Streams of *Thrasimenes*) Lies  
With Truth commixing, through the City flies,  
And to the People's Minds again recalls  
The Loss of *Allia*, and *Tarpeian* VValls,  
Storm'd by the *Senones*. Sad Terror shakes  
Her Reins, and Fear the Tempest greater makes.  
Now to the Walls, with winged Speed, She flies,  
An horrid Voice is heard, OUR ENEMIES  
APPROACH: and then with Piles, and Darts, the Air,  
In vain, they beat. Th' affrighted Matrons bare  
Their hoary Locks, and with them, as they Weep,  
The Walls, and Pavements of the Temples sweep,  
And to the Gods, for Friends deceased, pray;  
Too late Alas! and rest not Night, or Day.  
Howling with Grief, the scatter'd People ly  
Before the Gates, and with a carefull Eye  
All that return observe. About them throng,  
And, as they speak, hang listning at their Tongue;  
But cannot Credit give, if News of Joy  
They chance to tell, and yet again their Stay  
Intreat, and sometimes with sad Looks, alone,  
Not Words, with such, as haisted to be gone,  
Prevail for Things, and yet Trembling stand  
To hear, what they so Earnestly demand.

Bad

Bad News doth Force their Tears, and, if deni'd  
 To know, or if the Messenger reply'd  
 With doubtfull Words, from thence new Fears arise.  
 And now when Troops returning, to their Eyes,  
 More near appear'd, out at the Gates they run  
 ( Fearing they had been lost ) and then begun  
 To Kifs their Wounds, and tire the Gods with Pray'r.  
 Among these, honoured for his pious Care,  
 Old *Marns*, with him, young *Serranus* led.  
 And *Martia*, who since *Regulus* was dead,  
 Still kept at Home, all Company forsook,  
 And onely for her Childrens Sake did brook  
 The Light, now runs into a Grief as great,  
 As was her former. Though distracted, strait  
 She *Marns* knew, and thus accosts him: Thou,  
 ( Great Faiths renown'd Companion ) surely now  
 Thou giv'st me lighter Wounds : or say, hath Fate  
 Caus'd the revengefull Sword to penetrate  
 Into my Bowels, deep? What e're it be,  
 So *Carthage* Him in Chains may never see,  
 Nor Sacrifice Him to His Father's Pain,  
 I'm pleas'd. Ye Gods! How oft have I, in vain  
 ( Oh my dear Son ) intreated Thee, forbear  
 Thy Father's Courage, and His Heat in War :  
 That his sad Glory might not Thee engage  
 In Arms. I have, of too vivacious Age  
 The hard Afflictions undergone. But now  
 Spare Us, I pray, ye Gods! If any of you  
 For Us have fought: suppress the Enemy!

But when this fullen Cloud of Misery  
 Was past; the *Senate* with all Speed prepares  
 To give Support to their distress'd Affairs.  
 All strive, with Emulation, the War  
 To undertake; and present Dangers bar

The

The Progress of their Griefs. The chie fof all  
 Their Cares was, to appoint a *General*,  
 Upon whose Conduct shaken *Italy*,  
 And the whole Frame of her Affairs, might be  
 Impos'd; when now their Countrey did appear  
 To sink. For *Jove* resolv'd to defer,  
 Awhile, the Time of Her Imperial Pow'r :  
 And, rising, look'd from the *Albanian* Tow'r  
 Upon the *Tyrrhen* People, and beheld  
 The *Carthaginian*, with Successes swell'd,  
 Preparing his Victorious Arms t' invade  
 Our Walls. But *Jove*, his Head then shaking, said :  
 I never will permit, that Thou shalt come,  
 Proud *Libyan* Youth, within the Walls of *Rome*.  
 Thou mayst the *Tyrrhen* Vales with Slaughter fill,  
 And make with *Latine* Blood the Rivers swell,  
 And overflow their Banks : but I defend,  
 That the *Tarpeian* Rock thou shouldst ascend ;  
 Or to those Walls ( so dear to Me ) aspire.  
 With that, four Times, he threw his forked Fire ;  
 Which shin'd through all the *Tyrrhen* Land, and cast  
 A Cloud upon the Army, as it past  
 From the divided Heav'n. But, yet, all this  
 The *Libyan* to divert could not suffice.  
 With that the God th' *Aeneades* posselt  
 With Resolution, in a faithfull Breast,  
 The Nation to repose, and put the Reins  
 Of Safety into Noble *Fabius* Hands.  
 Perceiving then the Pow'r of War to be  
 Entrusted to his Care; not Him ( said He )  
 Envy, nor Fame, with *Libyan* Vanity  
 Guided; nor Spoil; nor cunning Treachery ;  
 Nor other base Desires shall overthrow :  
 Skilfull, and old in War, He well doth know  
 Success,

Success, and Loss with equal Thoughts to bear;  
His Minde well temper'd both for Peace, and War.  
Thus *Jove*: and then remounted to the Skies.

This *Fabius*, whom his Foes could ne're surprize  
In Arms, and thus by *Jove* commended, thought  
Himself most Happy, when entire He brought  
Those Numbers Home again, which He before  
Conducted to the Field; and no Man more  
Desir'd Himself, or dearest Son to spare,  
Then He did them; none with so sad a Care  
Beheld their Wounds in Fight: and when again  
He came, a Conquerour, with the Noble Stain  
Of hostile Blood besmear'd, his Legions all  
Appear'd compleat, before the Citie's Wall.  
His fam'd Original with Heav'n did claim  
Alliance: for when great *Aleides* came  
From *Spain*, *Gerion's* Spoils (his Monstrous Kine)  
He, that Way, where the Walls of *Rome* do shine,  
In Triumph drove. Then did *Arcadius* found  
(As Fame reports) in Rude, and Desert Ground  
His Palace, and a needy People swai'd:  
When, by his Sacred Guest, the Royal Maid,  
*Arcas* (his Daughter) overcome, with Joy,  
From that her Crime of Love, conceiv'd a Boy,  
Was *Fabius* nam'd; from Him, a Mother she  
Became, to a *Tyrinthian* Progeny.  
And hence three hundred *Fabii* once did go,  
All from one House, in Arms, against the Fo;  
Whose most Renowned Actions, by his Wife  
Delaies (which then Alone could equalize  
The *Libyan* Conduct) this Our *Fabius* all  
Excell'd. So great, then, wert Thou *Hannibal*!

But, while the *Latines* busily prepare  
To raise Recruits, and re-inforce the War,

The

The *Carthaginian* Captain, terrified  
By *Jove*, and having lai'd his Hopes aside  
Of batt'ring *Rome's* high Walls, his Army leads  
Up to the *Umbrian* Hills, where *Tuder* spreads,  
Upon an high Descent, its hanging Walls,  
And where *Mevania* o're large Fields exhales  
Thick, gloomy Clouds; and, Consecrate to *Jove*  
Fat Bulls, through Rich, and Wealthy Pastures move.  
From thence, desirous of *Picenian* Prey,  
Through the *Palladian* Fields he makes his Way,  
And wherefoe're the Spoil invites Him, there  
His wandering Troops, their plundering Ensigns bear:  
Till fair *Campania* stop'd his furious Course  
And, undefended, entertain'd the Force  
O'th' War, within her Bosome. As He there  
Beheld the Temple, and the Buildings near  
(*Linternus* swelling Stream, he fix'd his Eyes)  
Upon the various Pictures, where he spies,  
The Monuments o'th' former War, maintain'd,  
By th' *Romane Senate*. For they there remain'd  
Carv'd on the Porches, and all things exprest  
In Order, and at large. Before the rest  
Great *Regulus* appears to instigate  
The War: a War, which (had he known his Fate)  
He would have shun'd. There Noble (*k*) *Appius* stood  
In a pitch'd Field, and high in *Libyan* Blood,  
From their great Slaughter, a just Triumph, Crown'd  
With Lawrel gain'd. Near these, at Sea renown'd,  
(*l*) *Duilius*, on a Snow-white Column Rose,  
Bearing his Naval Trophies; Stems, and Prows  
Of Ships, the first that *Italy* had known  
Those Spoils (the *Tyrian* Navy overthrown)  
To Dedicate to *Neptune*. Near Him stand,  
His Nightly Glories, shining Torches, and

C c

His

(k) A River of *Campania*, upon the Banks of which stood *Luturnum*, a small Town, made famous by the Renowned *Africanus*; who, after his Disgrace at *Rome*, thought this more worthy to retain his Ashes, than *his* ingratefull Countrey.

(l) *Appius Claudius Pulcher*, Consul with *C. Nottum Flaccus*, got his Victory over *Hannibal* King of *Syracuse*, and the *Carthaginians*, that came to his Assistance, had the Honour of Triumph.

(m) *Cornelius Duilius* was the first, that triumphed for a Naval Victory, gained by him over the *Carthaginians*: and assumed to himself, without the Allowance, either of *Senate*, or People, as a perpetual Honour, when he returned from any *Feath*, to have Torches, and a Trumpeter, to march before him.

His Sacred Trumpeter, that from a Feast  
Was wont with chearfull Sounds (that Joy exprest)  
T' attend him to his honour'd Home : and then

(<sup>m</sup>) The Honours of that Noble Citizen,  
Deceas'd, He sees. Near these doth *Scipio* stand,  
And celebrates, in the (<sup>n</sup>) *Sardinian* Land,  
The *Tyrian* Captain's Funerals, subdu'd  
By Him. Then, on the *Libyan* Shores, He view'd  
The routed Bands, in scatter'd Parties, fly  
About the Field, and *Regulus* hard by,  
Pursuing at their Backs : the *Nomades*,  
The *Garamantians*, the *Autololes*,  
The *Moors*, and *Hammon* lay down Arms, and yield  
Their Cities up. Within a Sandy Field  
Slow *Bragada* with Poison foams, and there  
A Serpent 'gainst an Army makes a War.

Then from his Ship (<sup>o</sup>) *Xantippus* thrown, in vain  
Calling upon the Gods, was in the Main  
By a perfidious Band, most sadly drown'd.  
And there too late (great *Regulus*) He found  
The Punishment of Thy unhappy Death.  
The two *Egates* likewise, from beneath  
The Waves, they make to rise : about them lay  
Torn Ships, and *Libyans*, floating on the Sea.

Lord of the Ocean, then (<sup>p</sup>) *Lucretius* bore  
Away, with a propitious Gale, to Shore  
The Captiv'd Ships. With these (in Order all)  
*Amilcar* (Father to the *General*)

Stood (<sup>q</sup>) bound, and, from all other Objects, drew  
Upon himself the People's Eyes, to view  
His stern Aspect : and then was to be seen  
The Face of Peace, the Altars, that had been  
Polluted with the League, and *Jove* deceiv'd,  
The *Romane* giving Laws ; and, as they heav'd

Their

(<sup>m</sup>) After his Death, his Statue was placed in the *Forum*, and continued till the Time of *Plautus*, as he attests, lib. 23. cap. 5.

(<sup>n</sup>) I. *Carthago* *Scipio*, *Consul*, overthrew, in *Sardinia*, *Hanno* the *Carth* *General*, G. 50. 2. ; flew Him, and gave Him Burial, lib. 17.

(<sup>o</sup>) One Author follows the vulgar Opinion, that, after the Defeat of *Regulus*, the *Carthaginians* seem'd highly to value *Xantippus* his Service, and dismiss'd him with great Honour, and Rewards. But fearing a future Reproach of the great Benefits they had receiv'd by his Conduct, they gave him a rotten Ship newly trimm'd, which, some say, sunk with him by the Way ; others, that the Seamen were instructed to drown him : but *Polybius*, more important of these Opinions, affirms, that, fearing their Treachery, he prudently withdrew himself. *Polyb.* lib. 1.

(<sup>p</sup>) *Lucretius*, *Consul*, his Victory near the Island, *Egates*. See before in the *Third Book*.

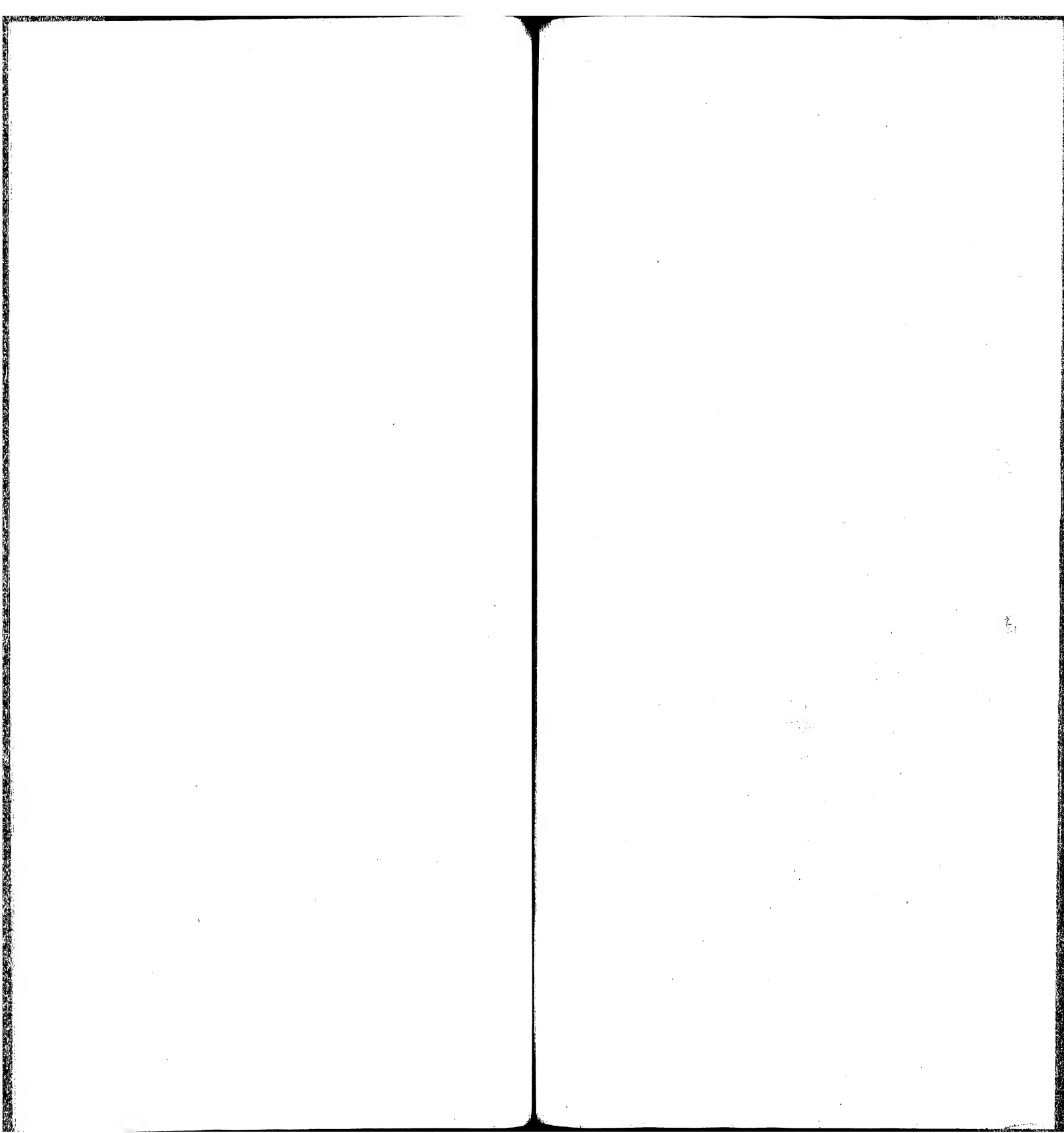
(<sup>q</sup>) It was a Custom among the *Romans*, to describe, in Picture, the Nations, that had been conquered by them, and to bear in Triumph the Images of such *Governors*, as were overthrown, and clasp'd their Hands. As this *Amilcar*, who never was their Captive ; and *Hannibal*, described in *Scipio's* Triumph, see lib. 17. *infra*.

Their Axes up, the *Libyan* trembling stands,  
And, begging Pardon with submissive Hands,  
Swears, but in vain, the League. This, from the Sky,  
Fair *Cytherea*, with a joyfull Eye,  
Beheld. But, when the *Libyan General*  
Had, with a troubled Brow, surva'd it all ;  
His slow contracted Rage, that all the while  
Boil'd in His Breast, thus, with a scornfull Smile  
He vents. We, likewise, things as great, by Me  
Perform'd, shall carved on Our Houses see.  
Let Me (O *Carthage*) see *Saguntus*, all  
At once, by Fire, and Sword, together fall.  
Sons by their Fathers kill'd, and let there be  
Space, large enough, the Conquer'd *Alps* to see,  
Whereon Victorious *Nomades* may ride,  
And *Garamantians*. Let Me see, beside,  
*Ticinus* overflow his Banks with Blood,  
And *Trebia's*, and *Thrasimenus* Flood  
Choak'd up with *Thuscan* Corps. *Flaminius*, great  
In Body, and in Arms, there finde his Fate.  
Let *Consul Scipio* bleeding fly, and, on  
The weary Shoulders of his Pious Son,  
To's Friends, be born. Let this divulg'd be ;  
*Carthage* shall greater things hereafter see.  
*Rome* burnt in *Libyan* Flames shall there be shown,  
And *Jove* from his *Tarpeian* Temple thrown.  
In the mean time (as it becomes Ye) you,  
Brave Youth, by whose Assistance I can do,  
And have done things so Great, go quickly ; burn  
Those Monuments, and them to Ashes turn.

The End of the Sixth Book

C c 2

Sil







His Understanding more, than Man's, no Force  
Of Darts, no Weapons, nor the Strength of Horse  
Regarded; but he went, alone, 'gainst all  
The *Libyan* Forces, and their *General*,  
As yet Unconquer'd; keeping in his Breast,  
Alone, the Strength, and Safety of the Rest:  
And, if He had not then resolv'd to stay  
The Course of Adverse Fortune, by Delay,  
That, the last Age of the *Dardanian* Name  
Had surely been, and *Rome* had lost her Fame.  
The Favour of the Gods, that did attend  
The *Punic* Arms, He temper'd, and an End  
To *Libya's* Conquests put. The Enemy,  
Insulting in the Woes of *Italy*,  
By his wife Conduct He debell'd, and all  
The Fraud deluded of proud *Hannibal*.  
Most Noble *General*! Who *Troy* again,  
Lapsing to Ruin, dost alone sustain,  
And sinking *Italy*! Who dost uphold  
*Evander's* Empire, and whate're of old  
The Labours of our Fathers gain'd in Wars,  
Go on, and raise thy Name unto the Stars.

But, when new Titles had proclaim'd the Choice  
Of the *Dictator*, by the publick Voice,  
The *Libyan* Prince, revolving in his Minde,  
That something of Importance had inclin'd  
The *Romanes* to that Change of their Command,  
So suddenly, desir'd to understand  
What was the Fortune of the Man, what were  
His Honours, or why *Fabius* should appear  
Their last, safe Authour, in Distress? Why He,  
After so many Storms, by *Rome* should be  
Thought equal unto *Hannibal*? and yet  
It vex'd him, that his Years did want that Heat,

That

That might expose him, through Temerity,  
To his Deceits, and therefore instantly  
He for a Captive calls, t'enquire of all  
His Customs, Actions, and Original.  
*Cilnius*, a Youth, and of a Noble Name,  
From fair *Aretium* to *Ticinus* came,  
In an unhappy Hour, and by a Wound,  
That overthrew his Horse, fall'n to the Ground:  
His Neck to *Libyan* Chains then yielded. He,  
Desirous by his Death himself to free,  
The *Libyan* thus informs. Thou hast not, now,  
With fierce *Flaminius* (said He) to do,  
Or *Gracchus* rash Resolves: his Family  
From the *Tyrinthian* Gods deriv'd; had he  
Within thy Countrey (*Hannibal*) been born,  
*Carthage* the World's Imperial Crown had Worn.  
With along *Series* I'll not strive to show  
Particulars: let this suffice, to know  
The *Fabii*, by one Combat having broke  
The Peace, and shaken off the *Romane* Yolk,  
The bold *Veientes* brought the War's Alarms  
Ev'n to our Gates; the *Consul* cites to Arms  
Th' old lifted Bands; *Alcides* Progeny  
Fills up a private Camp; one Family  
Sends a <sup>(a)</sup> *Patrician* Army to the Fight,  
Three hundred Captains (each whereof you might  
Trust safely with the Conduct of a War)  
Appear. But, going forth, they threatned are  
With dire Prefages. Conscious of their Fate,  
The trembling Threshold of the <sup>(b)</sup> Guilty Gate  
Sends forth a fatal Sound: that Altar roar'd  
Where chiefly the *Tyrinthian* God's ador'd.  
Yet they invade the Fo, and with so fierce  
A Valour charge, that their small Number scarce  
Could

(a) The *Fabii* were of the *Patricii*,  
(of whom see the *Comment* on the  
second Book) but their whole  
was not so. For the *Fabii* were  
three hundred; and the *Clusii*  
followed them, were five thousand.  
*Fabius, De verborum significatio*,  
the Word *Religio*.

(b) That Gate, through which the  
marched out to the light, soever  
called *Porta Carmentalis*, was, in  
memory of their Misfortune, ever  
termed *Sacra*.

Could be distinguish'd, and their Slaughters are,  
 More then the Souldiers : oftentimes the War,  
 In Globes compacted close, they entertain.  
 As oft dispers'd, in Parties, through the Plain,  
 They Dangers meet. Equal in Labours all,  
 And Valour, merit to the *Capitol*  
 To lead three hundred Triumphs : but, Alas,  
 How vain those Hopes ! each Man forgetfull was  
 How soon all things, that humane are, decline !  
 These men, disdaining, while the *Fabian* Line  
 Was safe, that Publick Wars should waged be ;  
 Incompass'd by a sudden Enemy,  
 Fell, by the Envy of the Gods ! but yet  
 Thou hast no Cause of Joy, in their Defeat,  
 For the Survivor is enough for Thee,  
 And *Libya* : as with all their Hands will He  
 Alone contend ; his Limbs so Active are,  
 So Circumspect his Industry, and Care,  
 Secur'd with cautious Ease. Not you, whose Veins,  
 Swell'd high with youthfull Blood, can with the Reins  
 Sooner restrain, nor prick the Warlike Steed  
 Into the Battel, with more furious Speed.  
 But *Hannibal* perceiving, as He spoke,  
 He coveted to dy : Thou dost provoke  
 In vain ( thou Fool ) our Rage, and seek'st to free  
 Thy self from Bondage by Thy Death ( said He )  
 No, Thou shalt live, and straiter Chains shall press  
 Thy captive Neck. Thus, swelling with Success,  
 And the propitious Gods, he vents his Scorn.

But, by Religion, to the Altars born,  
 The Fathers, and the *Latine* Dames, their Eyes  
 With Sorrow fill'd : in order'd Companies,  
 A Robe, and Vows, to *Juno* offer, Hear  
 Oh Queen of Gods ! lend us a willing Ear,

We,

We, a Chast People, pray Thee. We, who be  
 The chief of the *Ausonians*, to Thee  
 This fair, and venerable Garment, wrought  
 By our own Hands, with Threds of Gold, have brought,  
 And till the Fears of Mothers do decrease,  
 This shall Thy Vesture be. And, if Thou please,  
 That this *Marmarick* Cloud we may behold  
 Far scatter'd from Our Land, a Crown of Gold,  
 Enlaid with various Gemms, to Thee shall shine.  
 This Goddess thus ador'd : to *Pallas* Shrine,  
 They proper Off'rings bring, then worship Thee  
*Venus*, and *Phæbus*, and the Deity  
 Of War : from the approach of Miseries,  
 So great a Rev'rence of the Gods doth rise.  
 The Happy seldom to their Altars come. }

While antient Honours in Her Temples *Rome*  
 Thus celebrates : great *Fabius* takes the Field,  
 With his well-order'd Troops ; and, as most skil'd  
 In Warlike Arts, like one Secure, though Slow,  
 All Avenues 'gainst Fortune, and the Fo  
 Blocks up, and from their Ensigns suffers none  
 To stray ; and that, which, chiefly, Thee doth Crown  
 ( Brave *Romane* ) and thy Empire's Head so high  
 Hath lifted, taught thy Souldiers to obey.

But, when, from far, their Ensigns, all in View,  
 Upon the Hills, and all the Troops in new  
 Bright Arms appear'd : the *Libyan* Hopes swell high,  
 And *Hannibal*, with His Prosperity  
 Enflam'd, believ'd His Victorie's Delay  
 Was onely, that the Armies in Array  
 Were not drawn forth to fight. Go on ( said He )  
 Quickly assault their Ports ; let their Works be  
 Ev'n by your Breasts o'rethrown : I'm sure the Fo  
 No longer hath to Live, then We can go

D d

Over

Over the Plain between Us: for, to War  
 Their Sedentary old Men cited are,  
 With whom to fight, I am, almost, ashamed.  
 What you now see, are their Remains, disclaim'd  
 As wholly useless, in the former War.  
 Where is their *Gracchus* now? Or now where are  
 Those Thunderbolts, the *Scipios*? expell'd  
 From *Italy*, they ne're their Flight with held;  
 Till, frighted, to the farthest Part they came  
 O'th' Earth, and Sea. Now, trembling at Our Name,  
 Both wander, and *Iberus* Banks defend,  
 And where We are not, there a War pretend.  
 I, likewise, from *Flaminius* Death may claim  
 In crease of Honour, and his Active Name  
 In War, among my other Titles lay.  
 How many years this Sword shall take away  
 From *Fabius*? Yet he dares, but let him dare;  
 I'll make, Me shall no more in Arms appear.  
 This spoke aloud, His Troops with furious Speed,  
 He leadeth on, and mounted on His Steed,  
 Sometimes with His Right Hand provokes His Foes;  
 Sometimes upbraids them; then, at Distance, throws  
 A Dart, insulting in His Armie's Sight,  
 Shewing the Image of a future Fight.  
 So *Thetis* (\*) Son, in the *Dardanian* Field,  
 Bore his *Vulcanian* Arms, and in his Shield,  
 Express'd the Earth, and Heav'n, and 's Mother curl'd  
 With Waves; and, in that Figure, all the World.  
 But *Fabius*, carefull to delay, sits still,  
 And his vain Fury, on a lofty Hill,  
 Beholding, checks his proud insulting Mind,  
 And tires his furious Threats, while he declin'd  
 The Fight. So when by Night a Shepherd keeps  
 His Flocks in fenced Folds, and safely sleeps,

The

The hungry Wolves fierce Howlings round about,  
 Straight raise, and gnaw the Fence that keeps them out.  
 The *Libyan* Design, thus render'd vain,  
 Thence with his Army, through th' *Appulian* Plain,  
 He slowly march'd; and, sometimes, closely late,  
 Conceal'd in Vallies, to precipitate,  
 His following Fo, or try, if He might be  
 Surpriz'd, unwarily, by Policy.  
 Sometimes by secret Waies, He steals by Night,  
 And then Retreats in a pretended Flight.  
 Then from his Camp, full of rich Plunder goes,  
 And prodigally thus invites his Foes.  
 So, with innumerable turnings through  
*Maonian* Plains, doth fam'd *Meander* flow.  
 Nothing that Fraud can do, is left untry'd.  
 He turns o're all, and all his Thoughts apply'd,  
 To various Attempts. As when the Sun  
 Shining on Water, by Reflection,  
 Leaps on the Houses tops, and glistering sheds  
 In constant Raies, and dancing Shadows spreads  
 Upon the Roofs. Now mad with Grief, alone,  
 Thus to His Sacred Rage He makes his Moan.  
 If He, at first, Our Enemy had been,  
 The Names of *Trebia*, and of *Thrasimen*  
 Had ne're been known. Nor had they given to Us  
 New Titles, nor had stain'd *Erydanus*,  
 Troubled with bloody Waves, the frighted Sea.  
 But he, while we are tyr'd with his Delay,  
 And he contains himself, hath found a new  
 Strange Way to Victory. How oft, in Shew  
 Of meeting Us, hath he Our Plots o'rethrown,  
 With Judgement, and Our Stratagems undone?  
 Thus to Himself; when the Shrill Trumpets Sound,  
 Midnight Proclaim'd; but when the third watch, round

D d 2

The

The Camp, new Centinels had call'd to stand,  
 He turns his Course, and leaving *Damnus* Land  
 Behind, to the *Campanian* Coasts his Way  
 He takes, well known, as greedy after Prey.  
 Here, when he entred the *Falernian* Fields,  
 (That Land is Rich, and constant Profit yields  
 To the laborious Swains) he straitway throws  
 His Hostile Flames, among the fruitfull Boughs.  
 But here, *Lyæus*, though great Actions be  
 Our Theme, the Mention of Thine Honour We  
 Must not pass by in Silence: but Record  
 Thy Praise, who dost that Sacred Juice afford;  
 Whose Vines, with *Nectar* swell'd, a Nobler Name,  
 Then the *Falernian* Prefs, can never claim.

*Falernus* old, in better Times, did Plow  
 The *Mæsick* Hills (they then no Swords did know)  
 The Vine-Leavs then, within the naked Field,  
 Did not, with swelling Grapes, green Shadows yield:  
 Nor knew they how to mix *Lyæus* Blood  
 Among their Cups; but in some Chrystal Flood,  
 Or Spring, their Thirst allai'd. An happy Hour  
 Thither *Lyæus*, going to the Shore  
 Of *Calpe*, and the Bounds of Day, a Guest  
 Did bring. Nor did the Deity detest  
 A low, poor Cottage; but he enters, and  
 The smoaky Room, and Table, that did stand  
 Before the Chimney (as the Custom was  
 Of that poor Age, receive him. But, Alas,  
 The Host, whose cheerfull Looks his Joy exprest  
 Did not perceive a God was then his Guest;  
 And yet, as his Fore-Fathers us'd to do,  
 Spar'd not his Age, from running to, and fro;  
 Most kindly busie: till his choicest Chear  
 He brought: there Cornels in neat Baskets; here  
 Fresh

Fresh, from his watry Hort-yards, Juicy Fruits  
 Serv'd in: then Hony-Combs, and Milk he puts,  
 As Dainties, 'mong the rest; and, all the while,  
 Nothing of Blood the Table doth defile:  
 But, *Ceres* Gifts brought in, he doth compose  
 The Fire, into the midst whereof he throws,  
 His Sacrifice. Pleas'd with the Old Man's Care,  
 The God resolv'd, his Liquour should be there;  
 When suddenly ('t is very strange to tell)  
 The Cups of Beech with Wine begin to swell,  
 As the Reward of his poor Entertain.  
 The Milk-Pail too with Blushing Wine began  
 To overflow: and from an hollow Oak,  
 Into a Goblet, the sweet Liquour broke  
 From the well-scented Grapes: Here, take, and store  
 Thy self (*Lyæus* said) with what before  
 Thou did'st not know: but which *Falernus* Name,  
 For Nobler Vines, hereafter shall proclaim.  
 With that the God himself reveal'd, and round,  
 With Purple Raies, an Ivy Garland Crown'd  
 His shining Front, about his Neck he flung;  
 His Locks, in his Right Hand a Tankard hung,  
 And, fallen from his *Thyrus*, Vines about  
 The Table, with *Nixæan* Branches, sprout.  
 Nor could *Falernus* with the pleasant Taste  
 Contend, when some few Cups about had past.  
 Now with his Foot, or stamming Tongue, he makes  
 The God to laugh, while the strong Liquour shakes  
 His Brains, and he endeavours to make good  
 Return of Thanks, in Words scarce understood,  
 Till Sleep (which *Bacchus* still accompanies,  
 Where'er he goes) compos'd his struggling Eyes.  
 But, when the rising Sun dispers'd the Dew,  
 The *Mæsick* Swains, with Admiration, view

Their

Their fields with vines, like groves, most richly crown'd,  
And, with the Sun, the Branches shining, round  
The Hill, their Glory spread, and since that hour  
Rich *Tmolus*, and *Arvisian* Cups, that pour  
*Ambrrosian* Liquour forth, and thy fam'd Field,  
Fertile *Metymna*, to *Falerus* yield.

Through this, the *Libyan* (like a *Fury*) past  
And all the Countrey round about, laid wait:  
Incited by His Men, whose Swords pursu'd  
Their thirst of Blood. While *Fabius* doth delude  
Their *General*: And now a mad Desire  
Of fighting, the *Ansonian* Camp doth fire;  
All covet, in that Madness to descend  
Into the Plain. My *Muse*, let us commend  
The Man, whom Fate permitted to subdue  
Both Armies, and their Fury overthrew.  
If Me the *Senate* had believ'd to be  
Of such hot Temper, and so Rash (said he)  
Or that such Clamours, easily, my Minde  
Could shake, they had not, when the State declin'd,  
Giv'n me the Conduct of this desprate War.  
My Resolutions of a Battel are  
Already fix'd, it shall my Conquest be  
To keep you safe (that urge so eagerly  
Your Fate) against your Will: none of you all  
By *Fabius* shall have Liberty to fall.  
If weary of the Light, you now desire,  
That the *Ansonian* Name with you Expire:  
Or if it grieves you, that, at such a time,  
No Place is rendred Famous, by the Crime  
Of some new Mischief, or notorious Blow:  
Recall *Flaminius* from the Shades below,  
A Signal, by his late Temerity,  
And Auspices you have. Do ye not see

A

A Precipice, and your approaching Fate?  
Consider; to the Ruin of the State,  
One Victorie's enough for *Hannibal*.  
Stay then, and understand your *General*;  
When the wish'd Time shall come, that may require  
Your Hands, then let those furious Words conspire  
With Deeds; beleive Me, 'tis an easie thing  
To go to fight: should we now open fling  
Our Ports, one Hour, you all into the Field  
May pour: but they, to whom the Gods shall yield  
A kinde, and mild Aspect, as forth they go,  
Shall have that Bliss alone to scape the Fo,  
And safe return. The *Libyan* relies  
Upon His Fortune, and His Vessel flies  
With a propitious Wind, and, till that Gale  
Shall slack, and cease to fill his swelling Sail,  
It must of Business be, and constant Care  
To seek Delaies. Fortune's Imbraces are  
Perpetual to none; see! how much less  
The *Tyrian* Forces are: how they decrease  
In Fame, since We declin'd the Fight. And We,  
'Mong other things, for this may praised be  
That they, who—But it is better far, that I  
Forbear more Words: You now the Enemy.  
A Battel, and Pitch-field require. Oh! may  
This Confidence be such another Day,  
Ye Gods! In the mean time, excluding all  
Chances of greater Dangers, that may fall  
Upon you, and My Countrey, pray let Me,  
To the whole War, alone oppos'd be;  
These Words their furious Arms, and Rage appease.  
As when his calmer Brow the God of Seas  
Lifts bove the troubled Waves, and views the Main,  
As Lord, and is by it beheld again:

The

The raging Winds their cruel Murmurs cease,  
 Nor move the Wings upon their Foreheads : Peace  
 Is soon diffus'd o're all the calmed Brine,  
 And, on the silent Shore, smooth Waters shine.  
 This by the *Libyan's* subtle Care descry'd,  
 Strait by the Poison of his Plots, he try'd  
 Their Minds. For *Fabius*, as his Father's Heir,  
 Plow'd a few Acres, which the Name did bear  
 Of *Maficus*, Renown'd for Generous Vines:  
 These, to advance his mischeivous Designs (spread)  
 (Which, through the Camp, ambiguous Rumours  
 From Fire, and Sword his spar'd: this Plot soon bred  
 Suspicion of the Quiet of that Place,  
 As if that He did privately imbrace  
 A League to lengthen out the War. But all  
 The cunning Stratagems of *Hannibal* |  
 The wise *Dilatour* saw, and understood.  
 But among Swords, and Trumpets, thought it good  
 To scorn their Envy: nor, the Wounds to shun  
 Of Fame, the Hazard of a Fight to run.  
 Till wandering up, and down, and oft in vain,  
 Moving his Camp, now here, now there, to gain  
 Occasion to fight, the *Libyan* He  
 Enclos'd, where Woods, and rocky Hills we see,  
 With his divided Troops. Here Him behind  
 The lofty <sup>(c)</sup> *Læstrigian* Rocks confin'd :  
 There, with its Moorish Grounds, *Linternum* was:  
 No use of Souldiers, or of Swords the place  
 Affords; but there, severest Famine all  
 The Plagues, that lost *Saguntus* did befall,  
 Exacting, them oppress'd, and Fate an End  
 Seem'd to the Arms of *Carthage* to intend.  
 Now Sleep, all Things by Sea, and Land, did hide  
 With's gloomy Wings, and having laid aside

(c) The City *Linternum* in *Campania*,  
 once inhabited by the *Læstrigians*,  
 who were of the *Autochthonic* *Cæta*  
 a Sea-Port on the same Coast.

The

The Labours of the Day, the pleasing Rest,  
 Granted to men by Night, the World possest.  
 But the <sup>(f)</sup> *Sidonian General* the Cares,  
 That then inflam'd His Heart, and watchfull Fears,  
 Rob'd of the Benefits of Night; while He  
 Left His unquiet Bed, and suddenly  
 Cov'ring his Shoulder with a *Lyon's* Skin,  
 That lately spread upon the Grass had been,  
 His Pallat, in the Field, to's <sup>(\*)</sup> Brother's Tent,  
 (From's Own not distant far) directly went.  
 He, not degenerate in Martial Rites,  
 On a Bull's Hide then slept, and, by the Night's  
 Great Blessing, eas'd His pensive Thoughts, and near  
 Fix'd in the Earth, upright, his Fatal Spear,  
 On which His Helmet hung: upon the Ground  
 His Breast-plate, Sword, and Shield, about it round,  
 His Bow, and *Balearick* Sling. Not far  
 From these a Youthfull Troop, all try'd in War,  
 Lay sleeping on the Earth, and near at Hand  
 His Horse, caparison'd, doth grazing stand.  
 His Entrance *Mago* wakes. Brother, (said He)  
 (With that takes up his Arms) What is't, that Thee  
 Thus stupifies? Then *Mago* rose, and all  
 His Troop, then lying on the Ground, doth call  
 With Speed to Arms. Then *Hannibal* began;  
 Us *Fabius*, that so vigilant Old Man,  
 The sole Delay to Our Propitious Fates,  
 Thus indispos'd by Night, exasperates  
 To Cares. You see how We encompass'd are  
 With armed Bands, and how the Souldier,  
 Collected in a Ring, doth Us invest,  
 But now (since Our Affairs are thus distress'd)  
 Consider My Design. We have within  
 The Camp an Herd of Oxen, that have been  
 E e Plunder'd

(f) *Hannibal*.

(\*) *Mago*.

Plunder'd from all the Countrey round, and now  
 (As Custom is) march with the Army: to  
 The Horns, and Fronts of some of these, will I  
 Give a Command dry Twigs, and Sticks to ty;  
 Which fir'd, when once the Heat shall scatter'd be,  
 The Oxen, sensible of Pain, will flee,  
 And on their Necks the wandring Flames will bear  
 O're all the Hill: then, seiz'd with sudden Fear,  
 Their Centinels will from their Stations run  
 And fear, that something more by Night is done.  
 If this you like, (Extream Resolves delay  
 Refuse) Let's do't said; He. With that away  
 They go to other Tents, where in the Field,  
 Upon the Ground, his Head upon his Shield,  
 'Mong Horses, Men, and Spoils, that by his Hand  
 In Fight were taken, and with Slaughter stain'd,  
 Mighty *Maraxes* lay, and in his Sleep,  
 A dreadfull Cry, as if engaged deep  
 In Fight, by Chance then gave, and felt about  
 With's trembling Hand to finde his Weapons out,  
 And his try'd Sword. Thus warring, *Mago* shakes  
 The Man; and, with his Spear inverted, wakes:  
 Captain, since now 'tis dark, thy Fury lay  
 Aside, reserve thy Valour for the Day;  
 With Policy we now must use the Night  
 For safe Retreat, and to conceal our Flight:  
 Into the Woods my Brother doth intend  
 With kindled Boughs ty'd to the Horns, to send  
 The Oxen, where the Passes guarded be  
 By Hostile Bands, and so our Army free.  
 Let us be gone, and this Design shall be  
 A Document to *Fabius*, that we  
 With Policy contend. He makes no Stay,  
 But, joy'd at what He spoke, they haste away

To

To stout *Acherra's* Tent; who, satisfi'd  
 With little Rest, or Ease, had never try'd  
 His Sleep to lengthen with the Night; but still  
 On Horse-back, as perpetual Centinel,  
 Serv'd, and was wont to ease his weary Steed,  
 By dressing him, and alwaies Bridled feed.

Now all their Weapons whet, and the dry'd Gore  
 Wipe from the Steel, and to their Swords restore  
 Their Sharpness: what the Fortune of the Place,  
 And Time requir'd, and what their Duty was  
 Declar'd; advising, that whoe're did go  
 As Chief in the Design, might not be Slow.  
 Then through the Camp the Word, and Orders, run,  
 All mutually instruct what's to be done;  
 And importune, they may no longer stay:  
 Their Fears inciting all to haste away,  
 While yet the dark, and silent Night might hide  
 Their Flight. Then, to the Boughs the Fire apply'd,  
 From their large Horns the Flames aspiring rose.  
 The Mischief, in an Instant, greater grows,  
 And th' Oxen, shaking their tormented Heads,  
 Fan out a *Pyramis* of Fire that spreads  
 It's *Basis* largely, and o'recomes the Smoak.  
 The Beasts, affrighted, through the Forest broke;  
 Then o're the Hills, and, Rocky Mountains fly,  
 As they were mad, and as their Nostrils by  
 The Flames besieged are, they labour oft  
 In vain to bellow, while o're Cliffs, aloft,  
 Through Vallies *Vulcan* wanders, and ne're stands  
 At all; but, shining on the Neighb'ring Sands,  
 As manifold appears, as when at Sea  
 In a clear Night the Mariners survey  
 Innumerable Stars: Or when upon  
*Garganus* Top, a Shepherd, sitting down,

E c 2

Beneath



Beneath him fees *Calabrian* Forrests burn,  
Which Husbandmen to fertile Pastures turn ;  
O're all the Hills the Flames with such a Face  
Appear to fly ; and they, whose Chance it was  
To be the Guard, believ'd they Wandering fled,  
None scatt'ring them, and that they, Furious, fed  
Within the Hills : some thought, that *Jove* had thrown,  
From his incens'd Hand, his Thunder down :  
Others, that kindled Sulphur gave them Birth,  
And, from her secret Caves, th' unhappy Earth,  
Condemn'd to greater Ruins, threw the Fire.  
The *Rutul*, affrighted, strait retire ,  
And from their Station fly. Then *Hannibal*,  
With speedy Arms, possess'd himself of all  
The Passes ; and, advantag'd by their Fears,  
Insulting in the open Field, appears.

Yet vigilant, in Conduct of the War,  
The wife *Dictator* had advanc'd as far ,  
As *Trebia*, and behind him left the Sea  
Of *Tuscany* ; that it enough might be  
For *Hannibal*, the *Romane* Arms to shun,  
And *Fabius* : who after him had gone,  
And with his Army close pursu'd his Flight,  
But that some Sacred Rites did him invite  
To his Paternal <sup>(c)</sup> Gods. Then as to *Rome*  
He took his Way, a valiant Youth, to whom  
The chief Command, and Conduct of the War  
Was giv'n, He thus with Counsel doth prepare.  
If by the Fortune of my Actions, Thou  
( *Mimnius* ) hast not yet Learn'd to allow  
Things warily perform'd, nor Words can Thee  
Lead to true Honour, or invite to flee  
Unworthy things : Thou hast seen *Hannibal*  
Besieg'd. 'Twas not the Souldier, nor all

(c) It was (as *Quintus* observes) an admissible superstition in the *Romans*, to prefer their private sacrifices to the Publick Dangers. But their Religion not only oblig'd them to the Observation of them for the Publick, but it was Impiety to omit them in private Families, which solemnized them in particular Places. So, that, when the *Graives* strictly besieged the *Capitol*, a Youth of the *Fabian* Line, issuing out, march'd through them, to the Admiration, both of his Enemies and Friends, and performed this Solemnity on the appointed Day, on the *Quirinal* Hill, chosen for that purpose by his Ancestors. See *Liv.* lib. 5.

Our

Our Wings, nor our throng'd Legions, (I Thee  
Attest ) perform'd it ; but 'twas done by Me.  
I, from the Camp, will not be long away,  
Onely permit, that to the Gods I pay  
A solemn Sacrifice, and Him again  
Shut up by Floods, or Hills ( if you refrain  
From fighting, ) will I give into your Hands.  
In the mean time believe Me ( for it stands  
With my Experience ) in distress'd Affairs  
'Tis Safety to sit still, though it appears  
Honour to many ( and may please them too ,  
As the most glorious Conquest, to subdue  
An Enemy by fighting, ) yet to Me  
To keep You safe, it shall a Triumph be.  
I a full Camp leave in thy Hands, and Men  
Free from all Wounds : to give them such agen  
To Me, thy Glory, and Renown shall be.  
The *Libyan* <sup>(f)</sup> Lyon Thou, perhaps, shalt see  
These Works assaulting. Sometimes offring Prey  
T'entice Thee out : sometimes to flee away ,  
As if He fear'd thine Arms ; but all the while  
He thinks on Fraud, and doth with Fury boil.  
'Tis His Desire to fight ; but let Thy Stay  
Within the Camp take all those Hopes away.  
Let this Advice suffice : but if Thy Minde,  
And Courage, my Entreaty cannot binde :  
I, as *Dictator*, by a pious Right ,  
And strict Command, conjure Thee not to fight.  
The Camp, by his Advice, thus fortified  
He, Pious, left ; and to the City hied.  
But, now, behold ! with prosperous Winds before  
The *Lastrigonian*, and *Cajetan* Shore  
A *Libyan* Navy plows the Sea, and comes  
Into the Port, and all the Ocean foams

With

(f) *Hannibal*.

With num'rous Oars: when, from their chrystal Caves,  
Affrighted with the Noise, above the Waves,  
The Sea-Nymphs rise, and see the Shore possess'd  
By Hostile Ships, that then disturb'd their Rest:  
Then, full of Fear, with Speed, they all repair,  
To those known Coasts, by them frequented, where

*(1) Teleboe, a Colony of Athenians, famous for their Robberies, who plac'd themselves on the Island Calymnus, in the Coast of Crete.*

*(1) Teleboe's Kingdoms 'midst the Ocean rise,*  
And hollow Thrones, where mighty *Proteus* lies  
Within a broken Cave, and largely laves  
The adverse Rocks ( a Prophet ) with his Waves.  
He ( for he all things knew, and what they fear'd )  
When chang'd in various Shapes he had appear'd,  
And fear'd them, hissing like a dreadful Snake,  
Then roaring like a Lyon fierce, thus spake.

What is it, *Nymphs*, that brings you hither? tell;  
Why doth that Paleness in your Faces dwell?  
Why seek ye, what hereafter shall befall  
To know? To this the Eldest, then, of all  
The *Italian Nymphs*, *Cymodoce*, replies.  
Thou know'st, already, whence our Fears arise.  
What doth this *Carthaginian Fleet*, that thus  
Deprives us of our Coast, portend to us?  
Must the *Rhætan Empire* cross the Seas  
To other Gods? Or, *Tyrian Seamen* these  
Our Ports possess? Or, from our Native Seat  
Exil'd, must we to *Atlas* now retreat;  
And dwell in *Calpe's* farthest Caves? Then he,  
Rehearsing things long past, ambiguously,  
Thus undertakes to shew ensuing Fate.

On *Ida*, when the *Phrygian* Herds-man fate,  
And, calling back his stragling Bulls to feed  
In fertile Meadows, with his Pipe of Reed,  
The fam'd Dispute of Sacred Beauty heard:  
Then *Cupid*, who solicitous appear'd

T' observe

T' observe the Time, the Snow-white *Cygnets*, join'd,  
To's Mother's Chariot, drove: a Quiver shin'd  
Upon his Shoulder, and a golden Bow,  
And, with a nod to let his Mother know  
There was no cause to fear, shew'd he had brought  
That Quiver to her Aid, with Arrows fraught.  
Some of his Brothers comb her Golden Hair  
Upon her Jv'ry Fore-head; others are  
Imploy'd. Her flowing Garments to compose  
When sighing from her Lips, that like a Rose  
Blush'd, to her Sons this Language fell. You see  
The Day, that must a faithfull Witness be  
Of your great Piety to Me. Oh! who  
Would e're have this believ'd, so long as you  
Are safe, that *Venus* Beauty, and her Face  
Should question'd be? ( For now what other Grace  
Remains to us? ) if my Artillery,  
Infected with most pleasing Poison, I  
To You committed have, by which you aw  
Your Grand-fire at your Pleasure ( who gives Law  
To Heav'n, and Earth ) then by my Victory  
O're *Juno*, and *Minerva*, let me see  
*Cyprus* with *Idumean* Palms abound,  
And *Paphos* with an hundred Altars Crown'd.  
While to her winged Boys thus *Venus* talks,  
A gentle Eccho, as the Goddess walks,  
Runs through the Grove: and then the <sup>(b)</sup> warlike Maid <sup>(b) Pallor</sup>  
Her *Ægû* laid aside, her Hair displai'd  
( That lately by her Helmet had been press'd )  
In Curls with Art, and neatly Comb'd, and dress'd  
And, Peace enthron'd in her Serener Eys,  
With Speed unto the Place appointed hies.  
*(1) Saturnia enters on the other side,*  
After her Brother's Bed, resolving *Ida*

*(1) Jove.*

The

The *Trojan's* Judgment, and Disdain to bear.  
 Last, <sup>(\*)</sup> *Cytherea*, smiling, doth appear,  
 And through the Grove, and Caves, within the Rocks  
 Sheds fragrant Odours from her Sacred Locks.  
 Nor could the Judge endure to keep his Place:  
 But, dazzled by the Beauty of her Face,  
 Fear'd onely, lest he should appear to her  
 To doubt. The vanquish'd Goddesses transfer  
 Fierce Wars beyond the Seas, and *Troy* was soon,  
 With her unhappy Judge, quite overthrown.  
 Pious *Aeneas* then by Sea, and Land  
 Toss'd up, and down, in *Latium* takes his Stand,  
 With his *Dardanian* Gods: while *Whales* within  
 The Ocean shall swim, and Stars shall shine  
 In Heaven, and *Phæbus* from the *Indian* Main  
 Shall rise, so long his Progeny shall reign.  
 No Bounds of Time their Rule shall terminate:  
 But you, my Daughters, while the Thread of Fate  
 Doth run, the Dang'rous Sands of <sup>(1)</sup> *Sasson* flee.  
 We *Ausidus*, swell'd high with Blood, shall see  
 Driving his purple Waves into the Main:  
 And you, *Ætolian* Shades, shall, once again,  
 Fight with the *Teucris*, in that Field, so long  
 Ago condemn'd by an <sup>(m)</sup> Immortal Song.  
 Then *Punick* Darts the *Romane* Walls shall shake,  
 And *Hasdrubal* <sup>(\*)</sup> *Metaurus* Flood shall make  
 To shine with Slaughter. And then He, that was  
 So secretly begot, by *Jove's* <sup>(n)</sup> Embrace,  
 With a severe Revenge shall expiate,  
 At once his Uncle's, and His Father's Fate,  
 Then shall he fill with Flames *Eliza's* Shore,  
 And force the *Libyan*, tormenting fore  
 The Bowels of *Italy*, to hasten Home,  
 And Him in His own Countrey overcome.

Carthage

*Carthage* in Arms shall yield to Him, and He  
 Shall from the Name of *Africk* Famous be.  
 From Him <sup>(o)</sup> another shall arise, by whom  
 The third fierce War shall be subdu'd, and *Rome*  
 See him Triumphant, after *Byrsa's* Fall,  
 Bring *Lilya's* Alhes to the *Capitol*.

(\*) Scipio Emilianus.

While He the Secrets of the Gods detects;  
 Thus in his Cave, *Minutius* rejects  
 Both *Febius*, and his Counsel, and, with Rage  
 Possess'd, the Fo endeavours to engage:  
 Nor was the *Libyan* wanting to foment,  
 And feed his Fury. But, with an Intent  
 T' entice him, to embrace a greater Fight,  
 With little Loss, sometimes dissembles Flight.  
 As when the Fish, allur'd by scatter'd Baits  
 In some clear Brook, forsake their deep Retreats,  
 And swimming near the Water's Surface shine,  
 The cunning Angler, with his twist'd Line,  
 Soon drags them to the Shore. Now Fame, which lies  
 Among the *Romanes*, like a *Fury*, flies.  
 Telling the Fo was turn'd, and *Hannibal*  
 In Flight his Safety found: an End of all  
 Their Miseries, did then at Hand appear,  
 If they to Overcome permitted were.  
 But, that their Valour had no other Guid,  
 The one, that did sad Punishments provide  
 For such, as were victorious 'gainst his Will.  
 That He within the Camp would shut them still,  
 And give Command to sheath their Swords again,  
 That so he might a just Account maintain  
 In Arms, and Souldiers give a Reason, why  
 They dare to overcome the Enemy.  
 The Vulgar murmure thus: and *Juno* fires  
 The *Senate's* Minds with Envy, and Desires

F f

Of

(\*) *Phon*.(\*) *Phon* is said to be *Phon*.(\*) The *Phon*, which had forced, that the *Phon* should receive a great Loss upon the Banks of *Ausidus*.(\*) See the *Phon* in Book.(\*) *Phon* is said to be *Phon*. See the *Phon* in Book.

Of Popular Air. Then, madly, they decree  
Things not to be believ'd, and such as be  
The With of *Hannibal*: such, as they soon,  
With too great Danger, with they ne're had done.  
For now the Army is divided, and

(f) *Minutius*, confounding with some other Hor Spuris of the Army, accusing *Fabius* to the People of Cowardice, and Sloath, obtained by their Suffrage, to be made equal with him in Command, and to have Alternate Command, whence this Lofs ensued. *Juv. lib. 22.*

(g) *Minutius* shares with *Fabius* in Command.  
The old *Dictator*, free from Palsion, saw,  
And fear'd the Ills, that rash Resolv might draw  
Upon his Countrey: therefore, full of Care,  
And Pensive, to the Camp return'd, and there  
Sharing his Social Forces, all the Hills,  
Adjoyning, with his Neighb'ring Eagles fills;  
And there, at once, observes the *Libyan's* Power,  
And *Romane* Army, from a lofty Tower.  
While Mad to perish, or destroy his Foes  
With sudden Fury rash *Minutius* throws  
The Ramparts down: and when, on either Side,  
Here the *Dictator*, there the *Libyan* spy'd  
Him marching forth; their Minds with diff'rent Care,  
This to destroy, that to preserve him, are  
Inflam'd. But He to Arm with Speed commands;  
And leads, from all Defence, his hasty Bands.  
The *Libyan* Captain pours into the Fight  
His Forces all, and thus doth them incite:  
While the *Dictator* (Souldiers) is away,  
Go on, and bravely use this fighting Day.  
Behold! the Gods now to your Wishes yield,  
Off'ring a Battel in an open Field,  
And, since this Opportunity is gain'd,  
Your Weapons cleanse, that have so long been stain'd  
With Rust, and satise your Swords with Blood.  
This *Fabius* observing, as he stood  
Viewing the Champagn Ground, (And Thou, Alas!  
Oh *Rome*! didst sadly Learn what *Fabius* was

In

In so great Danger) this rash Boy (said he)  
Now my Colleague in Arms, shall punish'd be,  
As he deserves, that through so blind, and mad  
A Vote, with so much Danger, durst invade  
Our *Fasces*. Peevish Tribes! how slipp'ry are  
Your Pulpits, see! with what vain men the Bar,  
And *Forum's* throng'd! Now let the Offices  
Of War by them be equall'd, and Decrees  
Ordain the Sun to yield unto the Night.  
Their Weakness, the rash Errour of this Fight  
Shall quickly rue, and all the Wrongs, which they,  
Upon our common Parent, bring this Day.  
With that he shook his Spear, and, as a Flood  
Of Tears gush'd from his Eyes, with *Tyrian* Blood  
(Said he) my Son, these sad Complaints must be  
Suppress'd by Thee. Shall I endure to see  
A Citizen destroy'd before my Face,  
And these our Troops? Or, while I am in place,  
Permit the *Libyan* conquer? If my Heart  
Were such, they'd seem less Guilty, that did part,  
And equal us: but this, my Son, believe,  
And from thy aged Sire, as Truth, receive;  
To be incens'd, against our Countrey, is  
A Sin so great, that none, to the Abyss  
Of Hell, can with a fowler Crime descend.  
This our Fore-Fathers did to us commend;  
And thus how good, how great, exil'd from home,  
And banish'd long, didst thou (*Camillus*) come  
Into the *Capitol*! How many there  
By thy condemned Hand then slaughter'd were!  
Had not thy Thoughts been calm, or had thy Minde  
At all, to Anger, or Revenge, inclin'd  
*Aeneas* Throne had chang'd its Place, and thou  
Great *Rome* hadst not, upon thy Hills, as now

F f 2

Stood

Stood Head of all the World. Therefore, my Son,  
 Let all Displeasure, for my Sake, be gone ;  
 Let's hast to aid them with our Social Arms.  
 With that, the Trumper's internix'd Alarms  
 Sound through the Camp ; and all with such a Force  
 Rush on, they bruise each other in their Course.  
 First, the *Didatour* all Things, that withstand  
 His Speed, the Gates, and Bars, with his own Hand  
 O'returns, and to the Battel breaks his Way.  
 With such a Fury Winds contend at Sea,  
 When *Boreas* sally's from th' *Odyssian* Coast,  
 And, with like Rage, by *Africus* is crost :  
 The Sea's distracted, and to sev'ral Shores  
 Each drives the Billows ; while the Tempest roars,  
 And the whole Ocean, wherefoe're it goes,  
 Obeys now here, now there, with furious Throws.  
 So much of Honour could not rise from all  
*Phœnicia* subdu'd, or *Byrsa's* Fall ;  
 As this great Injury, which first did spring  
 From private Envy, did of Glory bring  
 To the *Didatour*. For, by's Conduct there,  
 At once, He all those Difficulties, Fear,  
 Envy, and Palsion, with malicious Fame,  
 And *Hannibal*, and Fortune, overcame.

When *Hannibal* perceiv'd them run amain,  
 Down from the lofty Camp, into the Plain,  
 His Courage trembled ; and, with Sighs, soon all  
 His former Hopes of their Destruction fall.  
 For He the *Romanes* had encompass'd round,  
 With num'rous Bands, not doubting to confound  
 Them, so enclos'd, by Darts, that on them fall  
 On ev'ry side. And, then, their *General*  
 Already, griev'd for that unhappy Fight,  
 The *Stygian* Waters, and eternal Night,

Had

Had entred in his Thoughts, with sad Despair:  
 Asham'd to hope, that *Fabius* would be there,  
 To his Assistance. But two valiant Wings,  
 Circling the Battel, the *Didatour* brings  
 To His Relief, and then, encompassing  
 The *Libyan* Army with a larger Ring,  
 Their utmost Troops behinde invests ; and those,  
 That late besieg'd the *Romanes*, doth enclose.  
*Alcides* made him Higher rise in Fight,  
 And to appear much Greater to their Sight :  
 His lofty Crest, ( 't was strange ) ejecting Rays,  
 In active Vigour soon it self displaies  
 Through all his Members ; while He Jav'lins throws,  
 And storms, with Clouds of wounding Darts, his Foes.  
 ( Such, before he was Old, in Prime of all  
 His years, in War the <sup>(9)</sup> *Pylia* General  
 Appear'd. ) Then, rushing on, he *Turis* sent  
 To Hell, and stout *Malæo*, confident  
 To Cope with any ; who was known to Fame,  
 And by his Spear had gain'd himself a Name.  
 Then *Butes*, *Maris*, *Arfes*, *Garadus*,  
 Long-hair'd *Adberbes*, and conspicuous  
 For Height, 'bove both the Armies, *Tylis* dies ;  
 Who, on the highest Fortrefs, could surprize  
 The Battlements. These, at a Distance, all,  
 With Darts ; but *Saph'arnus*, and *Monefus*, fall  
 By 's Sword : with them, *Morinus*, as he sounds  
 To Fight with his shrill Brass, he deadly wounds  
 On the Right Cheek ; and, by the dying Blast  
 Expell'd, the Blood quite through the Trumpet pass ;  
 From's wounded Jaws, *Idmon*, the next to him ;  
 Who, us'd o're *Xasamonian* Sands to swim,  
 Dy'd by his Lance : for slipping, where he stood,  
 Upon a Place, o'reflown with reaking Blood,  
 Endeav'ring

Endeavouring to recover's Feat again,  
 And shun that slipp'ry Place, *Fabius*, amain,  
 Upon him spurs his Horse, and to the Ground  
 Nails him with's Spear; which, left within the Wound,  
 Though trembling with his Motion, firmly held  
 His Carcass down, and fix'd it to the Field.  
 Honour's Example likewise fires the Minde  
 Of *Sylla*, *Craffus*, and *Metellus*, joyn'd  
 With *Fannius*, and *Torquatus*, strong in Fight  
 Above the rest: all these, in *Fabius* Sight,  
 Engage amid't their Foes. But here, in haste  
 Retiring to avoid a Stone was cast  
 Against him, *Bibulus*, unhappy, on  
 An Heap of slaughter'd Friends fell backward down,  
 And where his Brigandine was gaping wide,  
 Unhasp'd by frequent Blows, quite through his Side  
 A Weapon's point, that in a Body stuck  
 By Chance, upright into his Bowels struck.  
 Sad Fate! hee'd'fcap'd *Marmarick* Troops, and all  
 The *Garamantian* Darts, that he might fall  
 By a neglected Lance, that was not thrown,  
 With an intent to wound him. Breathless down  
 He tumbled, horrid Paleness strait involv'd  
 His youthfull beauteous Face, and Life dissolv'd,  
 Through all his Limbs; his Arms hang loose, and Sleep,  
 With *Stygian* Darknes, through his Eys doth creep.  
 From *Tyrian* *Sydon*, sprang of *Cadmus* Race,  
 Excited by his Nephews, *Cleadas*  
 Came to the War, and, proud of the Command,  
 Among his Aids, a brave *Eëan* Band  
 Of Archers led: rich Gems all over deck  
 His golden Cask, and Chains about his Neck:  
 Such, when late wash'd, and from the Ocean rais'd  
 The <sup>(1)</sup>Ulther of the Morn, by *Venus* prais'd,

Contends

Contends with other Stars. In Purple He,  
 His Horse in Purple, all his Company  
 In *Tyrian* Purple shin'd. He, as he wheel'd  
 His Steed to th' Right, and Left, about the Field,  
 Deluding *Brutus*, eager of the Fight,  
 That, by his Hand, a Name so famous might  
 Extinguish'd be, an Arrow, *Parthian*-like,  
 Backward lets flie, nor doth it vainly strike;  
 But in his Armour-Bearer *Casca's* Chin  
 It sticks, and, penetrating deeply in,  
 The Point, obliquely wounding, upward struck  
 To his moist Pallet, and within it stuck.  
 But *Brutus* troubled at his Friend's sad Fate,  
 Him, that so oft, did thus disseminate,  
 In seeming Flight, his cruel Shafts, no more  
 Sought with his nimble Courser, as before,  
 To overtake: but, his whole Fury to  
 His Lance committing, the swift Weapon threw  
 From the loose Thong, and where the Chains develt,  
 Loosen'd by running to, and fro, his Breast,  
 Into the upper Part, a deadly Wound  
 The fixed <sup>(2)</sup>Cornel gave: down to the Ground  
 He dying sinks, and in his Fall lets go,  
 From his right Hand the Shaft, his Left the Bow.  
 But, with a better Fate, *Charmelus* (who  
*Soracte's* Honour was) did then pursue  
 The Fight; for he his Sword with Blood had stain'd  
 Of *Bragad'*, who o're <sup>(3)</sup>*Juba's* People reign'd:  
*Zeusis* (who of *Spartan* *Phalanthus* Race;  
 A Race implacable, derived was,  
 And whom his Mother', a *Phœnician*, bare  
 T' a fam'd *Laconian*) by him likewise there  
 Was slain. But *Nampiscus*, not daring to  
 Appear in Fight, before so fierce a Fo,

Nor

(1) A Spear made of that Wood

(2) King of Mauritania

(1) Lucifer.

Nor yet, as Fear perswaded, thence to fly,  
 Crept through the Bushes to an Oak, that night  
 Did stand, and climbing to the Top, among  
 The shady Leaves conceal'd himself, and hung  
 Upon the Boughs, that trembled with his Weight,  
 His begging, earnestly, to shun his Fate,  
 And leaping, fearfull, oft from Bough to Bough,  
 Furious *Carmelus* with a Pike quite through  
 The Body pierc'd (the Fowler so in Groves  
 His Lime-Twigs laïd, when as his Mark removes  
 In silence strives, on tallest Trees with Aim  
 To strike, with his encreasing Shaft, his Game)  
 His Life, and Blood gush out, and, as it flows,  
 The pallid Corps hangs on the bending Boughs.

The *Romanes*, now the *Tyrians* put to Flight,  
 Closely pursue. When of stupendous Height  
 Upon a sudden, a most dreadful *Moor*  
 Breaks forth, his Limbs black as the Arms he wore.  
 Their lofty Mains his footy Horses rear,  
 And all his Chariot, with new Arts, that Fear  
 Might move, adorn'd, like to their Backs appears.  
 Like Plumes upon his Crest, like Robes he wears:  
 As when of old, to his Infernal Bed  
 The dreadful King of Night eternal, fled,  
 And, in his *Stygian* Chariot, bore away  
 From *Ætna's* Fields, ravish'd *Proserpina*.  
 But *Cato*, then a Youth, and the Renown  
 Of the high Walls of that <sup>(a)</sup> *Circæan* Town  
 Where fam'd *Laertes* Nephew did command:  
 Although he saw the *Latines* make a stand,  
 All troubled in the Front, undaunted, He  
 Spurs on his starting Steed, that sought to flee  
 His Way, affrighted at the *Stygian* Shade.  
 With that, he quits his Back, and doth invade

(a) *Tusculum*, built by *Telegonus*.

On

On foot, the Chariot, and the flying *Moor*,  
 Behinde: when strait his Sword, that trembled o're  
 His Neck, his Whip, and Reins, together fall,  
 And, suddenly, an horrid Palenefs all  
 His Limbs, through loss of Blood, doth overspread;  
 When *Cato*, with his Sword, lops off his Head,  
 And bears it, as a Trophy, on his Lance.

But, now, the fierce *Didatour* doth advance,  
 And, through a Globe with Slaughter breaking, where  
 (A wofull Sight!) the <sup>(v)</sup> *General* did appear,  
 Sinking through many Wounds, and loss of Blood,  
 And poorly begging Quarter; with a Flood  
 Of Tears, lamenting to behold him so,  
 Protects him, with his Target, from the Fo:  
 And, calling to his Son; My valiant Boy  
 (Said He) now let thy Valour wipe away  
 This Stain: let us to *Hannibal* return,  
 (For his great Kindness, that he did not burn,  
 And waite our Fields) a due, and just Reward.

(v) *Asomius*.

The Youth, with these Encouragements he heard,  
 And's Father's Arts rejoyc'd, the Troops, that round  
 The *Libyan* stood, constrain'd to quit their Ground  
 With's Conqu'ring Sword, and clear'd the Field again;  
 While *Hannibal* was forc'd to quit the Plain.  
 As when a greedy Wolf, with Hunger prest,  
 The Shepherd slept aside, or taking Rest,  
 Hath seiz'd a Lamb, and holds it, Trembling, fast  
 Between his Jaws: if then the Shepherd haste,  
 Hearing it bleat, to meet him in the Way;  
 The Wolf, now fearfull for himself, his Prey,  
 Panting between his Teeth, lets fall again,  
 And hungry to the Woods retreats amain.

At length the *Stygian* Darknes, that was spread  
 O're all the Earth, by a rude Tempest, fled.

G g

Their

Their Hands were weary, and they all confess  
 They did not merit Safety ; with Excess  
 Of sudden Joys their Minds distracted were:  
 Like such, that by some sudden Ruins are  
 Oppress'd, when they are freed again, and Night  
 Retires, then wink, and fear to see the Light.  
 This done, his Army number'd in the Plain,  
 To's Camp upon the Hills, with Joy, again  
 The old *Dilatour*, makes a safe Retreat :  
 And then, as rescu'd from the Hand of Fate,  
 The Youth, loud Shouts raise to the Stars, and all  
 T' express their Joy with Emulation, call  
*Fabius* their Safety, *Fabius* their Renown,  
*Fabius* their common Father, and the Crown  
 Of all their Hopes. Then he, that lately shar'd  
 His Troops, to thank them with this Speech repair'd.

Most Pious Father, if it lawfull be  
 That we complain, to Life restor'd by Thee,  
 Oh why didst Thou permit us to divide  
 Our Camp, and Forces ? Why didst thou abide  
 So patient, so calm, those Arms to yield  
 To us, which thou alone art fit to weild ?  
 Sinking beneath that Charge with loss of Blood,  
 We near the Shades Eternal lately stood.  
 Hither your Eagles, hither quickly bear  
 Your rescu'd Ensigns ; Here's our Countrey, here  
 In this one Breast the Citie's Walls abide !  
 And thou, Oh *Hannibal*, now, lay aside  
 Thy Frauds, and known Deceits, the War with Thee  
 By *Fabius* alone must manag'd be.

This laid, when strait (a Reverend Sight it was)  
 A thousand Altars rise, of Turfs of Grasse  
 Compos'd, and none of Meat, or Wine offer'd  
 To touch, before Devoutly they had pray'd,  
 And on the Sacred Table, to the wife  
*Dilatour's* Honour, paid a Sacrifice.

*The End of the Seventh Book.*





# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Eighth Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*By Juno sent, to ease His present Cares,  
The Goddess Anne, to Hannibal repairs:  
By whose Advice, to Cannæ He removes.  
Elected by the People, Varro proves  
A Fatal Consul, the Delaies upbraids  
Of Fabius: A List of all the Aids,  
That with the Romanes joyn. The Army goes  
To Cannæ: Fabius Counsel's to oppose  
Rash Varro. What sad Prodigies foreshow  
In Heaven, and Earth, the Romanes Overthrow.*



O W Fabius, the first, that  
made them see  
The flying Backs of Cadmus  
(a) Progeny,  
Was by the Romane Camp,  
and Souldiers all,  
Their common Parent stil'd:  
by Hannibal,

(a) The Carthaginians.

His onely Fo. Impatient of Delay,  
The Libyan raves. For that, to have a Day  
Of Battel, the Dictator's Death must be  
Expected, and the Aid of Destiny  
Was to be With'd: for while in Arms he stood,  
While Fabius liv'd, to hope for Trojan Blood,  
Was vain. For now the Souldiers brought again  
Their Eagles, and, united, all remain

G g 2

Under



Under his sole Command. With him alone  
 He must again contend : and what upon  
 His Thoughts lay heaviest, was, that, by Delay,  
 He took the Fury of the War away ;  
 And, by his Art of sitting still, had made  
 The Plenty of the *Tyrian* Army fade:  
 And, though an End, by Fighting, could not be  
 Obtain'd, or Battel, he his Enemy  
 Had by his Conduct lately overcome.  
 Besides, the boasting *Celte* towards Home  
 Began to look : a People of a light,  
 Unconstant Minde : Fierce, at the first, in Fight ;  
 But, if withstood, soon quell'd. They griev'd to see  
 A War should be maintain'd, from Slaughter free :  
 ( A thing to them unknown ) and while they stood  
 In Arms, their Hands were stiff, and dry from Blood.  
 To add to this, an inward Grief, and Wound  
 Of civil Envy, did his Thoughts confound ;  
 For *Hanno*, thwarting all he did intend  
 At Home, would not permit the *Senate* send,

(\*) *Hanno*, not able to obtain his Desire of taking his Army together, had through fear of returning into *France* (Book II. l. 262.) if the *Consul*, that followed *Fabius*, had used the same Policy, not him to avoid fighting. For *Hanno*, presently oppos'd at Home by *M. Cato*, had no Supplies thence: and, in Italy most of the Cities oppos'd him, he could not find Provisions to sustain his Men, till the following Victory, at *Cannæ*, gave him all, that He wanted.

(\*) The Sister of *Dido*.

(\*) To his Assistance, any Aids at all.  
 Torn with these Cares, and fearing now the Fall  
 Of his Affairs ; *Juno*, who knew the Fate  
 Of *Cannæ*, and with future things elate,  
 Him with fresh Hopes of Arms, and War inspires,  
 And fills his Thoughts, again, with mad Desires.  
 For (c) *Anna*, call'd from the *Laurentine* Lakes,  
 In this mild Language her Instructions takes.

There is a Youth, in Blood ally'd to Thee,  
 Call'd *Hannibal*, and from our *Belus* he  
 His Noble Name derives : make Haste away,  
 And the rude Surges of his Cares allay ;  
 Shake *Fabius* from his Thoughts, who is alone  
 The Stop, that *Italie*'s not overthrown.

*Fabius*

*Fabius* is now dismiss'd, with *Varro* he  
 Hereafter must contend ; the War must be  
 With *Varro* wag'd. Let him not wanting prove  
 To Fate, but quickly all his Ensigns move :  
 I will be present ; let him haste away  
 To th' *Lapygian* Plains : there *Trebia*,  
 And *Thrasimennus* Fates shall meet again.  
*Anna* a Neighbour to the Gods, that reign  
 In those chaste Woods, thus answers. It would be  
 Unjust in Me, should I delay (said She)  
 Your great Commands ; but yet permit, I pray,  
 The Favours, to my antient Countrey, may  
 With Caution be retain'd ; and that the Will,  
 And Charge, of my dear Sister I fulfill.

Though *Anna* be esteem'd Divine, among  
 The *Latine* Deities, yet Time with long  
 Ambages, turning, in Obscurity  
 Hath drown'd the Reason of Antiquity ;  
 Why Temples the *Ausonians* should ordain  
 To *Tyrian* Pow'rs : Or why, where *Trojans* reign,  
*Eliza*'s Sister should be there ador'd.  
 But, keeping close to Time, I will record  
 What antient Fame reports ; and, briefly, all  
 The Story tell, from its Original.

When *Tyrian Dido*, by her *Trojan* Guest,  
 Forsaken was, and all her Hopes suppress'd :  
 Within a secret Place, in Haste, with Cares,  
 And Love, distract, a Fun'ral Pyle she rears ;  
 Then takes the Sword (that fatal Gift) that by

(d) Her Husband fled was giv'n, resolv'd to dy :  
 When strait *Hyarbas*, whom before She had  
 Rejected, as a Lover, doth invade  
 Her Kingdom, and his Arms, Victorious (while  
 Her Ashes yet were warm) fix'd to the Pyle.

Who

(d) *Anna*.

(c) *Cyrene*, a City situate between the great *Syri*, and *Marceus*, from which all that part of *Libya* is called *Cyrenæica*.

Who durst, while thus the *Nomades* fierce King  
Prevail'd, to their Distress, Assistance bring?  
*Battus*, by Chance, the Reins of Chief Command  
Over<sup>(c)</sup> *Cyrene*, with a gentle Hand  
Then held: this *Battus* was by Nature Kind,  
And Humane Chances easily inclin'd  
With Tears, to pity, and, at first, when *Anne*  
A Suppliant before Him came, began  
The fickle State of Kings to apprehend,  
And to relieve her, did his Hand extend.  
Here She two Harvests pass'd, but could no more  
Enjoy the Aid of *Battus*, and that Store  
His Bounty did afford: for then a Fame  
Was spread, *Pygmalion* to her Ruine came  
By Sea. She therefore from that Kingdom flies,  
And (as if hated by the Deities,  
And no less hatefull to her self, that She  
Her Sister's Death, did not accompany)  
By fatal Tempests, on the Sea, was tost,  
Till, with torn Sails, to the *Laurentine* Coast,  
She driven was, and, sadly Ship-wrack'd, there  
A Stranger to the People, Soil, and Air,  
A fearfull *Tyrian* stood, on *Latine* ground.  
When now behold *Aeneas*, having crown'd  
His Labours with a Kingdom, to the Place  
By Chance, with young *Iulus* came: His Face  
She quickly knew, and when he spy'd her there,  
Her Eys fix'd on the Earth, and full of Fear,  
Faln prostrate at *Iulus* Feet, whose Eys  
O'reflow'd with Pity, helping her to rise,  
To's House, he with a gentle Hand convey'd,  
And when, with kind Reception, he'd allay'd  
Her Fears of Danger, with a pensive Care,  
Desir'd unhappy *Dido's* Fate to hear.

Then

Then she, with Language fitted for the Time,  
And Tears her Words protracting, thus to him  
The Story told. Thou Goddess-born, alone,  
Wert the true Cause, my Sister, both her Throne  
And Life enjoy'd: her Death, and Fun'ral Fire  
(Alas that I, in it, did not expire)  
Can witness this: for when She could no more  
Behold thy Face, sometimes upon the Shore  
She sat, sometimes she stood, and, as her Eys  
Pursu'd the Winds, with loud, and mournfull Cries  
*Aeneas* call'd, and onely begg'd, that she  
Might in the Vessel bear thee Company.  
Soon after, troubled in her Thoughts, again  
She to her Marriage-Chamber runs amain,  
Where, as she enters, she is seiz'd with such  
A sudden Trembling, that she dares not touch  
Her Nuptial Bed: then, mad with her Embrace,  
The stary Image of *Iulus* Face  
She hugs, then Thine; on which, at length, she dwells  
With fixed Eys, and her sad Story tells  
To Thee, and hopes an Answer to obtain.  
But, when Love lai'd all Hopes aside, again  
The House she quits, and flies unto the Shore,  
Hoping the shifting Winds might Thee restore.  
At length, fallacious *Levity* invites  
Her, ev'n to Magick Arts, and the dire Rites  
Of the *Masilian* Nation to descend.  
But Oh! What wicked Errours do attend  
Such Prophets! while they *Sygyian* Pow'rs allure  
From Hell, and promise to her Wounds a Cure.  
What a sad Act did I, deceiv'd the while,  
Behold! She throws upon the horrid Pyle  
All Monuments, and fatal Gifts by Thee  
On her bestow'd. With that thus lovingly

Hs

He interrupts her ; By this Land I swear  
 ( Which in my Wishes you did often hear )  
 By mild *Ilus* Head ( to Her, and Thee  
 Once held so dear ) I most unwillingly ,  
 Oft looking back, and troubled in my Mind,  
 You Kingdom left. Nor had I then declin'd  
 My Marriage-Bed, had I not threatn'd bin  
 By *Mercury*, who with his Hand Me in  
 The Cabine plac'd, and drove into the Sea,  
 With furious Winds, the flying Ship away.  
 But why ( though all Advice is now too late )  
 Did you permit, at such a Time as that,  
 That She, without a Guard, in Love should be  
 So Furious ? In broken Murmurs she  
 ( Among her many Sighs ) to this replies,  
 With trembling Lips I then a Sacrifice  
 To *Stygian Jove*, and his Infernal Queen,  
 To try, if my poor Sister might have been  
 Eas'd in her Love-sick Mind, prepar'd, and to  
 The Altars, with all Diligence, I drew  
 The coal-black Lambs, with mine own Hand : for I,  
 The Night before, was fill'd with Horrour, by  
 A Dream : for thrice my Sister call'd on you  
 With a loud Voice, thrice on *Sycheus* ; who,  
 Leaping for Joy, with a most chearfull Face  
 ( I thought ) appear'd. But, while I strove to chace  
 These Fancies from my Mind, and, as the Day  
 Began, that what I saw, might prosper, pray  
 The Gods ; She, Frantick, runs unto the Shore,  
 And on the silent Sands, where you before  
 Had stood, her frequent Kisses fix'd, and prest  
 Your Foot-steps with a kind embracing Breast :  
 As Mothers, late deprived of their Sons,  
 Their Ashes hugg. From thence away she runs,

Like

Like a rude *Bacchinal* : her Hair displaid,  
 To that high Pile, which she before had made,  
 Of a vast Bulk, from whence she might explore  
 All *Carthage*-City, with the Seas, and Shore.  
 Then putting on the *Phrygian* Robe, and Chain,  
 Enrich'd with Gems, when she to Mind, again,  
 Had call'd the Day, wherein she first had seen  
 These Presents, and the Banquets, that had been  
 At your Arrival made, and how the long  
 Labours of *Troy* you told, while on your Tongue,  
 With Pity, her still-listning Ear depends ;  
 Then to the Port her weeping Eys she bends ;  
 And, Off'ring to the Gods, in Death, her Hair,  
 Thus speaks. Ye Gods of lasting Night ! who are  
 By our approaching Death much Greater made,  
 Be Present, I beseech you ! and my Shade,  
 O'recome with Love, and weary, now of Life,  
 Receive, with kind Aspect, *Aeneas* Wife,  
 And *Venus* Daughter ; who t' avenge the Guilt  
 Of my *Sycheus* Death, these Tow'rs have built  
 Of lofty *Carthage* : now the Shade to you  
 Of that great Body come. My Husband ( who  
 Was fam'd for his kind Love ) perhaps Me there  
 Expects, and would renew his former Care.  
 This said, the Sword ( that fatal Sword ! ) which she  
 Thought a sure Pledg of *Dardane* Love to be,  
 Into her Breast she thrusts ; her Servants, who  
 Beheld her, with sad Cries, and Shreeking, through  
 The Palace run. The Noise, unhappy, I  
 Receive, and, frighted to the Palace, fly.  
 Like one distracted, with my Hands, my Face  
 I tear, and strive to climb up to the Place.  
 Thrice, with that Sword, I thought my self to kill,  
 As oft I, founding, on my Sister fell.

H h

But,

But, when the Rumour of her Fate was spread  
Through all the Neighb'ring Cities, thence I fled  
To fam'd *Cyrene*, and, by Fate still cross'd,  
From thence upon your Coast, by Tempests tof'd,  
I now am cast. The *Trojan* Prince, inclin'd  
To Tears at this, resolv'd to be more kind  
To Her: and now all Sadness, Grief, and Care,  
Was laid aside, and *Anne* no longer there  
A Stranger seem'd to be. But, when the Night  
All things by Sea, and Land, had cover'd quite,  
Her Sister *Dido* seem'd with sad Aspect,  
These Words to Her, then sleeping, to direct.

Can'st Thou (Oh Sister!) can'st Thou long endure  
Within this Family (Oh too secure!)  
T' indulge Thy self to Rest? And dost not see  
What dangers Thee surround? what Plots 'gainst Thee  
Are laid? Or dost Thou not, yet, understand  
How fatal to Thy Kindred, and Thy Land  
The *Trojans* are? So long as Sphears above,  
With Rapid Turning-round, the Stars shall move,  
And with her Brother's Light the Moon shall shine,  
Upon the Earth between the *Trojan* Line,  
And *Tyrians*, there shall be no Peace: Arise,  
Be gone from hence, (\*) *Lavinia's* Jealousies  
Now secret Plots contrive, and in her Minde  
Something of Mischief 'gainst Thee is design'd.  
Beside (nor think that this is but a Dream)  
Hard by, *Numicus*, with a gentle Stream,  
From a small Fountain, through a Valley flows:  
Hast quickly thither, and Thy self dispose  
To Safety; there the *Nymphs*, with Joy, shall Thee  
Receive into the Flood, and Thou shalt be,  
In *Italy*, Eternally Ador'd  
A Goddess. And, as *Dido* spake that Word,

She

She vanish'd into Air. *Anne*, frighted by  
These Prodigies, awakes; and instantly,  
Through Fear, cold Sweat o'er all her Limbs is spread.  
Then, clad with a thin Garment, from her Bed  
She leaps, and through a Window, that was low,  
Into the open Fields doth, speedy, go:  
Untill *Numicus* in his sandy Waves  
Receiv'd, and hid her in his Chrystal Caves.  
Now, when through all the World its Beams the Day  
Had spread, and in the *Trojan* Chambers they  
The *Tyrian* Lady miss'd, with Cries through all  
The *Latian* Fields they run, and *Anna* call.  
At length Her Footsteps to th' Neighb'ring Flood  
They follow, and, as there they Wond'ring stood,  
The River from his Chancel strait expell'd  
The Stream, and in the Bottom they beheld  
Among the *Cœrulean* Sisters, *Anne*, who broke  
Silence, and to the *Trojans* kindly spoke.  
Since that, when first the Year begins, is She  
Divinely worshipp'd through all *Italy*.

When to this Fight that did so fatal prove  
To *Italy*, the spightfull Wife of *Jove*  
Had Her instructed, in her Chariot, light,  
Up to the Stars again she takes her Flight,  
Hoping full Draughts of *Trojan* Blood she may  
At length receive. The Lesser to obey  
The greater Goddesses, and strait to all,  
Besides, unseen, repairs to *Hannibal*.  
Sequestred from all Company, alone  
She finds Him, sadly ruminating on  
The dubious Event of His Affairs,  
And War, with anxious Sighs; to ease His Cares  
With this kind Language She salutes Him. Why  
(Most Mighty King of *Cadmus* Progeny)

H h 2

Dost

(\*) *Lavinia* was the Daughter of  
King *Lavinus*, whom *Anne* married.

Dost Thou persist to vex Thy self with Care?  
 Know, that the angry Gods appeald are  
 To Thee: and now an Eye of Favour cast  
 On th' *Agenorides*. Away, make haste;  
 Draw Thy *Marmarick* Forces out to fight.  
 The *Fasces* now are chang'd, and *Fabius* quite,  
 By a Decree of *Senate*, now hath laid  
 The War, and Arms, aside: it may be said,  
 With a *Flaminius* Thou hast now to do.  
 Me the great Wife of *Jove* (nor doubt it True)  
 To Thee hath sent, I, in th' *Oenotrian* Land  
 Religiously ador'd, a Goddess stand,  
 Sprang from Your *Belus* Blood. Then quickly go,  
 And all the Thunder of War's Fury throw,  
 Where high *Garganus* doth it self display  
 Through *Lapygian* Fields unto the Sea;  
 The Place is not far distant, thither all  
 Thy Ensigns bear; that *Rome*, at length, may fall.  
 This Victory shall *Libya* suffice.  
 This said, into the Clouds again She flies.

By these Assurances, of promis'd Praise,  
 Doth *Hannibal* His Thoughts dejected raise:  
 Great *Nymph* (said He) the Glory of Our Line;  
 Then whom by Us no Goddess more Divine  
 Is held! most happy with such Tidings fraught!  
 Thee (after I victoriously have fought)  
 At *Carthage*, in a Marble Temple, I  
 Will place, and, in her Statue, *Dido*, nigh  
 To Thee, shall be ador'd. This said, He then,  
 Full of glad Thoughts, thus animates his Men.  
 Now all your tedious Cares, your Sense of ill,  
 And slow-tormenting Pains of sitting-still  
 (My Souldiers) lay aside. We have appeas'd  
 The Wrath of Heav'n, the Gods with Us are pleas'd.  
 Hence

Hence is it, that I *Fabius* can declare  
 Discharg'd of his Command: the *Fasces* are  
 In other Hands. Now let Me see those great,  
 And valiant Acts, which oft, with so much Heat,  
 You promis'd, when excluded from the Fight.  
 Behold! a *Libyan* Deity, this Night,  
 Hath promis'd greater things, then We have done.  
 Then pull Your Ensigns up, let Us march on  
 After the Goddesses, and that Land invade,  
 That, by the Name of *Diomed*, was made  
 Most fatal to the *Phrygians*. While they,  
 Encourag'd thus, to *Arpos* march'd away,  
*Varro*, by stoln *Plebeian* Voices made  
 A *Consul*, who the <sup>(f)</sup> *Kostra* did invade  
 With Tyranny, opens a spacious Gate  
 To Ruin, and draws on the City's Fate.

This Fellow, basely born, his Parent's Name  
 Unknown, into the <sup>(g)</sup> *Forum*, Bawling, came  
 With an immodest Tongue, and made by Bribes,  
 And Rapine rich, humour'd th' inconstant Tribes,  
 By railing at the *Senate*, and so far  
 Prevail'd in *Rome*, then shaken by the War;  
 That He (by whom, had he with Victory  
 Return'd, it had been Shame for *Italy*  
 To be preserv'd) of all Affairs the Weight  
 Assum'd; sole Arbitrer of her great Fate.  
 Him 'mong the *Fabii*, and those Names renown'd  
 In War, the *Scipios*, and *Marcellus* crown'd  
 With Spoils to *Jove*, blind Suffrages (a Stain)  
 Plac'd in the <sup>(h)</sup> *Fasti*, while the Love of Gain,  
 And <sup>(i)</sup> *Mari's* Field, a greater Mischief bred  
 For *Canne*, then the Arms of *Diomed*.  
 He, as he was Seditious, busie still  
 To foment Envy, and devoid of Skill

(f) The Pulpit, wherein stood such,  
 as spoke to the People in their Assemblies.

(g) The Pleading-Place

(h) The Roman Calendars.

(i) The Place where they Assembled.

To

To plead, so was he weak in Martial Arts,  
And neither fam'd for Courage, nor for Parts  
To manage such Affairs, hop'd yet, among  
The Valiant, to be honour'd for his Tongue,  
And from the *Rogstra* urgeth for a Fight.  
When therefore to the People, full of Spight,

(k) *Fabius* was no sooner elected *Consul*, but he told the People, that the War had been brought into *Italy* by the Nobility, and would be kept in the Bowels of it, if the *Fabii* had the Command of their Armes. See *Lib.* Book 16.

(l) A Compellion frequently used to the People by such as flatter'd them.

(k) He had upbraided *Fabius* for Delay,  
Against the *Senate* too this boasting Plea  
He undertakes: (l) *Quirites*! You to whom  
Belongs the chief Command, to you I come,  
Your *Consul*, for Commission now to Fight.  
Shall I sit still, or, wandering o're the Height  
Of Hills, beneath me *Garamantians* see,  
And parched *Moors* to share in *Italy*?  
Or shall I use that Sword, which now I wear,  
Giv'n by your Suffrage. Good *Dictator*, hear  
What 'tis the Martial People now command.  
It is their Will, that the *Ausonian* Land  
Be eas'd of *Libya's* War, and of the Fo.  
Do they to War precipitately go;  
Who, having suffer'd much, now the third Year,  
With saddest Miseries consum'd appear?  
Hast then, take Arms, brave men; your sole Delay  
To Triumph, is a little March. That Day,  
Which first shews you the Fo, shall overthrow  
The *Senate* and the *Libyan* War. Then go  
With Speed; I, bound in *Latian* Fetters, through  
The City *Hannibal*, in *Fabius* View,  
Will lead. This boasting said, out at the Gates,  
Rushing to Arms, he, strait, precipitates:  
Like one, that unacquainted with the Arts  
To guide a Chariot, from the Barriers starts;  
Gives the full Reins with one, with to'ther Hand  
The Whip employs, while he doth tottering stand  
Unequal

Unequal to the Steeds: the Axel-tree,  
Pres'd by th' ill-turning Wheels, appears to be  
On fire, and smoaks: the Chariot to, and fro,  
Is tof'd; with it the Reins, entangled, flow.

*Paulus*, ( who then for Peace, and War, was joy'n'd  
His Colleague ) well perceiv'd the State inclin'd  
To Ruin, and, by his unhappy Sway,  
Its Strength, and Glory quickly would decay.  
But the unconstant Fury of the rude,  
And troubled People, and a (m) Wound renew'd  
Fresh in his Memory, Complaints suppress,  
And kept his swelling Grievs within his Breast.  
For when, in younger Years, he had subdu'd  
*Illyrium*, the envious Multitude  
Upon his Conquest foul Aspersions cast,  
And, with unjust Reports, his Laurel blast.  
Thence of the cruel People he did bear  
Still in his Mind a Rev'rential Fear.  
But, to the Gods ally'd, his Pedigree  
From Heav'n, by fam'd Progenitours, might be  
Deriv'd. His Chief, *Amulius*, could prove  
*Assaracus* his Ancestour; he, *Jove*.  
And none deny'd, who Him in Arms had seen,  
That that His great Original had been.  
To Him, as then he was about to take  
The Field, and quit the Town, thus *Fabius* spake.

(m) After *Paulus* & *Asper* had subdued King *Perseus*, and spoiled seventeen Cities in *Illyrium*, at his Return to *Rome*, the People accus'd him of converting much of the Booty to his own use ( as they did, afterwards, *Scipio Africanus* ) since which time he never took any Publick Employment, till made Colleague with *Fabius*.

If that thy greatest War thou dost believe  
To be with *Hannibal*, thou wilt deceive  
Thy Countrey, *Paulus* ( I am loth my Minde  
To speak thus freely ) but, Im'e sure, thou'lt finde,  
Within the Camp, worse Conflicts, and a Fo  
More fierce, or I, in vain, have sought to know  
Events of War so long. I lately heard  
Him promise (and, if I the Ruins fear'd,

Thar

That we shall suffer, I could weary be  
 Of Life, and my old Age ) so soon as He  
 Could see him, he would fight the prosperous Fo.  
 Oh *Paulus*, should the eager *Libyan* know  
 This Speech, how near would our Destruction be!  
 I do believe, that now the Enemy  
 Stands ready in the Plain, and hopes to finde  
 Another *Consul*, of *Flaminius* Mind,  
 To fall into his Hands. What men wilt Thou  
 Provoke, mad *Varro*? Or, unskilfull, how  
 Canst thou, forthwith, their Camp, and Arms before  
 Discover? and, by thy Delays, explore,  
 How much the Customs of the Fo may Thee  
 Avail? How great his Magazine may be?  
 Or what the Place's Nature? Thou their kind  
 Of Weapons soon wilt know, and Fortune finde  
 Standing on all their Points. *Paulus*, thy just  
 Resolves to all his devious Courses must  
 Opposed be: if it be just in him  
 T' afflict his Country, can it be a Crime  
 In Thee to save it? *Hannibal* is now  
 Strained for Victuals: His Associates grow  
 Now weary of his Friendship, since the Heat  
 Of War's allaid: here He finds no Retreat  
 To better Quarters: here no Cities are,  
 To whose Fidelity he can repair.  
 Nor can he here recruit his Youth again:  
 Scarce a third part of all those men remain,  
 That with him from *Iberus* came: Oh then  
 Continue firm, and to our Wounds, agen  
 The Medicine of a Cautious War apply.  
 If in the meantime Th' art invited by  
 Any propitious Air, and Heav'n approve;  
 Near to thy better Fortune quickly move.

1) When *Hannibal* marched from  
*Iberia*, his Army consisted of eight  
 and thirty thousand Foot, and about  
 eight thousand Horse: but, through the  
 difficulties which he encountered in his  
 passage over the *Alps*, he scarce  
 brought half of them into *Italy*. *Polih.*  
 lib. 3. *Livy* assigns, scarce a third  
 part.

*Paulus*

*Paulus* with Sadness, briefly thus again  
 Answers. This Piety shall still remain  
 With me: thy Minde (unconquer'd General)  
 Against the *Libyan* I'll still bear. Withall,  
 I know there is such Reason to with-hold  
 From Fight, that *Hannibal*, now waxing old,  
 Through thy Delays, perceiv's the War to be  
 Almost suppress'd, and at a Stand: but see  
 The sad Displeasure! see the Wrath of Heav'n!  
 One *Consul* (I believe) to *Rome* is giv'n  
 To'ther to *Carthage*: He draws with Him all  
 Affairs, and madly fears, that *Rome* should fall  
 By any other Hand, then by His own:  
 She, cruel, from the *Tyrian Senate*, none  
 Could more destructive choose: no Warlike Steed  
 To carry Him against the Fo, hath Speed  
 Enough. It grieves Him that His March should be  
 Retarded, by the Nights Obscurity.  
 With Swords half drawn He marches, that no Stay,  
 To draw a Sword, His fighting may delay.  
 But yee *Tarpeian* Rocks, and Tow'rs that be  
 Sacred to *Jove*, through him ally'd to Me!  
 And my thrice happy Countie's Walls, which now  
 I stand leave, the Witness of my Vow!  
 Where e're the common Safety calls me, I  
 Will go, and greatest Dangers will defie;  
 But, if still deaf, to what I shall advise,  
 The Camp will fight, I shall no longer prize  
 Th' Enjoyment of my Sons, and dearest Home,  
 Nor, like to *Varro*, me shall wounded *Rome*  
 Returning see. Thus high in Discontent  
 The *Generals*, both, to the Army went.  
 The *Libyan* within th' *Aetolian* Plains  
 (As by His Dream advis'd) encamp'd remains.  
 I i Neither



Neither had *Italy* e're sent a Force  
Greater for Number, both of Foot, and Horse,  
Into the Field: for then they fear'd the Fall  
Both of the City, and the Nation; all

(c) *Tarro* having resolv'd to fight, wheresoever he met *Hannibal*, the People gave him an executive Liberty to raise men: so that he had a greater Army, then ever the *Romans* levied before: to the number of eighty eight thousand men. See *Plutarch* in *Fabius*.

(e) Their Hopes upon one Battel did depend.

Therefore the *Faun*-got *Rutuli* did send,  
Join'd with *Sicanian* Arms, their Sacred Bands  
Into the War. Those, that possess the Lands  
Of *Damius*, and *Laurentine* Palaces,  
And fam'd *Namicius* Waters, join'd with these.  
From *Castrum* likewise, to the War, they came;

(d) *Ardæa* was a wealthy City of the *Latio*, (distant from *Rome* eighteen Miles) when *Amulius* entered *Italy*, *Tarpius* was King of it, who gave Battel to *Amulius* and was slain by him, *Tarpius* *Sopater* besieged this City, when his Son left the Camp, and pressed to *Rome*, to 'avish *Lucretia*, which not easily forced him to raise the Siege: but, subverted his Donation over the *Romanes*. See *Enchiridion*.

(f) *Phrygia* a wealthy City of the *Latio*, (distant from *Rome* eighteen Miles) when *Amulius* entered *Italy*, *Tarpius* was King of it, who gave Battel to *Amulius* and was slain by him, *Tarpius* *Sopater* besieged this City, when his Son left the Camp, and pressed to *Rome*, to 'avish *Lucretia*, which not easily forced him to raise the Siege: but, subverted his Donation over the *Romanes*. See *Enchiridion*.

(g) *Tiber*.

(h) *Alia*, a small Brook, that flows into *Tiber*, wherein, once a year, the Image of *Cybele* was washed.

(i) *Præneste*, built by *Prænestus*, the Son of *Latium*, and Nephew to *Ulysses*, and *Civice*: where there was a Temple Dedicated to *Fortuna*, and famous for its Oracle.

And *Ardæa*, once fatal to the (f) Name  
Of *Phrygians*; and, *Lavinum*, where of old  
(Built on a lofty Hill) they did behold  
Great *Juno's* Temple; and, *Collatia* where  
Chast *Brutus* took his Birth: with those, that are  
Wont to frequent *Diana's* cruel (g) Grove;  
And that the Mouth o' th' (h) *Tyrrhen* River love.  
They likewise, that in *Almo's* warmer Stream  
Cherish (i) *Cybele*, to the Army came.  
Thy *Tybur* too, *Catyllus*, muster'd; and  
(j) *Præneste*, that upon an Hill doth stand,  
Sacred to *Fortune*; and *Antenna*, fam'd:  
Before *Crussumium*, from the River nam'd.  
With the *Labici*, skill'd to Plow, and those,  
That dwell where now Imperial *Tiber* flows;  
With *Anyo's* Neighbours, and the People, where  
The Fields with cold *Simbrivium* water'd are;  
And the *Æquicole*, for Tillage known.  
Their Captain, *Scaurus* was; whose Chin the Down  
Then newly cover'd: but his rising Worth  
Began to future Times to set him forth.  
These were not wont with Steel to point the Spear,  
Or Quivers full of winged Shafts to bear;

Piles

Piles, and short Swords, they love: their Heads with  
Defended are, their Crests all else surpasse. (Bras)  
But those, which *Setia*, that's reserv'd alone  
For *Bacchus* Table, and (m) *Velitrae*, known  
By many Battels, from her Valley sent,  
With such as *Cora* list'd, and that went  
From *Signia*, full of hurtfull Wines; with those,  
Where the black Fen of *Satura* o'reflows  
The *Fontine* Level, with a noisom Flood; (Mud,  
Which, running through the Fields, all stain'd with  
*Ufens* within his Chanel strait collects:  
And with the Slime the Neighbouring Sea infects,  
Were under valiant *Scævola's* Command;  
Who, Great in's Ancestours, nor of that Hand  
Unworthy held, whose honour'd Figure He,  
Carv'd in his Target, wore: where they might see  
The flaming Altars, midst the *Tyrrhen* Bands,  
Now angry with himself, bold (n) *Mutius* stands,  
And Valour, in his Image, seem'd to be  
Turn'd into Rage: *Porfenna*, instantly,  
Having escap'd the Blow, to Arms returns,  
While He his erring Hand, for Anger, burns.  
Then, from the fam'd *Circæan* Hills, and from  
*Anxur* (high-standing on a Rock) they come:  
With those, that Plow the *Hernick* Stony Fields,  
And fair *Anagnia*, that such Plenty yields  
Of Wheat. But *Sylla* the *Terentines*, joyn'd  
With *Privernates*, led. Then, those, that shin'd  
In their bright Arms, from *Sora* lately sent.  
Next these, the *Fabraterian* People went,  
And *Scaptian* Youth. *Atina* too was there,  
From her cold Hill; and *Suessa*, worn with War:  
And, from the Plough, *Trusino*, not to be  
Esteem'd, as weak. But those, that *Lyrus* see,

(e) The *Ufens*, upon the Confidence of a Prophecy, that told them, a Citizen of their City should one day obtain the Dominion over all *Italy*, did very often contend with *Rome*: but were still worsted, until *Ascanius*, who was born there, obtaining the Empire, subdued the Prophecy.

(x) *Mutius Scævola*, who, when *Rome* was besieged by *Tarquinus Superbus*, and *Porfenna*, issued out of the City by night, resolving to kill *Porfenna*, and passing, disguised, through the Guards, coming into his Tent, not knowing the King, slew one of his Nobles, and finding immediately his Error, in a Rage, burnt his Hand, for the Mistake. See *lib. 1.*

I i 2

Mixing

Mixing his sulph'rous Waters with the cold  
*Fibrenus*, and, with silent Streams, by old  
*Aspinum* glides; with the *Venafrian* Bands,  
 And him, that with the *Larinates* Hands  
 Brings his Auxiliaries, and the vast  
*Aquinum* of her Men doth quite exhaust,  
*Tullius* to War, in brazen Arms, did bring:  
 A Noble Youth, that did from *Tullus* spring,  
 And of so great a Wit, that Fate ordain'd,  
 That He should give to the *Ausonian* Land

(1) One of his Race, that should be understood  
 Beyond the *Indies*, and their famous Flood  
 Of *Ganges*: whose great Voice the World should fill;  
 Who, by the Thunder of his Tongue, should still  
 The Noise of War; nor shall Posterity  
 Ere hope the like, for Eloquence, to see.  
 But from *Iberamnean* Blood, of *Clausus*, sprung,  
 Inimitable for brave Deeds, among  
 The Chief, was (2) *Nero*: Him the Troops, that came  
 From *Amitemnum*, and, which takes her Name  
 From *Bactrians*, *Cassperula*, with all  
 From *Foruli*, and, which we Sacred call  
 To th' Mother of the (3) Gods, *Reate*, and  
*Nursia*, that as besieg'd by Frosts doth stand,  
 And Troops from *Tetricus* cold Rock, to th' Field  
 Attend, all arm'd with Lances, and their Shield  
 Made, Globe-like, round: no Plumes their Helmets bear,  
 And their left Legs with (4) Boots defended are.  
 These, as they Joyfull march'd, some Praises sung  
 To Thee, great (5) *Sanctus* (for from Thee they sprung)  
 Some, *Sabus*, honour Thee, who first of all  
 Thy People, from Thy Name, didst *Sabines* call.  
 But *Curio*, rough with 's scaly Coat of Mail,  
 And on his Helmet's Crest an Horfes Tail,

Into

Into the War so great Assistance brings;  
 That not the Raging Sea more numerous flings  
 Its foaming Billows up: nor Bands more light,  
 And Active, when She imitates a Fight, (Shields,  
 Riding through numerous Troops, with Moon-like  
 (1) The Warlike Maid leads through the *Scythian* Fields, (2) *Amazon*,  
 And makes *Thermodoon*, and the Earth, resound  
 The Noise. Here those, that in thy Stony Ground,  
*Xumana*, dwell, and those, that near the Shore  
 With flaming Altars, (3) *Capra*, Thee adore, (4) *Jeno*, who had there a Temple.  
 Were to be seen. They likewise thither send,  
 Their Aids, who the *Truentine* Towers defend  
 By the adjoining River, and the Sun,  
 From their bright Targets, by Reflexion,  
 At Distance, rais'd a bloody Light: and there  
*Ancon* as rich in Purple did appear,  
 As are the *Libyan*, or *Sidonian* Looms.  
 Then, water'd by *Vomanns*, *Adria* comes.  
 And, near to them, the Ensigns they behold  
 Of churlish *Afculum*, which (5) fam'd of old)  
*Vepicus*, sprung from *Saturne*, built: Him, by  
 Her Charms, *Phaëbean Circe* forc'd to fly,  
 Depriv'd of his own (6) Figure through the Air,  
 With yellow Plumes. Once the *Pelagii* there  
 Inhabited, and *Aefis* (as by Fame  
 We learn) their Ruler was, and left his Name  
 Unto the River, and his People all  
 Began *Afili*, from himself, to call.  
 Nor, coming from their hollow Hills, with worse  
 Supplies, did *Umbrian* Swains the Camp enforce.  
 These *Aefis*, *Sapis*, and, with rapid Waves,  
 Roll'd over lofty Rocks, *Metaurus* Laves:  
*Clitumnus* too, that Bulls for Sacrifice  
 Walbeth in Sacred Streams; and *Nar*, that flies  
 Foaming

(1) *Maver's Tullius* *Cicero*, the famous Orator.

(2) *Vit. Lib. 15.*

(3) *Cybele*.

(4) This kind of Armour on the left Legs, was peculiar to the *Sabines*, among the *Italians*; and *Arcturus*, among the *Greeks*.

(5) *Sanctus* was the Father of *Silvius*.

(6) Turned into a Wood-pecker by *Circe*.

Foaming to *Tiber*; and, whose Waters run  
 Ingloriously, *Tinia*, and *Rubicon*,  
 With *Clavis*, and which, from the *Senones*,  
 Was *Senna* call'd: but *Tyber*, 'midst of these,  
 With Banks unshaken, near th' Imperial Walls,  
 Swells high, and thence into the *Ocean* falls.  
 Their Cities, *Arna*, and *Mevania*, rich  
 In spacious Meads, *Hispellum*, *Arnia*, which  
 Upon a steep, and rocky Hill doth ly;  
*Inginum* too, of old infected by  
 Moist Clouds; and, lying in an open Plain,  
*Fulgina*, wanting Walls. Near these remain  
 A warlike People, *Amerini* nam'd:  
 And *Camers*, near to them, for Arrows fam'd;  
 With wealthy *Sarsina*, renown'd for Store  
 Of Milk; and the *Tudertes*, that adore  
 The God of War. These, a stout Race of Men,  
 Contemning Death, were led by *Piso*, then  
 A Youth, and there in such an Habit shin'd;  
 But equalling, by his sagacious Mind,  
 The *Antient*, and in Policy his Years  
 Excelling, at the Armie's Head appears  
 In *Parthian*-painted Arms, and Golden Chain;  
 Whose Gems a Lustre cast through all the Plain.  
 But then a Legion of *Hetrurian* Bands,  
 Compleat, stout *Galla* (a great Name) commands:  
 From *Cretan Minos* He his Pedigree  
 Deriv'd, and from Lustfull *Pasiphae*,  
 So hated by the *Bull*; and from that Line  
 His Noble Ancestours in Order shine.  
 Then *Cere* chosen Bands, *Cortona* then  
 (Proud *Tarcon's* Family) send chosen Men;  
 With old *Graviscæ*, *Asium*, by thy Streams  
*Grecian Aleus*, lov'd, and that, which seems

Besieg'd

(\*) *Silius*, in this agrees with *Virgil* in his *Æneid*, that the *Bull* led from *Pasiphae*; till *Procrustes* made a Cow of Wood, where in the *Qu*, was enclosed, and the *Bull* deluded.

Besieg'd by a rude Plain, *Fregellæ*: nor  
 Was *Fesula* (the Fam'd Interpreter  
 Of Thunder) wanting, with her Sacred Bands.  
 And, near to them, *Clusinum* Muster'd stands,  
 Once a great Terrour to the Walls of *Rome*;  
 When thou, *Porfenna*, Arm'd, didst thither come,  
 And didst endeavour to restore, in vain,  
 Th' expell'd *Tarquinius* to the Throne again.  
 Then *Luna*, from her Snow-white Quarries, prest  
 Her lab'ring Youth: *Luna*, before the rest,  
 Fam'd for her spacious Port; which can contain  
 Ships without Number, and shuts in the Main.  
 Not far from these, the *Vetulonian* Band  
 (The Glory once of the *Mæonian* Land)  
 Which first ordain'd twelve *Fasces* to precede  
 The *Consuls*; and, to strike a silent Dread,  
 As many *Axes* added: it was She,  
 That first adorn'd with polish'd Ivory  
 Triumphal Chairs: Her Nobles first array'd  
 In *Tyrian* Purple, and that Trumpets made  
 Courage by them in Battel to enflame.  
 Next these the *Nepefian* Cohorts came,  
 And just *Falsci*; and, *Flavinia*, those,  
 That keep thy Fires. Near whom *Sabaca* goes,  
 In Fens abounding; and, that near thy Lake,  
*Ciminus*, dwell; with them, that *Sutrium* take  
 For their Abode; and those, that to the Rites  
 Of *Phæbus* high *Soracte* oft invites:  
 Caps of the Skins of Beasts their Heads defend;  
 Two Darts they carry, and their Spears commend  
 Before the *Lycian* Bows. These, all in War  
 Most expert: but the *Marsian* People are  
 Not onely Valiant; but can likewise Charm  
 To sleep the banefull Adder, and disarm

The

The Viper of her Teeth, by Herbs, and Spells.  
*Angitia* first (as Fame the Story tells)  
*Æetes* Race, those hurtfull Simples shew'd,  
 And with her Touch, all Poison's Force subdu'd:  
 She from her Sphear could shake the Moon, and Floods  
 Stop with her Voice; and, calling down the Woods,  
 The Mountains naked make. But, full of Dread,

(b) Who being vanquished by *Apollo*, in his Convention of *Mefick*, had his Skin strip'd over his Ears.

(b) *Marfyas*, when he the *Phrygian Creni* fled  
 By Sea, unto that People gave his Name;  
 When, with a Lute, *Apollo* overcame  
 His shrill *Mygdonian* Flute. The Chief of all  
 Their Cities they, from ancient *Marus*, call  
*Marrucium*; and, for Corn in moister Fields,  
 More inward, *Alba* store of Apples yields.  
 The rest were little Towns obscure in Fame;  
 But in their Numbers, greater then their Name.  
 'Mong which, *Pelignus*, and cold *Sulmo* sent  
 Their *Coborts*; nor, then these, less diligent  
 Were those of *Cales*, born, near them in Blood  
 From *Calais* (as by Fame tis understood)  
 The Noble Founder of a City fair,  
 Whom *Orythia* (ravish'd through the Air)  
 For *Boreas* nurs'd in *Getick* Caves. No less  
 Active in War, then these, *Veslini* prefs  
 Their Youth, inur'd to Hardship by the Chafe  
 Of salvage Beasts. They likewise War imbrace,  
 That in thy Tow'rs, *Fifcellus*, dwell: and, now,  
 They also arm, that fertile *Pinna* mow;  
 And thy rich Meads, *Avella*, that so soon  
 Sprout up, and then in Emulation  
 Of the *Frentani*, the *Marrucins* drew  
*Corfinium's* People, and *Theate* too.  
 All these, with Rustick Weapons arm'd for Fight,  
 Could, with their Slings, a Bird, in highest Flight,

Strike

Strike down: the Skins of Bears, about their Breast,  
 In Hunting kill'd, they wear. And now the rest,  
 That were for Wealth, or Antestours renown'd,  
 In all the Tract of the *Campanian* Ground,  
 Appear in Arms, or their Assistance send.  
 The *Osci* in their Neighb'ring Plains attend  
 Th' Arrival of the *Generals*: and there  
 Warm *Stiagesa*, and *Vulturum*, were;  
 Whose River like a Torrent falls into  
 The Sea; and, whom her (c) Silence overthrew,  
*Amyle*, *Fundi*, and *Cajeta*, where  
*Laon* was King. Thy People too were there,  
 (c) *Antiphatas*, that's by the Sea comprift.  
 And, which the rotten Fens, and Pools invest,  
*Linternum*: and the *Cumæ*, that of old,  
 Conscious of Fate, all future things foretold.  
 There was *Nuceria*, there was *Gaurus*, good  
 For Shipping; there, deriv'd from *Grecian* Blood,  
 With many Souldiers was *Parthenope*,  
 With *Dicarchenian* Bands: and *Alliphe*,  
 And (d) *Nola*, to the *Libyan* hard to pass.  
 Slighted for *Clanins*, there *Acerra* was:  
 There the *Serrastes*: there were to be seen  
 Mild *Sarnus* Riches, and the Troops had been  
 Lifted in *Phlegra*, fat with Sulphure; and  
*Mifenus*, and the *Ithacesian* Band  
 Of *Bains*, burning with the (e) Giant's Breath.  
 Not *Prochyte*, nor, which *Typhens* Death  
 In sulph'rous Flames, *Inarime*, beheld,  
 Nor ancient *Telo's* Stony Isle, this Field  
 Avoids. But thither doth *Calatia*, from  
 Her little Walls, thither *Surrentum* come;  
 And, poor in Corn, *Avella*. But, of all  
 The Chief was *Capua*; that, too Prodigal

K

(Alas!)

(c) *Amyle*, a City of the *Sabines*, having had frequent little *Athenians* of their *Arms* Approach, that they might be more united, made a Law, that none should go to a war to give the *Athenians* the victory, nor to give the *Athenians* the victory, the City was taken.  
 (d) The Bay of *Cajeta*

(e) Where *Mars* gave *Hannibal* a terrible Repulse

(e) *Gaius* there vanquished, and buried by *Hercules*

(Alas!) not knowing in Prosperity  
To keep a Mean, was lost in Luxury.

These for the future War by *Scipio* form'd;  
He gave them Piles; and then with Iron arm'd (Wont)  
Their Breasts: from Home, (as) was their Father's  
They lighter Weapons, Shafts of Cornel, blunt,  
Without an Head of Steel, but hardned by  
The Fire, with Hurl-Bats, which they can let fly,  
And, with a String, retire, as they invade  
The Fo, and Axes for the Countrey made.  
Nor was he wanting, 'midst them all, to shew  
Great Signs of future Praise. Sometimes He threw  
An hardned Stake, or leap'd a Trench to scale  
A Wall, or, arm'd, by Swimming would prevail  
Against impetuous Streams: these great, and bold  
Examples of His Valour all behold.  
Of, in the open Plain, with wondrous Speed  
Would he out-run the spur'd, and fleetest Steed:  
Of, cros the Camp, would He a Jaylin throw,  
Or weighty Stone. He had a Martial Brow;  
His Hair was soft, and gentle, which behind  
Hung in long Tresses; His Aspect was kind,  
And gentle; and His Eys a pleasing Dread  
With sparkling Raies, on the Beholders, shed.

(a) The *Sannites* often rebelled against the *Romans*, and, after this Defeat, discovered their ancient Enmity, by revoking to *Hannibal*.

(b) *Sammis* was likewise there, not yet inclin'd  
To *Hannibal*, yet keping in her Mind  
Her ancient Anger; *Batum*, and those,  
That dwell where *Mucra* by *Liguria* flows.  
With them, that *Bovianian* Caves frequent,  
Or *Caudine* Straits, and which *Esernia* sent,  
Or *Rufre*; or, obscure *Herdonia*, from  
Thy Fields, soon after (c) wasted, armed come.  
Alike in Courage, there, the *Brutii* stand,  
With them from *Lucane* Hills, a lusty Band;

(c) *Herdonia* was burned by *Hannibal*, leaving it would revolt to the *Romans*, and the chief Citizens slain, for having had Conference with *Fulvius*. See *Lib. 16. 27.*

And

And *Hirpine* Youth, who, cover'd o're with Hides  
Of Beasts, and Darts, like Bristles by their Sides,  
Are all by Hunting fed; and, ever, dwell  
In Caves, and in a River Thirst expell,  
And get their Sleep with Labour. *Calaber*,  
And the *Salentine* Cohorts, added are  
To them; near whom *Brundisium* doth stand,  
A famous Period to th' *Italian* Land.  
A Legion bold *Cethegus* there comm ands,  
Of Social Aids, and intermingled Bands.  
Now, from *Leucosia's* Rocks, the Souldiers shew  
Themselves, and from *Picentian Pesto* too,  
And from *Caryllæ*, that soon after fell  
By *Hannibal's* dire Rage: with those, that dwell  
Near *Silarus*, where Fame reports, the Flood  
To turn to hardest Stone the drowned Wood:  
He both the stout *Salernian* Fauchion, and  
Th' unpolish'd Club, that, fitted to his Hand,  
The strong *Buxentian* us'd, commends. While he  
(As was the Custom of his Family)  
His Arm bar'd to the Shoulder, joy'd to ride  
A stubborn Horse, and in his hard Mouth try'd  
His Strength of Youth, by Wheeling to, and fro.  
And you, ye wasted Nations of the *Po*,  
Your Vows then by the Gods neglected, all  
Rush into Arms, by Fate decreed to fall.  
*Placentia*, ruin'd by the War, contends  
With *Mutina*, and (d) *Mantua*, that sends  
Her Levies, fought *Cremona* to excell:  
Fam'd *Mantua*, where the *Thebian* Sisters dwell;  
Which, Emulous of *Smyrna's* (e) *Muse*, is prais'd  
For *Audine* Songs, and to the Stars is rais'd.  
The next, by *Athesus* encompass'd, went  
*Verona*; and *Faventia*, diligent

(d) Where *Virgil* was born.

(e) *Homer*.

K k 2

Still

Still to preserve the Pines, that Crown her Fields :  
*Vercelle* ; and *Pellentia*, that yields  
 Store of black Wooll ; and *Ocnus* Family,  
 Which against *Turnus* once assisted Thee,  
*Æneas* ; and *Bonomia*, that lyes  
 Near little *Rhene* : with him, that lab'ring plies,  
 With pond'rous Oars, the muddy Streams, that by  
*Ravenna* flow, which 'mong the Fens doth ly.  
 Then, sprang, of old, from the *Euganean* Land,  
 ( *Antenor's* Countrey ) came a *Trojan* Band.  
 There *Aquileia*, with *Venetian* Arms,  
 Are eager for the Fight : there the Alarms  
 O'th' Fo, the swift *Ligurians* attend ;  
 And, scatter'd on the Rocks, *Vageni* fend  
 Their hardy Nephews, there ordain'd to be  
 The Honour of the *Libyan's* Victory.  
*Brunus*, in whom these People, all, repose  
 Their greatest Confidence, their Leader goes  
 Into the Field, and 'gainst the Enemy  
 Excites their Rage. A pleasant Gravity  
 Adorn'd his Fore-head, and a serious Mind  
 With Valour, not to Cruelty inclin'd.  
 Th' unpleasant Praise of churlish Rigour He  
 Did not affect, or harsh Austerity,  
 Nor Glory by sinister Courses fought.  
 To these three thousand expert Archers, brought  
 From flaming *Ætna*, the <sup>(\*)</sup> *Sicilian* King,  
 Most faithfull, adds : but *Itha* did not bring  
 So many men ; and yet She did afford  
 Her Cohorts, which, selected for the Sword,  
 And arm'd with Native Mettle, thither came :  
 They *Varro's* Zeal to fight would hardly blame,  
 Whoe're so many Arms at once beheld.  
 Such Numbers rag'd through the *Rhaetan* Field ;  
 When

(\*) King *Hercules*.

When *Troy* the great *Mycenæ* did invade,  
 And, when a thousand Ships their Anchors weigh'd,  
 And fail'd through *Hellespont*. So soon as they  
 Arriv'd at *Cannæ*, where the Ruins lay  
 Of an old City, they encamp'd, and there  
 Their most unhappy Ensigns fix'd : nor were  
 The Gods then wanting to foreflew to all  
 Those Ruins, that soon after did befall.  
 Th' affrighted Souldiers see their Piles to burn,  
 The Turrets on the Rampires overturn,  
 And fall. *Garganus*, from a lofty Crown,  
 Trembling, the Woods, and Forests, tumbles down.  
 From his deep Bottom *Aufidus* began  
 Panting to roar : amidst the *Ocean*,  
 Remote *Ceraunian* Rocks with Flames affright  
 The trembling Mariners ; and then, the Light  
 With sudden *Sygyian* Darknes cover'd o're,  
*Calabrian Sipus* Gropes for Land, and Shore,  
 The Owl with fatal Houting oft alarms  
 The Camp, ev'n at the Gates ; and Bees, in Swarms,  
 Like Clouds, involve the Eagles : in the Air  
 Comets, the Fall of Kings, with flaming Hair,  
 Shine fatally : and salvage Beasts by Night  
 Break through the Camp, and Works, and, in the fight  
 O'th' frighted Souldiers, through the Neighb'ring field  
 Scatter the Limbs o'th' Centinel they kill'd :  
 Deluded by the Image of their Fear,  
 From their dark Graves, the Ghosts of *Gauls* appear  
 To break : and then the high *Tarpeian* Rock,  
 As torn from its Foundation, often shook :  
 The Temples of the Gods with Streams of Blood  
 Were wet : *Quirinus* Statue, as it stood,  
 Wept largely : *Allia*, greater then before,  
 Swells higher then the Banks : the *Alps* no more  
 Stand

Stand still, nor *Apenine*, which Night, and Day,  
Shook with vast Ruptures, and where *Libya*  
Extended lyes, ev'n from the very Pole,  
'Gainst *Italy*, the flaming *Meteors* roll.  
Such horrid Thunder-Claps the Heav'ns above  
Divide, that they detect the Face of *Jove*.  
The *Lemnian* God his Lightning likewise threw  
From *Ætna*, and, as broken Quarries flew  
Up to the Clouds (as in the Giant's Wars)  
Knock'd his *Phlegrean* Head against the Stars.

But, midst them all, as conscious of the Fight,  
He looks, and Sense-distracted with the Fright,  
With horrid Cries the Camp a Souldier fills,  
And, panting, thus express'd the future Ills.

Spare us, ye cruel Gods! the Fields I see  
Too little for the Heaps of Slaughter be,  
Through thickest Ranks the *Libyan* Captaina flies,  
And His swift Chariot over Companies  
Of Men, and Arms, drives on, and drags along  
Their Limbs, and Ensigns: while the wind, with strong  
Impetuous Blasts, a furious War doth make  
Against our Eys, and Faces From thy Lake  
(Sad *Thrasimen*!) unmindfull of his Years,  
In vain, *Servilius*, now reserv'd appears.  
Whither! Oh whither, is't that *Varro* flies!  
Oh *Jove*! among the Stones, see! *Paulus* lies,  
The last great Hope of *Rome's* declining State:  
These Ruins, *Trebia*, now, exceed thy Fate.  
Behold, a Bridg is made of Bodies slain,  
And silent *Aufidus* into the Main  
Rolls mangled Corps: o're all the Plains I see  
The Elephants insult with Victory.  
Our *Consul's* Axes, and our *Fasces*, stain'd  
With Blood, a *Tyrian* Lictor in his Hand,

After

After our Custom, bears. To *Libya*  
The Pomp of *Romane* Triumph's born away.  
Oh Grief! Yet this, ye Gods, that we behold,  
Is your Command: while by congested Gold,  
Torn from left Hands, victorious *Carthage* sees  
(i) The Measure of the *Romane* Miseries.

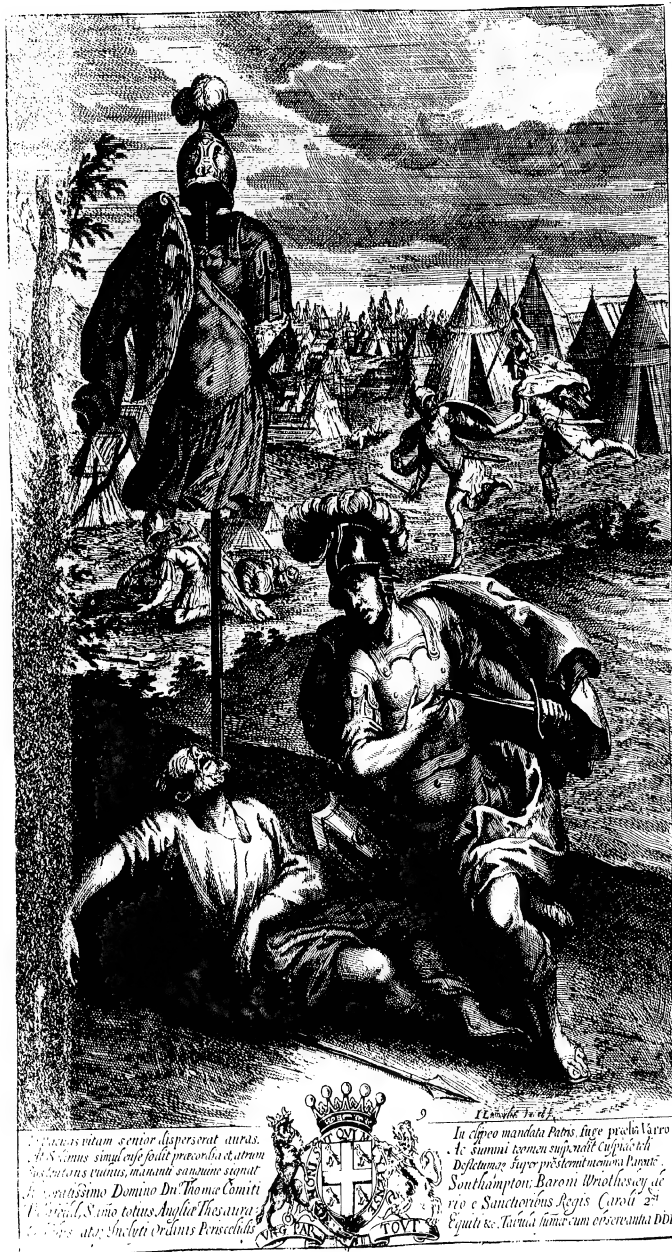
*The End of the Eighth Book.*

(i) *Mago* sent to *Carthage* with the  
Tidings of this Victory, carryed with  
him a Bushel (saith *Livy*, others  
more) of Gold Rings, then worn  
only by *Romane* Gentlemen.

1. The first part of the book is a history of the city of New York from its first settlement in 1624 to the present time. It is written by John Smith, who was one of the first settlers of the city.

2. The second part of the book is a history of the city of New York from 1624 to the present time. It is written by John Smith, who was one of the first settlers of the city.





# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Ninth Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Consul Paulus, as advis'd, declines  
The Fight, forbidden by unhappy Signs.  
Rash Varro urgeth for a Day. A Son,  
In that sad Night, before the Day begun,  
His Father, flying from the Libyan Side,  
Unhappy kills; who bids him, as he dy'd,  
Forewarn the Romanes to avoid the Fight:  
His Son this Warning on his Shield doth write,  
And kills himself for Grief. The fatal Field  
Is fought; the Romans miserably kill'd:  
The Libyans have the Day. While 'fore his Eys  
His Men are slain, the Coward Varro flies.*



W H I L E Italy, thus vext with  
Prodigies,  
The Signs (in vain) of fu-  
ture Ruin sees,  
Discover'd by the Gods, as if  
they might

Prove happy Omens of the following Fight;  
The Consul, waking, spends the Night: and, now,  
Throws in the Dark his Jav'lines; then, as slow,  
L I Upbraids

Upbraids his *Colleague*; and, while yet 'twas Night,  
Would have the Trumpets found a Charge, and fight  
The *Libyans*, no less eager to engage.  
Urg'd by the adverse Fates, with sudden Rage,  
Out from the Camp they fall, and begin  
To skirmish. For the *Mace*, that had bin  
Dispers'd, for Forage, through the Neighbouring Plain,  
A winged Shower of Shafts, like sudden Rain,  
Pour on the *Romanes*: and, before the rest,  
*Mancinus* (who to be the first had prest,  
To dip in Hostile Blood his Weapon) dy'd:  
And with him many gallant Youth beside.  
Nor yet, though *Paulus*, sadly, did declare,  
How cross the *Aspices*, and Entrails were,  
Would *Varro* from the Battel have abstain'd,

(a) It had antiently been a Custom among the *Romanes*, where both the *Consuls* were together, to command alternately by Monies, but *Varro*, and *Paulus*, had otherwise agreed to command the Army by Alternate Dates. *Paulus*, on his Day, kept the Army from engaging, but from as *Varro* took his turn, he, without consulting his *C. L. Fates*, immediately gave Battel to the *Libyans*.

(b) Unless the Lot, by which they did command  
The Camp, by Turns, had thwarted his Desire,  
And forc'd the hasty Fates a while retire.  
But yet, no longer, then a Day, could be  
Between a thousand Deaths, and their Decree  
Allow'd. Into the Camp the Troops return  
Again: while *Paulus* ceaseth not to mourn,  
Seeing the Reins of the next Day's Command  
Were to be trusted in a frantick Hand;  
And, that those Souls were, then, preserv'd in Vain  
From Slaughter. For enrag'd, and mad again,  
For that he had the Battel then delay'd,  
Dost Thou, thus now, *Emilius* (*Varro* said)  
Thy Gratitude, and the Reward repay  
Of that thy guilty Head? Or else have they  
From Thee deserved such a base Return; (Urn  
Who snatch'd Thee from the Laws, and threatening  
Command them to surrender to the Fo  
Their Arms, and Swords; or, when to fight they go,

Cut

Cut all their Right-Hands off. But you, whom I  
Have often Weeping seen, commanded by  
The *Consul* to retire, or shun the Fo,  
No more expect the Signal, when you go  
To fight, or slow Commands: let ev'ry Man  
Be his own Leader, and go boldly on  
In his own Ways. When first the Sun shall shed  
His Morning Rays upon *Garganus* Head,  
These Hands the Ports shall open for you all:  
Then charge them quickly, and this Day recall,  
Which you have lost. Thus he, with mad Desires,  
To Fight, the discontented Camp inspires.  
When *Paulus*, not the same in Mind, or Face:  
But, as if, after Fight, he'd seen the Place  
Strew'd with his slaughter'd Friends; and, as if there  
In View the Miseries ensuing were:  
As when all Hope of her Son's Life is past,  
In Vain, his yet-warm Body, in her last  
Embrace, a Mother hugs, and seems to be  
Senseless with Grief. By *Rome's* dear Walls (said He)  
So often shaken! by those Souls, which now  
Night with a *Stygian* Shade surrounds, and know  
No Guilt, forbear I pray, to run upon  
Your Ruin, till the Wrath of Heav'n be gone,  
And Fortune's Fury be consum'd. 'Twill be  
Enough, if our New Men shall dare to see  
The Fo without a Fear; or if, at all,  
They will endure the Name of *Hannibal*.  
Saw'st thou not, when, within the Neighbouring Plain,  
His Voice was heard, how soon the Blood again  
From their Pale Faces fled? and how their Arms  
Fell down before the Trumpets shrill Alarms?  
*Fabius*, as you suppose, was dull, and slow,  
To Fight; yet all those Souldiers, that did go

L 1 2

With

With those blam'd Ensigns, now in Arms appear :

So do not those, that with *Flaminius* were.

But Heav'n avert such things ! and, if you are

Resolv'd my Counsell to resist, and Pray'r ;

Yet hearken to the Gods : for know, of old,

This the *Grynean* <sup>(b)</sup> Prophetess foretold

To all the World, in former Ages ; Thee,

And this thy Headlong Rage, presaging, She

Divulg'd : and, as another Prophet, now,

I plainly to thee here thy Fate avow ;

Unless to Morrow's Ensigns be by thee

Restrain'd, Thou, with our Blood, wilt ratifie

The *Sybil's* Words : nor shall these Fields be fam'd

( If thou persist ) from *Diomed*, but nam'd

FATAL, from thee. Thus *Paulus*, in whose Eys,

Enflam'd with Grief, the Tears began to rise.

And then a wicked Errour stain'd the Night ;

For *Satricus*, made Captive in a Fight

In *Libya*, to *Xantippus* was a Slave ;

Who him ( for's Valour priz'd ) soon after gave

To th' *Autololian* King. At *Sulmo* he

An House possess'd, and left two Sons to be

There Nurtur'd by their Mother : one they call

*Mancinus* ; t' other *Solymus*, to all

Known for his *Trojan* Name : for his Descent

Was *Dardane*, and his Ancestour, who went

After *Aeneas* Fortune, built, and Wall'd

A City fair, which *Solymon* he call'd,

From his own Name, and, 'mong *Italians* fam'd,

By them, corruptly now, is *Sulmo* nam'd.

This *Satricus*, the *Autololian* King,

Among his Barbarous Troops, did thither bring,

And, on Occasion, us'd him there to teach

*Getulians* to know the *Latine* Speech.

But

(b) *Sibylla*, called *Gryneae*, from an Attribute of *Apollo*, who inspired her.

But, when he found a Possibility

*Pelignian* Walls, and's Native Home to see,

To second his Attempt, he takes the Night,

And quits by Stealth the Camp. Yet in his Flight

He took no Arms ; being fearfull to betray

Himself by's Shield, and Naked went away.

But, when the Spoils, and Dead within the Field,

He spy'd, *Mancinus* strip'd : his Arms, and Shield,

He strait puts on, by which his former Fear

Was lightned : but the Body, which he there

Had Naked made, and he, whose Spoils he wore,

Was his own Son, there slain not long before,

By a fierce *Macian* Fo : Night growing on,

'Bout the first Sleep, behold ! his other Son

( Young *Solymus* ) appointed, by his Fate,

Then to relieve the Watch, without the Gate,

From the *Ausonian* Camp, advanc'd with Speed,

To seek, among the Heaps o'th' scatter'd Dead,

*Mancinus* Body, and by Stealth Interr

His dearest Brother : but he had not far

Advanc'd, when arm'd from the *Sidonian* Side,

Coming up to him, he a Man espy'd ;

With which surpriz'd, into thy Tomb he flies

( *Aetolian* <sup>(c)</sup> *Thoas* ) and there Skulking lies.

But when he saw no Souldiers in the Rear,

And that alone i'th' Dark he wandred there,

Out from the Sepulchre he leaps, and throws

At's Father's Naked Back, as on he goes,

A Jav'lin, not in vain. His Father, who

Thought that some *Tyrian* Troop did him pursue,

And gave the Wound, about him look'd, to know

The Authour of that unexpected Blow ;

But, when, with Speed, the Conquerour advanc'd,

And from the Arms, well-known, a Lustre glanc'd,

And,

(c) A Companion of *Diomedes*, buried there.

And, as the Moon did then Assistance yield,  
 He plainly saw, it was his Brother's Shield.  
 Enflam'd with Rage, I'me not thy Son (said He)  
 Oh *Satricus* of *Sulmo*! Nor should be  
*Mancinus* Brother: nor deserve a Name  
 Among those Nephews, that directly came  
 From *Dardan Solymus*; should I now thee  
 Permit (false *Libyan*) with Impunity  
 To 'scape this Hand. Shall I endure thee wear  
 My Brother's Spoils before my Face? or bear  
 The Arms of a *Pelignian* House away,  
 While I survive, or, guilty, see the Day?  
 No (my dear Mother) these I'll bear to Thee,  
 A gratefull Present, and most fit to be  
 A Comfort to thy Grievs, for thy lost Son;  
 That thou may'st them for ever fix upon  
 His Sepulchre: and, as he spake that Word  
 Aloud, he rush'd upon him with his Sword.  
 But, *Satricus*, who now could hardly stand,  
 And faintly held his Weapon in his Hand,  
 Hearing his Countrey nam'd, his Wife, and Sons,  
 And Arms, cold Horrour through his Members runs,  
 And stupifies his Sense: his dying Mouth,  
 At length, this Language to the Furious Youth  
 Breaths forth; O spare thy Hand, I pray thee, spare;  
 Not that I beg for longer Life; it were  
 A Sin in me to ask it: but the Stain  
 Of this my Blood, I wish may not remain  
 Upon thy Hand. I am that *Satricus*,  
 Captive to *Carthage*, sprung from *Solymus*,  
 Now to my Countrey, by the *Tyrian* brought.  
 I know, my Son, 'twas not in thee a Fault,  
 When first thou didst thy Spear against me throw:  
 I was a *Libyan* then; but from the Fo

I fled,

I fled to you, and hasted now to see  
 My dear Wife's Face, prevented thus by Thee.  
 This Target, as I came, I took away  
 From thy dead Brother; but be sure to lay  
 This with his Arms, excus'd, upon his Tomb:  
 But, first be carefull, soon as Thou shalt come  
 Into the Camp, my last Advice to bear  
 To *Gen'ral Paulus*, that he have a Care  
 Still to protract the War, and Fight decline  
 With *Hannibal*; whose *Auguries* Divine  
 Swell Him with Hopes, that He shall shortly see  
 An Immense Slaughter. But, let *Varro* be,  
 I pray, restrain'd: For he, as Fame doth tell,  
 Is eager still your Eagles to impell.  
 'Tis a great Comfort, as my Life now ends,  
 That I have giv'n this Warning to my Friends.  
 But thy last Kisses, now, bestow upon  
 Thy Father lost, and found at once, my Son.  
 Thus as he spake, his Helmet off he cast,  
 And, with his trembling Arms, the Neck embrac'd  
 Of's Son; amaz'd, and strove, with Words, his Shame  
 To cure, and to excuse the Weapon's Blame, (Son,  
 That gave the Wound. Who knows (said he) my  
 Or who can testify what we have done?  
 Doth not the Night conceal the Errour? Why  
 Dost tremble so? Thy Breast more close apply  
 To mine. Why dost thou at such Distance stand?  
 Ev'n I, thy Father, do absolve thy Hand,  
 And pray, my Labours ending, it may close  
 Mine Eys. The Youth, oppress'd with sudden Woes,  
 Gave no return of Words to what he said:  
 But, sighing deeply, labour'd to have staid  
 His Blood, and (strangely weeping) to have bound,  
 With his torn Shirt, the deep-inflicted Wound.

At

At length, among his many Sighs, thus he  
Breaks into sad Complaints. Doth Fortune Thee  
(Dear Father) to thy Countrey, and to Us,  
Thus bring again? Or doth She, cruel, thus  
Me to my Father, Him restore to Me?  
Happy my Brother was, thrice happy He,  
Who thought our Father was destroy'd by Fate:  
But I, by *Tyrrians* untouch'd, too late  
Now know him by a Wound. It would have been  
At least some Comfort, Fortune, to my Sin,  
Had it been still left doubtfull: but my Woes  
No longer shall be left to the Dispose  
Of the unequal Gods. While his Complaints,  
Distracted, thus he vents, his Father faints  
Through loss of Blood, and into empty Air  
His Life resolves: the Youth, with sad Despair,  
Then lifting to the Stars his Eys; Thou Moon,  
Who art sole Witness of what I have done,  
By this polluted Hand; who by thy Light  
Didst guid my fatal Jav'lin, in its Flight,  
Into my Father's Body: these mine Eys,  
And curst Sight (said He) while in the Skies  
Thou reign'st, no more shall thee contaminate.  
With that his Sword his Breast doth penetrate;  
Yet he endeavour'd to sustain the Wound,  
Till, the Blood largely-flowing, on the Ground,  
His Father's last Commands he thus did write  
Upon his Target, VARRO, SHUN THE FIGHT,  
Then on his Jav'lin's Point his Shield he hung,  
And himself, dying, on his Father flung.

The Gods these Omens, of the following Fight,  
To the *Ausonians* gave; and, as the Night,  
Conscious of all this Wickedness, gave way  
Her Shades retiring, to the rising Day,

The

The *Carthaginian* Captain citeth all  
His Troops to Arms; the *Romane General*  
The like performs: and such a Day, as in  
No Age before, for *Libya* doth begin.  
You need no Words (said *Hannibal*) to excite  
Your Courage, or provoke you to the Fight:  
But we have come from the *Herculean* Bounds,  
With Conquest to these *Iapygian* Grounds.  
We stout *Saguntus* have destroy'd; to Us  
The *Alps* gave way; and proud *Eridanus*  
(The chief of Rivers in *Italian* Ground)  
Flows in a captive Chancel; *Trebia's* drown'd  
In Humane Blood: *Flaminius*, who was slain  
By Us, (a Burthen to the *Tyrrhen* Plain)  
Lyes buried there; and all the Fields are fill'd  
With *Romane* Bones, and since were never till'd.  
But, now, behold a Day, more bright, then all  
These Titles, and which to our Wishes shall  
Afford more Blood. This Fight's Renown to Me  
A true Reward, and Great enough shall be.  
All other things your Conquest shall become;  
And, without Chance of Lots, whatever *Rome*  
Hath hither, from the rich *Iberian* Coast,  
Brought, as her Spoil; or what She else can boast  
In her <sup>(d)</sup> *Etnæan* Triumphs, or what more  
Sh' hath basely ravish'd from the *Libyan* Shore,  
Your Swords shall gain; and you shall carry Home,  
All, that to your Victorious Hands shall come.  
Nothing of their vast Wealth will I, as due  
To Me (your *General*) demand: for You  
Hath the *Dardanian* Spoiler plunder'd all  
The conquer'd World so long. Whoe're can call  
Himself a Native *Tyrian*, or can claim,  
From his Original, a *Sarrane* Name,

M m

If

(d) Sicilian.

If him the fair *Laurentine* Land, which now  
*Sigeæan* Swains (your future Slaves) do Plow,  
 Delight; or, rather, the *Buxentian* Fields,  
 Where Corn, an hundred-Fold, the Goddess yield:  
 He give him Choice of Lands, and add to them  
 These Banks, which *Tyber* with his conquer'd Stream  
 Doth largely water. But then whosoe're  
 (My dear Companions) doth now appear  
 In Arms, and brings from *Byrsa's* farthest Land,  
 As an Ally, his Aids: if He his Hand  
 Stain'd with *African* Blood, shall shew to Me,  
 He shall a Citizen of *Carthage* be.  
 Nor let *Garganus*, or this *Damian* Land  
 Deceive you; at the very Walls you stand  
 Of *Rome*: though far that City's lofty Site  
 Be distant from this Place, where we shall fight;  
 Here shall She fall this Day, and henceforth I  
 Shall need no more your Valour to employ  
 In War (my Souldiers) but from hence You shall  
 Directly march into the *Capitol*.  
 This said: their Works, and Rampires down they throw,  
 And over all Delays of Trenches go;  
 While he, the Place well view'd, in order'd Ranks,  
 Draws up his Troops, upon the winding Banks.

The Barb'rous *African* Bands were plac'd  
 In the left Wing, and the *Marmarick*, vast  
 Of Body, the fierce *Moors*, and *Macians*,  
*Mafilian* Troops, and *Garamantians*,  
 With them the *Adrimachides*, that give  
 Themselves to War, and love by it to live;  
 Then all those People, that inhabit on  
 The Banks of *Nile*; and from the scorching Sun  
 Shelter their Tawny Bodies: These their Head,  
 And chief Commander, stout *Nealces* led.

But

But the right Wing did valiant *Mago* guide;  
 Plac'd where swift *Ausidus* doth wandring glide,  
 By winding Banks, with crooked Streams: and there  
 The Active Troops of rough *Pyrene* were,  
 And with confused Murmurs fill'd the Shore:  
 There shin'd the Warlike Youths, that Targets bore.  
 Before the rest, *Cantabrians* appear,  
 And *Gascons*, that no Helmets use to wear,  
 With *Beitick* Troops, and him, that, fighting, flings  
 His flying Lead from *Balearick* Slings.  
 But the main Battel *Hannibal* Commands:  
 Which, with His Father's old Victorious Bands  
 He strengthens, and Blood-thirsty *Celte*, who  
 Their Troops oft muster on the Banks of *Po*.  
 But, where his Course the River turn'd away,  
 So that the Files unflank'd, and Open lay,  
 His *Libyan* Elephants in Order stood,  
 Their dusky Backs all charg'd with Tow'rs of Wood,  
 Which, when they forward march'd, up to the Skies,  
 Like Battlements, or moving Walls, did rise.  
 But, the *Numidian* Horse were left to Scout  
 On ev'ry Side, and scour the Field throughout:  
 While he new Force to his incensed Men  
 Inspireth, and, Insatiable, agen  
 Exhorting, fires their Thoughts by boasting, He  
 A present Witness to each Man would be,  
 And ev'ry Person by his Actions know,  
 And what Right-Hand a singing Dart did throw.  
 Now, from their Works, the Legions *Varro* drew,  
 From whence the Rife of their Destruction grew;  
 While joyfull *Charon* busily made Room,  
 In his pale River, for the Souls to come.  
 The Van, affrighted at the Signs of Blood  
 Upon the hanging Shield, like Statues, stood:

M m 2

Fix'd

Fix'd at the Omen. Near to that, a Face  
Of Dread, two Bodies dead in their Embrace.  
The fatal Wound within his Father's Breast,  
With his Right-Hand, the Son, to hide it, prest.  
At this they wept, and then (Alas!) too late  
Lament *Mancinus* in his Brother's Fate.  
Then the sad *Augury*, and Looks alike,  
In the dead Bodies, a fresh Sorrow strike;  
At length, their Error's Guilt, and Fates to be  
Lamented, and the Arms, that bid them flee  
The Battel, to their *General* they show.  
His Thoughts now all a fire; To *Paulus* go  
With these (said He) for him (whose Fears now stand  
In his unmanly Breast) that guilty Hand  
May move, which stain'd, with cruel Slaughter, when  
The *Furies* Punishment demanded, then  
Perhaps, with his Father's Blood this Charm did write.  
This said, with Threats, his Orders for the Fight  
Through all the Army run, with Speed: and where  
*Nealces* led his Barb'rous Nations, there  
Himself with *Marfians*, *Samnites*, and with those  
The *Iapygians* sent, He doth oppose.

(c) The *Pae* agreeth with *Livy*, in the Nomination of the Commanders of the *Romane* Army. But *Polybius* adds *Marcus Attilius* to be joyned with *Servilius* in the command of the *Battalion*; and affirms *Hann*, instead of *Maharbal* to lead the right Wing of *Hannibal's* Army.

(c) But, in the Middle of the Field, where he  
Perceiv'd the *Libyan General* to be  
Against him, he *Servilius* commands,  
To lead the *Umbrian*, and *Picenian* Bands.  
*Paulus* the right Wing led, and beside these,  
T'attend the Plots of nimble *Nomades*.  
*Scipio*, a party took, with Charge, where e're  
He spy'd their Troops within the Plains appear,  
He should Advance, and Fight. Both Armies now  
Drew near, and, by the Running, to, and fro,  
The confus'd Neighing of the fiery Steeds,  
And clashing Arms, a sudden Murmur spreads

It

It self through all the troubled Troops: as when  
Loud Conflicts twixt the Winds, and Seas, begin  
Their inward Rage; and Storms, that lave the Skies,  
The Billows strait let loose: and, as they rise, (Rocks,  
Their threatning Noise, through all the trembling  
From their Foundations shaken by the Shocks,  
Expire; and Surges, from the Bottom thrown,  
With angry Foam, the lab'ring Ocean Crown.

Nor was this cruel Storm of Fate alone  
The Labour of the Earth, Dissension  
Crept into Heav'n, and Gods to War incites.  
Here Father *Mars*, and here *Apollo* fights,  
And *Neptune* there: vext *Cytherea* here,  
And *Vesta*, and *Alcides* angry, there,  
For lost *Saguntus*. Old *Cybele* too,  
And Gods of Mortals made: *Quirinus*, who  
First rais'd the *Romane* State; with *Faunus*: then  
*Pollux*, that lately, with his Brother-Twin,  
Had shifted his Alternate Life: but there,  
Girt with a Sword, *Saturnia* doth appear;  
And *Pallas*, 'mong the *Libyan* Waters born:  
And *Hammon* too, whose Temples with an Horn  
Are Circumflex'd, and many lesser Gods  
Beside; who coming, from their blest Abodes,  
To see this Fight, with their Approaches shook  
The Earth; and all their sev'ral Stations took.  
Some on the Neighb'ring Hills, while others shrow'd  
Themselves, from Mortal Eys, within a Cloud.  
The Heav'ns were empty left, while all to Wars  
Descend: and strait to the forsaken Stars  
As great a Clamour rose, as when, within  
*Phegraean* Plains, the Giants did begin  
The Fight with *Hercules*; or *Jove*, for all  
His Thunder bolts, did on the *Cyclops* call,

When

When the bold Earth-born Army did invade  
 His Throne, and Mountains upon Mountains laïd.  
 The Charge so fierce : no Dart, or Spear before  
 The rest was thrown ; but an impetuous Showr  
 Of Shafts together fell, with equal Rage :  
 And, as they, thirsting after Blood, engage,  
 The Storm a Multitude of both destroy'd.  
 But, where the Sword more closely was employ'd,  
 The greater Number dy'd : on whom the rest  
 Stood to maintain the Fight ; and, as they prest  
 To strike a Fo, would spurn them as they groan.  
 The Sea as soon, with raging Billows thrown  
 'Gainst *Calpe*, might remove it from its Seat ;  
 As all the *Libyan* Rage to a Retreat  
 Could force the *Romanes* : or the *Romanes* make  
 The *Libyan* Bands their Station to forsake.  
 So close they fight, no Space was left at all  
 For Blows to miss, or, when they dy'd, to fall :  
 Helmets 'gainst Helmets clash, and ev'ry Stroke  
 Excus'd the hidden Flames. Targets are broke  
 'Gainst Targets, Swords by Swords are hack'd, and Feet  
 On Feet do tread ; so furiously they meet :  
 Breasts against Breasts are bruise'd, and where they stood  
 Earth could not be discern'd, o'reflown with Blood :  
 And the thick Clouds of Arrows, as they fly,  
 Take from their Eys the Day, and hide the Sky.  
 Those of the second Rank, as if they fought  
 I'th Front, with their long Pikes, and Lances, fought  
 To wound the Fo : and those, that farthest stood,  
 With missile Weapons labour'd to make good  
 The Fight, with those were foremost : all the rest,  
 With Clamour, their Desire to Fight exprest,  
 And, with their horrid Shouts, the Enemy  
 Provoke. And now all sorts of Weapons fly:

Some

Some hard'ned Stakes, Pines burning others sling,  
 And weighty Piles. These Fatal Pellets sling ;  
 Those Darts : and, which would shake the strongest  
 Huge Stones from the *Phalarick* Engines fall : ( Wall,  
 And through the Clouds the singing Arrows fly.  
 How can I hope ( ye Goddesses whom I  
 Religiously adore ) this Day to show  
 To future Times ? Can you such Pow'r allow  
 ( Ye Learned Virgins ) to my Mortal Song ?  
 And trust the *Canne* to a single Tongue ?  
 If you affect our Fame, nor shall decline  
 To give Assistance to our high Design ;  
 Hither from your *Parnassus*, hither all  
 Your Sacred Lays, and Father *Phœbus* call.  
 But maist thou ( Noble *Romane* ) still appear  
 As Constant, and thy future Triumphs bear  
 With as great Courage, as Adversity  
 Thou then didst meet ! Such maist Thou ever be !  
 Nor tempt the Gods to try, if those, that are  
 Deriv'd from *Troy*, can bear so great a War ;  
 And thou ( O *Rome* ) no more with Tears deplore  
 Thy dubious Fate ; but rather, now, adore  
 Those Wounds, that shall Eternal Praise to Thee  
 Produce : for Thou shalt never Greater be ;  
 But sink in thy Success, and by the Name  
 Of former Miseries defend Thy Fame.

Now Fortune, shifting Sides, between them went,  
 Deluding, with sad Doubts of the Event,  
 The Rage of Both ; and furious *Mars*, so long  
 As Hope, between, in equal Ballance hung,  
 Rag'd in their Arms alike. So have I seen  
 The standing Corn, while yet the Stems were green,  
 Mov'd by a gentle Wind, wave to, and fro,  
 The Weighty Ears, which, as they Nodding go

To



To this Side, then to that, alternately  
The sev'ral Motions of the Wind obey.

At length *Nealces*, with confused Shouts,  
Brings on his Barb'rous Troops; and, Charging, routs  
The adverse Wing: the Ranks disorder'd, through  
The Intervals, the fierce victorious Fo  
Breaks on the trembling Files; and strait a Flood,  
(That like a Torrent rush'd) of reeking Blood  
Runs on the Plain. None, falling, are by Spears!  
Thrust on their Faces: for the *Romane* fears

(f) Wounds on the Back, and on his Breast receives  
His cruel Death, and Life with Honour leaves.

Among the first, affecting still to be  
L' th' hottest of the Fight, and equally  
To meet all Dangers, stood brave *Scævola*;  
Who, scorning to survive so sad a Day,  
Sought worthy his great Ancestour to fall,  
And dy beneath that Name: perceiving all  
Was lost, Our Life, how short soe're it be,  
Now in despite of Fate, let Us (said he)  
Extend. For Valour is an empty Name;  
Unless, in Death's Approach, a lasting Fame  
By suff'ring bravely, or by Wounds, we gain  
Surviving Honour. Speaking thus, amain  
Into the Midst, where the fierce *Libyan's* Hand  
Cut out his Way, through those, that did withstand,  
He, like a Tempest, falls; and, there he slew  
Tall *Calathis*, and with his Sword quite through  
His Body pierc'd, as boasting, he put on  
The Arms of one there slain: strait down upon  
The Ground he tumbles, biting with his Teeth  
The Hostile Arms; the Tortures of his Death  
By that suppressing, as he groveling lay.  
Neither could *Gabar*, or stout *Sicha* stay,

With

With their joint Valour, his Impetuous Rage.  
For valiant *Gabar*, as he did engage,  
Lost his Right-Hand, but *Sicha*, mad with Grief,  
And coming rashly on to his Relief,  
Stumbling by Chance upon his Sword, doth wound  
His Naked Foot, by which upon the Ground  
He falls, and by the Hand of's dying Friend  
Lies prostrate. This his Fury, in the end,  
*Nealces* fatal Rage upon him brought,  
Who, by so great a Name incited, fought  
The Honour of his Fall, and strait a Stone,  
Torn from the Neighb'ring Rock, and tumbled down  
By the swift Torrent, from the Mountain, took,  
And threw it at his Face: his Jaws were broke  
Asunder with the Weight; his Face no more  
Its Form retains: mix'd with thick Clots of Gore,  
His Brains flow through his Nose, and both his Eyes  
Dash'd from his mangled Front, he falls, and dyes.  
Then *Marius* fell, endeavouring to relieve  
*Casper* his Friend, and fearfull to survive  
His Death: Both Youths, in Age alike, both poor  
Alike, and both Sacred *Prænestæ* bore:  
They joyn'd their Labours, and both jointly till'd  
Their Neighb'ring Fields, they both refus'd, and will'd  
Still the same things; their Minds alike, through all  
Their Life. A Wealthy Concord in a Small  
Estate. They fell together, and expir'd  
In Fight together, as they both desir'd.  
Their Arms, the Trophy of *Simethus* were.  
But such a Benefit of Fortune there  
The *Libyan* could not long enjoy. For now  
The valiant *Scipio* with a threatening Brow  
Came on (fore griev'd to see his Cohorts fly)  
And *Varro* (Cause of all their Misery)

N n

With

(f) This hath been frequently observed of the *Romans*, when they have seen their Case desperate: particularly in *Cataline's* Army, where every man, that dyed, fell with his Face towards his Enemy. See *Salust.*

With *Curio* yellow-hair'd, and *Brutus*, from  
 The first great *Consul* sprung, that rescued *Rome*;  
 These by their Valour, had the Field regain'd,  
 Had not the *Libyan General* restrain'd  
 With a fierce Charge, his Troops, about to fly.  
 Who when far off, He *Varro* did espy  
 Engag'd, and near him moving to, and fro,  
 The *Lilour*, in his Scarlet Coat, I know  
 That *Pomp*, I know the Ensigns of your State  
 (Said He) such your *Flaminius* was of late;  
 Thus speaking, by the Thunder of his Shield,  
 His Fury he Proclaims, through all the Field.  
 Oh wretched *Varro*! Thou might'st there have dy'd  
 With *Paulus*, had not angry Heav'n deny'd  
 That thou by *Hannibal*, should'st there be slain.  
 How often to the Gods might'st thou complain,  
 That thou did'st scape the *Libyan* Sword? For there  
 Bringing thy Safety, when thou did'st despair  
 Of Life, upon Himself brave *Scipio* all  
 The Danger turn'd: nor was fierce *Hannibal*  
 Unwilling (though by that Diversion, He  
 The Honour of Opimous Victory  
 Had lost) Thee for a greater Fo to change,  
 And by that offer'd Combat, to Revenge  
 On Him, the Rescue of his Father, near  
*Ticinus*. Now the Champions both appear  
 From sev'ral Quarters of the World, then whom  
 Earth never yet beheld two Greater come  
 Within the Lists; in Strength, and Courage held  
 Both equal; but the *Romane* Prince excell'd  
 In Piety, and Faith. Then from the Cloud  
 (Wherein from Mortal Eys, the Gods did shroud  
 Themselves) leap'd forth (to view the Fight more near)  
 For *Scipio*, *Mars*, and *Pallas*, full of Fear,

For

For *Hannibal*. The Champions both abide  
 Undaunted, but their Entrance terrifi'd  
 The Armies. Round about thick gloomy Fires,  
 Where *Pallas* moves, her *Gorgon's* Mouth expires,  
 And dreadfull Serpents hiss upon her Shield:  
 Her Eys, like two great Comets, through the Field  
 Disperse a Bloody Light, and to the Skies,  
 From her large Crest, the waving Flames arise.

But *Mars*, the Air disturbing with his Spear,  
 And cov'ring with his Shield the Plain, doth wear  
 His Mail; which, by the Lab'ring *Cyclops* made,  
*Ætean* Flames through all the Field displai'd:  
 And, with his radiant Cask, doth, rising, strike  
 The Stars. The Champions, on the Fight, alike  
 Intent, though traversing with watchfull Eys,  
 Their Ground, perceiv'd the Armed Deities  
 Approach; and, glad that they Spectatours were,  
 Increas'd the Fury of their Minds. And here  
 A Jav'lin *Pallas* from the *Libyan's* Side  
 Lets fly, with a strong Force: which, soon espy'd  
 By *Mars*, instructed to afford his Aid,  
 By that Example of the furious Maid;  
 Strait his *Ætean* Sword into the Hands  
 O'th' Youth, he puts, and greater things Commands.  
 At this the Maid incens'd, her Visage burn'd  
 In Flames of Rage, and She so strangely turn'd  
 Her glaring Eys, that in her Dreadfull Look  
 She *Gorgon* overcame: as then, She shook  
 Her *Ægis*, all her Snakes their Bodies rear'd,  
 And, at her first Assault, ev'n *Mars* appear'd  
 A little to give Ground: the Goddess still  
 Pursu'd, and Part of the adjoining Hill,  
 Torn up, with all the Stones, that on it grew,  
 'Gainst *Mars*, with all her Force, and Fury, threw.

N n 2

The

The Horreur of its Fall, diffused o're  
 The Plain, frights *Saffon* with a trembling Shore.  
 But, when the King of Gods this Fight's Intent  
 Perceiv'd, involv'd in Clouds, He *Iris* sent,  
 With Speed, their too great Fury to allay,  
 And thus instructs her. Goddess, haste away  
 To the *Oenotrian* Land, and there her Rage  
 Command thy Sister *Pallas* to assuage;  
 Bid her not hope to change the fix'd Decree  
 Of Fate: and likewise tell Her, that, if She  
 Desist not (for the Poison, and the Fire  
 Of Her fierce Minde I know) and check her Ire,  
 Against the *Romane*, She shall understand,  
 How much the dreadfull Thunder of my Hand  
 Excels her *Egir*. When *Tritonia* knew  
 This, a long time Uncertain what to do,  
 And doubtfull in her Thoughts, if She should yield  
 To Her Father's Arms: Well, We will quit the Field  
 (Said She) but, when W' are thus expuls'd, will *Jove*  
 Hinder us to behold from Heav'n above  
*Garganus* Fields reeking with Blood. This said:  
 Under an hollow Cloud, the furious Maid  
 To other Places of the Battel took  
 The *Libyan General*, and Earth forfook.  
 But *Mars*, the Goddess gone, recalls again  
 Their Courage; and, dispers'd through all the Plain,  
 (Encompass'd with a Cloud, as black as Night)  
 With his own Hand, strait recollects the Fight.  
 The *Romanes* now their Ensigns turn, and, Fear  
 Quite laid aside, the Slaughter ev'ry where  
 Renew. Then *Eolus*, who o're the Winds  
 Is King, and them within a Prison binds,  
 Who *Boreas*, *Eurus*, *Cornus*, *Notus*, and  
 The Rest, ev'n Heav'n-disturbing, doth Command,  
 At

At *Juno's* Suit, whose Promises were great,  
 Furious<sup>(e)</sup> *Vulturnus* (whose Imperial Seat  
 Is in th' *Æolian* Plains) into the Fight  
 Let's loose: (for then the Goddess took Delight  
 By him to vindicate her cruel Ire)  
 He having divid in *Ætna* deep, and Fire  
 Conceiv'd, strait raising up his flaming Head  
 Into the Air, with horrid Roaring fled blows  
 From thence, and through the *Dannian* Kingdoms  
 Clouds of congested Dust, and, where He goes,  
 The dark'ned Air from all, (as if the Day  
 Were spent) their Sight, Hands, Voices took away.  
 Then 'gainst th' *Italians* Faces Globes of Sand  
 (Sad to relate) he drives; and his Command  
 To fight against them doth with Rage pursue;  
 And, with that Weight of Ruin, overthrew  
 The Souldiers, Arms, and Trumpets, and reverts  
 Upon the *Quuli* their flying Darts,  
 And frustrates, with his adverse Blasts, their Blows:  
 But all the Weapons, that the *Libyan* throws,  
 He seconds; and their Jav'lins, and their Spears,  
 As with the Loop asisting, forward bears.  
 The Souldiers, now, chok'd with thick Dust, and Breath  
 Stopp'd 'd 'twixt their Jaws, that poor, ignoble Death  
 Lament; while, hiding in the troubled Air  
 His yellow Head, and, strewing all his Hair  
 With Sand, *Vulturnus*, with his roaring Wings,  
 Sometimes flies at their Backs, and sometimes flings  
 Himself against their Faces, in a Storm,  
 That whistling loud whole Cohorts doth disarm:  
 Some, that press'd on, and ready, with a Blow,  
 To fix it th' Throat of the now-yielding Fo,  
 Their Swords he, in the very Stroak, withstands,  
 And, entering to a Wound, pulls back their Hands.  
 Nor

(e) A strong South-East-Winde blowing frequently in that part of the Countrey (and so called by the Inhabitants) which, gained in this Fight by the *Carthaginians*, did exceedingly incommode the *Romans*. See *Livy*, Book 12.

Nor was't enough, that thus the *Romane Arms*,  
And Men, he spoil'd; but with loud bellowing Storms,  
Gainst *Mars* himself, his Fury he exprest  
And twice with Whirl-wind shook his lofty Crest.

While thus *Æolian* Fury did engage  
The *Latine* Troops, and *Mars* provok'd to Rage:  
*Pallas*, near whom *Saturnia* stood, to *Jove*  
Thus speaks. Behold! What Billows *Mars* doth move  
Against the *Libyans*! With what Slaughters he  
Himself doth glut! Is't not your Will (said She)  
I pray, that *Iris* now to Earth descend?  
Though I, when I was there, did not intend  
The *Teucri* to destroy (for let your *Rome*  
Reign with my Pledg, and my *Palladium*  
There still remain) yet was I loath the Light  
Of my dear *Libya*, *Hannibal*, should quite  
Extinguish'd be, or that, in Prime of all  
His Years, so Great Beginnings now should full:  
Here *Juno* took the Word, and, from a Sence  
Of her long Labours, Yes (said She) that hence  
The World may know, how great *Jove's* Empire is,  
How much his Pow'r, how much his Wife by this  
All other Gods excells! Now let thy Fire  
The Tow'rs of *Carthage*, (nothing We desire)  
Destroy: the *Tyrian* Army sinking down,  
Through gaping Earth, in *Stygian* Waters drown;  
Or else o'rewhelm them in the Neighb'ring Main.  
To whom *Jove* mildly thus replies. In vain  
You strive with Fate, and feeble Hopes prolong,  
That Youth (Oh Daughter!) against whomst so strong,  
So furious thou didst fight, shall overcome  
The *Africans*, and shall from that assume  
That Nation's Name, and shall transport withall  
The *Libyan* Lawrel to the *Capitol*.

And

And He, on whom such Courage (Wife) by thee  
Such Honour is bestow'd (so Fates decree)  
Shall turn his Arms from the *Laurentine* Land,  
Nor do the Limits of his Mischief stand  
Far off; the Day, and Hour approach, with Haste,  
Wherein Hee'l wish, that he no *Alps* had past.  
This said, He *Iris* sends away with Speed  
To charge the God of War, he should Recede,  
And quit the Fight. He not at all contends  
With those Commands, but, murmuring, ascends  
Into the Clouds, though Trumpets in the Fight,  
Wounds, Blood, and Arms, and Clamours him delight.

The Gods no more contending, and the Plain,  
Now clear'd from *Mars*, the *Libyan* again,  
From the Remotest Part, where he to shun  
Celestial Arms, retir'd, came furious on;  
And, with loud Shouts, along his Foot, and Horse,  
His Towred Elephants, and all the Force  
Of's batt'ring Engines drew, and as he spy'd  
A Valiant Youth, that with his Sword destroy'd  
His lighter Troops, his Anger, sparkling in  
His Bloody Cheeks, What God (said He) agen,  
Or what dire Furies Thee, *Mimnius*, thus  
Drive, on thy Fo? That thou, once more to Us,  
Dar'st trust thyself? Where now is *Fabius*, made  
Thy Father by Our Arms, to give thee Aid?  
Wretch! 'tis sufficient once to scape from Me;  
With this proud Language, He a Lance lets flee,  
That swift, as from an Engine thrown, his Breast  
Peirc'd through, and with the Stroak, his Speed suppress.  
Nor is't enough the Sword doth Rage: they send  
Fierce Beasts, and the *Italian* Youth contend  
With Monsters. For, well mounted, *Lucas* Rid  
Up to the *Moor*, that with his Spear did guide

The

The Elephants, commanding him t' excite,  
 With greater Speed, the Heard into the Fight.  
 The warlike Beasts, then driv'n on, and goar'd (roar'd:  
 With frequent Wounds, made Haste, and strangely  
 With Flames, and Men, and Darts, the lofty Tow'rs  
 On their pale backs were arm'd; whence furious showers  
 Of Stones fell on the Troops, and where they move  
 Thick Storms of Shafts (as from the Clouds above)  
 The *Libyans* from their flying Castles throw;  
 While a long Wall of Teeth (as white as Snow)  
 Runs through the Ranks, and, with their Points declin'd,  
 From the bow'd Top, the Spears of Iv'ry shin'd.  
 Here, among others, full of Fear, a Youth,  
 Call'd *Ufens*, through his Armour, by the Tooth  
 Of one of them was struck; and born through all  
 The troubled Ranks; while he in Vain doth call  
 For Help, the Point, where, quilted thick, was ty'd  
 His Breast-Plate, lightly pierc'd by his Left-Side,  
 And, his unwounded Body lifting high,  
 Clash'd gainst his Shield. His Magnanimity,  
 The sudden Danger not at all dimiaies:  
 But, turning that Mis-fortune to his Praise,  
 Now, near the Forehead of the furious Beast,  
 Through both his Eys his Sword he quickly preft.  
 When strait enraged by the fatal Wound,  
 Rising upright, she tumbles to the Ground,  
 The Tow'r drawn backward by its Weight: and then  
 The Elephant depriv'd of Sight, the Men  
 And Arms (a Spectacle of Terror) all  
 Are crush'd together in her sudden fall.

The yet-prevailing *Romane* to withstand  
 The Fury of these Monsters, gives Command,  
 That burning Torches wherefoe're they go,  
 Should be oppos'd, and Sulph'rous Flames to throw

Into

Into their Tow'rs. This, with all Speed, obey'd,  
 The Elephants they suddenly invade:  
 Whose smoaking Backs, with Flames collected shin'd  
 That, driv'n on by the Tempestuous Winde,  
 Through their high Bulwarks Fire, devouring, spread:  
 As when on *Rhodope*, or *Pindus* Head,  
 A Shepherd scatters Fire; and through the Groves,  
 And Woods, like an hot Plague, it raging moves:  
 The leavy Rocks are fir'd; and all the Hills,  
 Leaping now here, now there, bright *Vulcan* fills.  
 But, when the burning Sulphur once begun  
 To parch their Skins, th' unruly Monsters run,  
 Like mad, and drive the Cohorts from their Stand:  
 Neither durst Any undertake, at Hand,  
 To fight them; but their Darts, and Jav'lines throw  
 At Distance: burning, they impatient grow,  
 And, through the Heat of their vast Bodies, here,  
 And there, the scatter'd Flames encreasing bear;  
 Till by the smooth adjoining Stream, at last,  
 Deceiv'd, themselves into 't, they Headlong cast,  
 And with them all their Flames, that still appear  
 'Bove the tall Banks, till both together, there,  
 In the deep Chanel of the Flood expire.

But, where the Fight continued still, nor Fire  
 Had vex'd the Elephants, from fatal Hands  
 Now Darts, now Stones, on the *Rheteian* Bands,  
 And winged Lead, at Distance fall, like Hail.  
 As when an Army doth a Fortrefs scale  
 Through steep Ascents, or storms a fenced Tow'r.  
 Worthy himself, and a more happy Hour,  
 Here *Mutius* rais'd his Hand, and nearer goes,  
 (In his Attempt unhappy) to oppose  
 Their Fury with his Sword; but, with a Breath  
 Expiring Heat, and Murmurs threatening Death,

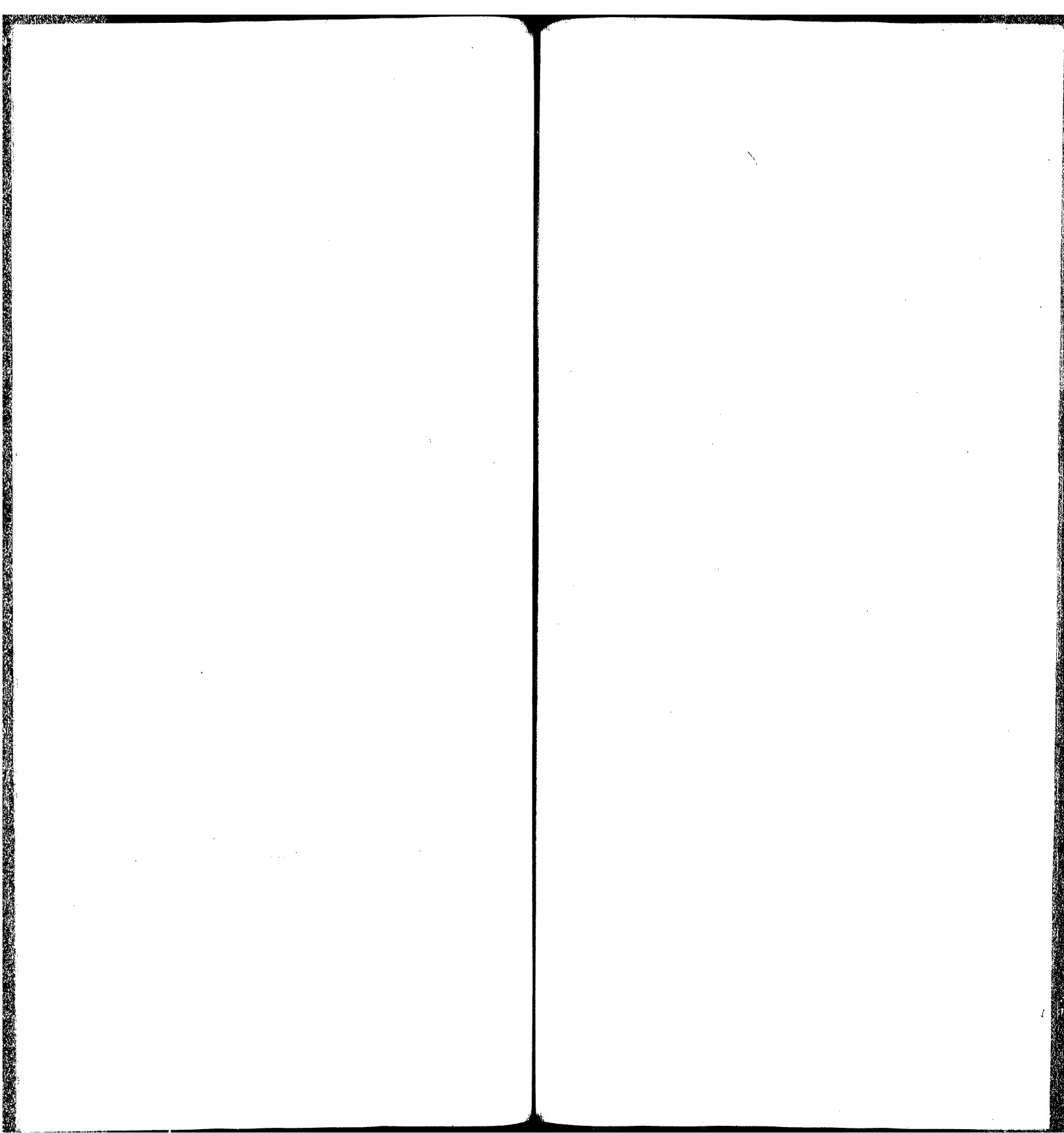
O o

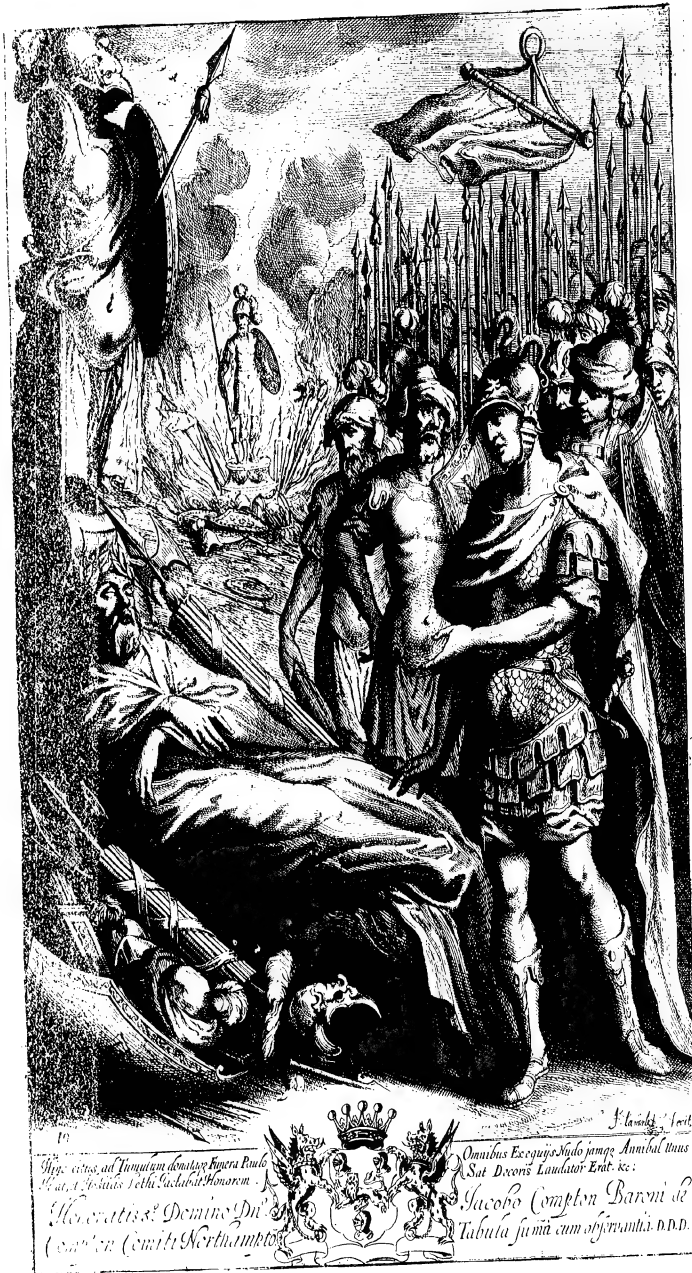
A furious

A furious Monster caught him from the Ground,  
 And in her winding Trunk his Body bound ;  
 Which tofs'd, aloft, into the Air, and lash'd  
 Off 'gainst the Earth, was all to Pieces dash'd.  
 Amidst these Slaughters, soon, as *Paulus* spy'd  
*Varro* in Arms, upbraiding him, he cry'd ;  
 Now let us meet with *Hannibal*, whom Thou  
 Plac'd 'fore thy Chariot, bound in Chains, didst vow  
 To give the City. Oh unhappy *Rome* !  
 And People, fatal in thy Favour ! whom  
 From the foul Guilt of so great Ills no Time  
 Can e're absolve, or purge Thee from this Crime.  
 Which shouldst thou, rather, with had ne're been born  
*Varro*, or *Hannibal* ! Thus, with sad Scorn,  
 While *Paulus* spoke, the *Libyan* furiously  
 Advancing, at the Backs of them, that fly  
 ( Ev'n in their *Gen'ral's* View ) all Shafts provokes.  
 The *Consul's* Helmet, by their furious Stroaks  
 Bruis'd, and his Arms all shatter'd, *Paulus* throws  
 Himself, more fierce at this, among his Foes.  
 But *Varro*, having lost his Courage quite,  
 ( While *Paulus* to another Place the Fight  
 Pursu'd ) strait wheels about, and, with his Hand  
 Turning his Horse, said ; Thou dost justly stand  
 Corrected, *Rome*, that did'st to *Varro* give  
 Command in War while *Fabius* is alive.  
 But now, what civil Discord in my Minde,  
 What sad Dissension of my Fate, I finde ?  
 What secret Fraud of Destinies ? I all  
 These Torments will determine in my Fall.  
 But, Oh ! some God my Sword withholds, and Me  
 Reserves ( Alas ! ) for greater Misery !  
 Shall I live then ? and to the Tribes agen  
 The *Fasces*, stain'd with Blood of Countrey-Men,  
 And

And broken thus return ? And, as I go,  
 My Face to other angry Cities show ?  
 Or, ( then which Nought more Cruel could for Me  
 By *Hannibal* be wish'd ) fly hence, and Thee,  
 Oh *Rome* ! behold ! More his distracted Fear  
 Had utter'd ; but the Enemy drew Near,  
 And Charging him more Close with Darts, his Steed  
 Snatch'd the loose Reins, and fled the Field with Speed.

*The End of the Ninth Book.*





# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Tenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paulus great Valour, and what Slaughters he  
At Cannæ made. He is advis'd to flee;  
But Thoughts of Flight rejects. By Hannibal,  
Christa, with his six Sons, together fall.  
Servilius, by Viriathus slain,  
By Paulus Hand is soon reveng'd again;  
And, fighting 'midst his Foes, at length he dies:  
The Libyan Celebrates his Obsequies,  
Commends his Valour, and his Noble End.  
Their Counsels, who their Countrey did intend  
To quit, by Scipio are suppress'd. To Rome,  
Without all Pomp, doth Consul Varro come.  
The Multitude, incens'd against him, are  
By Fabius appeas'd. The Slaves for War  
Are Arm'd: the Senate passeth a Decree,  
That none, that Captiv'd are, shall ransom'd be.



W H E N Paulus saw, the Ad-  
verse Fight encreas't;  
As, when, with Spears encom-  
pals'd, a wilde Beast  
Leaps on their Points, and by  
his Wounds doth know,

Where to direct his Rage, and choose a Fo:

Into



Into the thickest of the Globes he goes,  
 And to all Dangers doth himself expose,  
 And seeks a Death from ev'ry valiant Hand:  
 Upbraiding thus his flying Men; Oh! stand,  
 Stand stoutly to 't, and in your Breasts receive  
 The Sword; nor, wounded in your Backs, thus leave  
 The World: there nothing now remains, at all,  
 For Us, but the sole Glory of our Fall.  
 Me, to the Shades below, you all shall finde  
 Your Leader. Then swift, as the Northern Winde,  
 Or winged Shafts (which, in dissembled Flight,  
 The Parthian backward shoots into the Fight)  
 And, where, unmindfull of his tender Age,  
 Petus (like Mars, in Courage) did engage,  
 He rush'd into the mid'd of all his Foes,  
 And the Youth, whom light Vascons did enclose;  
 And fierce Cantabrians did with Darts surround,  
 Freed from their cruel Arms: while they gave Ground,  
 And Trembling fled. As when a Goat, in View,  
 Through a large Plain, the Huntsmen close pursue;  
 And, in the Chase, the weary Beast so nigh  
 Approach, they think to catch't: if suddenly,  
 Gnashing his Teeth, a Lyon, from his Den,  
 Before their Eys appears; their Colour, then,  
 And Blood flies from their Cheeks, their Weapons all,  
 Inferiour to their Danger, they let fall,  
 And, flying, think no more upon their Prey.  
 Now, with his Sword, on such, as in his Way  
 Oppose, he pres'd: and such, whom baser Fear  
 Made fly, with Darts he follows in the Rear.  
 Fury, and Rage delight him; and, to Crown  
 His Deeds with Honour, by his Hand alone  
 A multitude of Nameless People fall.  
 And, if another Paulus, there, 'mong all

The

The Dardan Troops had been, Camæ its Name  
 Had surely lost, and Hannibal his Fame.  
 At length, his Wing declin'd, and suddenly  
 The Front gives Way, and all together fly.  
 There Labienus fell, whom Cingulum  
 Sent from her lofty Walls: there Ocris, whom,  
 With Opiter, Vine-bearing Setia sent,  
 From fertile Hills. Their Deaths were different,  
 Though the Sidonian join'd the Time: for there,  
 Shot through the Hip, fell Labienus; here  
 One through the Shoulder, t' other through the Knee  
 The Brothers, wounded, him accompany.  
 And there Mecænas; who, of antient Fame,  
 Through the Mæonian Land, his Noble Name  
 From Tyrrhen Kings deriv'd, wounded quite through  
 The Groin, a Tyrian jav'lin, likewise Slew.  
 But, through the thickest, Paulus, scorning all  
 Desires of Life; and, seeking Hannibal,  
 Charg'd furiously, and thought his Destiny  
 Could onely cruel be, if he should dy,  
 And Hannibal survive. Fearing this Rage  
 (For that, if once in Fight they did engage,  
 So great a Storm, and Tempest could not be  
 Without great Mischief) Juno instantly,  
 (a) Frighted Metellus Shape assuming, Why  
 Consul (said She) sole Hope of Italy!  
 Dost thou Renew thy Rage in Vain, while Fate  
 Resists? if Paulus live, the Romane State  
 May stand; if otherwise, thou draw'st with Thee  
 All Italy. Oh Paulus! Can it be  
 That thou wilt, while the State thus totters, go  
 To hazard 'gainst so insolent a Fo  
 Thy Sacred Head? For, now, so flush'd in War  
 Is Hannibal, that with the Thunderer

He

(a) Vid. infra, pag. 12.

He dares contend : and *Varro* ( I beheld,  
 When first He wheel'd about ) hath left the Field,  
 Himself reserving for a better Day.  
 Allow the Fates their Time, and, while you may,  
 From Death redeem your Soul, that's greater far  
 Than Ours ; You soon may have another War.  
 To this, with Sighs, the *General* reply'd.  
 And is't not Cause enough ( if Nought beside  
 Did move Me ) that I now should wish to dy  
 In Arms, when to an Act, so Monstrous, I  
*Metellus* urging hear ? Thou, Fool ! away.  
 Fly ; Oh ! fly hence with Speed, nor (Heav'n I pray )  
 Thee in the Back may Hostile Weapons wound !  
 But with thy *Varro* mayst thou safe, and sound,  
 Enter the Walls of *Rome* ! Dost Thou think Me  
 Worthy so base a Life, and not to be  
 As worthy ( Coward ) of a Nobler End :  
 Because the *Libyan*, who dares contend  
 ( Forsooth ! ) with *Jove*, permits it ? Oh, thou base  
 Degen'rate Issue of a Valiant Race !  
 When should I choose to fight ? With whom should I  
 Desire to Cope, but such an One, that by  
 My Hand subdu'd, or I by his, might give  
 To Me a Name, that after Death shall live :

Thus chiding, 'mong his Foes himself he threw :  
 And, as *Acherrus* covertly withdrew  
 From the throng'd *Maniples*, and sought Retreat  
 To the Main Body, with more nimble Feet,  
 Him through the thickest Ranks, with Targets fill'd,  
 And constipated Arms, pursu'd, and kill'd.

So *Belgick* Hounds an hidden Boar pursue,  
 And with Sagacious Noses, drown'd in Dew,  
 Through devious Ways, the doublings of the Beast  
 Detect, and all his Footsteps closely prest,

Through

Through thickest Groves, where Hunts-men cannot  
 To beat, still follow, nor desist they from ( come  
 The Chase, untill they have him in the Winde,  
 And, in some Thicket, close at Covert, finde.

When *fumo* saw, that *Paulus* could not be  
 By Words diverted, but went on, strait She  
*Gelastes* Shape puts on, and *Hannibal*,  
 As Slow, exciting, thus to Fight doth call.  
 This way thy Weapons turn ; hither thine Aid,  
 Eternal Fame of *Carthage*, bring ( She said )  
 To such, as it implore : the *Consul* near  
 The River fights, and horrid Slaughter there  
 Commits : nor canst thou greater Honour gain  
 By any Fo, that shall by Thee be slain.  
 Thus Sheto several Conflicts doth divide  
 The furious Youth ; while, near the River's Side,  
 Old *Christa*, with's six Sons, their valiant Hands  
 Employ'd, and fore oppress'd the *Libyan* Bands.  
*Tuder*, where he was born, no wealthy Town  
 Was held, yet ( not Obscure ) was of Renown,  
 As Warlike, 'mong the *Umbrian* People, where  
 Her Youth in Feats of Arms, and Slaughters, were  
 Train'd up ; whence this old, chearfull Captain led  
 A Valiant *Phalanx* : who, when they had fed  
 Their Swords with Humane Slaughter, overthrew,  
 With frequent Wounds, an Elephant, and to  
 Her Fall add Flames, that instantly devour  
 ( A joyfull Sight to them ) her armed Tower.  
 When, strait, an Helmet's Lightning struck their Eys,  
 And they perceiv'd the trembling Plumes to rise  
 On the large Crest. Old *Christa*, by that Light,  
 Soon knew the Man, and drew into the Fight,  
 His Troop of Sons, commands them all to throw  
 Their Darts, and not to fear the Flames, that flow

P p

From

From his fierce Countenance, or burning Crest.  
As, when an Eagle, carefull, in her Nest,  
To nourish such a Brood, as may be fit  
To bear *Jove's* Arms, against the Sun doth set  
Their Faces, and, by their undazled Eys,  
Through those bright Rays, her doubtfull Issue tries.

And now, to teach the rest, what they should do,  
With a weak Force, a single Dart he threw;  
Which (though it Nimble past the middle Air)  
But lightly pierc'd his Golden Mail, and there  
Stuck loosely, and by that weak Stroak betray'd  
The old Man's Hand. To whom the *Libyan* said,  
What Rage thy Hand, with Age now bloodless grown,  
To vain Attempts provokes? Thy Cornel thrown  
So feeble is, that our *Callaick* Gold  
It scarce can raze: thy Weapons now, behold!  
Is, thus, to Thee return. Better by Me  
In War the Memorable Youth shall be  
Instructed. Speaking thus, He forward prest,  
And pierc'd, with his own Dart, old *Chrisia's* Breast.  
But, from the other Side, six Darts are thrown,  
From six Right-Hands; and then six Spears come on,  
With equal Fury. As, in *Libya*, when  
A Lyons is chas'd into her Den,  
Her angry Whelps leap forth, and strive, in Vain,  
With tender Teeth, the Combat to maintain.

But *Hannibal*, with Arms encompass'd round,  
Consum'd their Shafts, and weighty Spears (that sound  
At ev'ry Stroak with Horrour, through the Field)  
Strongly sustains, and with his batter'd Shield  
Repells: nor can those many Wounds, that he  
Hath giv'n, nor all those Slaughters satisfy  
His Rage; unless He with the Father join  
The Sons in Death, and quite cut off the Line.

Then

Then *Abaris*, who bore his Arms, and there  
Enflam'd the Fight, and him did ev'ry where  
Attend, He calls: With Shafts supply Me still;  
For there 's a Troop, that must be sent to Hell,  
And frets with Darts my Mail: they, instantly,  
Shall finde the Fruits of Foolish Piety.  
This said; the Eldest (*Lucas*) with a Dart  
He penetrates: the Point prest through his Heart,  
Upon his Brother's Arms He backward sinks:  
Next *Vollo*, who, in Haste advancing, thinks  
To draw the Fatal Weapon from the Wound,  
A Pile (that 'mong the Dead, by Chance, he found)  
He, through his Beaver, strikes into his Nose:  
Then *Vesulus*, who slipping, as he goes,  
Faln in his Brother's Blood, he with his Sword  
Cuts off, and (barb'rous Valour, and abhorr'd)  
His Helmet, fill'd with his dislever'd Head,  
Flung, like a Missile Shaft, at those that fled.  
Next *Telefinus*, stricken with a Stone,  
Upon the Back, where to the twist'd Bone  
The Joints are Knit, fell, and beheld withall  
His Brother *Quercens*, by a Sling, to fall,  
Dead to the Ground, while he expires the Light  
Of Life, and shuts his dubious Eys in Night.  
But *Perusinus*, weary through his Fear,  
Running, and Grief, though still he angry were,  
With feeble Steps, retiring through the Plain,  
And, sometimes standing to resist, was slain  
By a Fire-hard'ned Stake, which he, that bare  
The Arms of *Hannibal*, snatch'd newly there,  
From a slain Elephant: the half-burnt Oak  
Fix'd deep into his Groin; the furious Stroak  
Turn'd him upon his back. His cruel Rage  
The Youth, with Prayers, endeavour'd to assuage:

P p 2

But

But, as he gap'd, his Mouth with *Stygian* Fire  
Is fill'd, and in his Lungs the Flames expire.  
At length, with all the rest, *Christa*, a Name  
Through all the *Umbrian* Land, of antient Fame,  
Fell, like a lofty Oak, that long had stood  
Observ'd, and Holy in its Native Wood,  
When struck by *Jove*, and sulph'rous Flames devour  
The Old, and Sacred Branches, to the Pow'r  
O'th' Fire, at length it yields, and covers all  
The Trees beneath it, in its spacious Fall.

While *Hanniba'* thus rageth near thy Flood,  
(Fam'd *Aufidus*) the <sup>(b)</sup> *Consul*, with much Blood,  
Having reveng'd his future Death, the War  
Pursu'd, as if He had been Conquerour.  
There lay huge *Phorcus*, 'mong a thousand Dead,  
Come from *Herculean Calpe*: *Gorgon's* Head  
Carv'd on his Shield, about that dreadfull Face  
The Goddess's Original, and Race:  
Him, daring to oppose, and vaunting high  
The antient Names o'th' monstrous Family  
Of Fam'd *Medusa* (whose dire Looks alone  
Converted the Beholders into Stone)  
As he, too forward, stoop'd, and at's left Thigh,  
Too eager, reach'd, the Valiant *Consul*, by  
The Helmet caught, and dragging Headlong down  
Upon his Knees, deep in his Back doth drown  
His Sword, where 'bout his Reins his Belt was bound:

He, from his gaping Bowels, on the Ground  
Spews Streams of Blood, and the *Ætolian* Field,  
To the *Atlantick* Prince, a Grave doth yield.

Amidst the Slaughters, furious in the Rear,  
With sudden Terror, other <sup>(c)</sup> Troops appear,  
And charging fiercely, unexpected, fall  
Upon the *Romanes*. These had *Hannibal*

Instructed

(b) These were *Nimidian*, in number five hundred (such *Livy*, *Valerius* *Maximus* four hundred) who, having short Swords under their Coats, their Targets hanging at their Backs, (as was the Custom of such as revolted in fight) fled from their own Side to the *Romanes*, who, taking from them their Shields, and Darts, commanded absent to the Rear, but they, soon as they perceived all Men intent on the Fight, furnished themselves again with the Targets of such as fell, and suddenly assailing the *Romanes* at their Backs, how'd them down at the Ham-strings with a great Slaughter, and were a great Occasion of the following Victory. *Liv. lib. 22.*

Instructed in all Fraud, and to that Art  
Of Fighting train'd: who (faining to desert  
The *Punick* Camp, arm'd with Deceit, their Hands,  
And Arms had yielded) on the *Romane* Bands  
Then Busie, in the Slaughter, with a Rage  
United, fly, and all their Rear engage:  
Nor did they Weapons want, Slaughter affords  
A large Supply of Jav'lins, Darts, and Swords.  
But Valiant *Galba* (whose still pious Love  
To Virtue, no cross Fortune could remove)  
Seeing an Ensign taken by the Fo,  
Pursues with Speed, and with a fatal Blow  
The Conqu'ror fells: but, striving to regain  
The Eagle, which his dying Hands retain,  
(And would let go, but slowly, at the Last)  
Pierc'd by *Amorgus* Sword, who came in Haste  
To's Friend's Relief, he fell, and in those great  
Attempts, unhappy, sadly met his Fate.

But now, as if *Enyo's* Rage were still  
Unsatisf'd, *Vulturius*, in one Hill  
Of Dust, rolls all the Field; and the white Sand  
Throws up: and such as Labour'd to withstand  
His Fury, with strong Blasts, that strangely Roar,  
To th' farthest Part of all the Champagne bore,  
And 'gainst the Hollow Banks their Bodies thrown,  
And bruise'd, within the swelling Flood did drown:  
And, here, unhappy in his silent Fate,  
The River *Curio's* Life doth terminate.  
For, while, with inward Fury boiling, He  
Labours to stop the *Romane* Troops, that flee,  
And in their Way, himself opposing, stood,  
Driv'n Headlong by the Throng into the Flood;  
I'th' troubled Waves he sunk, and born away  
Dead, in the *Adriack* Sands, Inglorious, lay.

But

But the brave *Consul*, whose unshaken Minde  
The worst of Ills could bear, who ne're inclin'd  
To stoop to Fortune, meets the Conqu'ring Fo  
With equal Fury, and himself doth throw  
Amidst their thickest Arms; encourag'd by  
A Martial Heat, and Confidence to dy:  
When *Vriathus*, whom th' Iberian Land  
Obey'd, pursuing with a Fatal Hand,  
A Fo, now tyr'd, and weary'd in the Fight,  
Near unto Raging *Paulus*, and in 's Sight,  
Cuts off. Oh Grief! Oh Tears! <sup>(d)</sup> *Servilius* there,  
Next *Paulus*, the best Part of all the War,  
Fell by a barb'rous Hand, and in his Fall  
Alone, with Envy, We may *Camæ* call  
Unfortunate. The *Consul* his sad Ire  
No more endures, and, though the Winds conspire  
To rob him of his Arms, and blind his Eyes  
With Dust, yet through a Cloud of Sand he flies,  
And him, then tuning, (as 'tis us'd among  
Th' *Iberi*) on his Shield a barb'rous Song,  
Invades, and, through his left Pap driving, past  
His Weapon to his Vitals: this the last  
Of all his Slaughters was, no more could He  
In Fight his Hand imploy: nor (*Rome*) for Thee,  
In future Wars, must Noble *Paulus* stand.  
For an huge Stone, thrown from a private Hand,  
Dash'd on his Head, and deep into his Skull  
His batter'd Helmet beats, and fills it full,  
And all his Face with Blood: retreating then,  
Against the Neighb'ring Rock as he doth lean,  
Now almost choak'd with Dust, before his Face,  
Besmear'd with Gore, his Target he doth place,  
Like a fierce *Lyon* (lighter Shafts repress'd,  
And scorn'd) when, piercing deep into his Breast,

At

At length he feels the Steel, amidst the Field  
He trembling stands, and patiently doth yield  
To ev'ry Weapon: while about his Nose,  
His Jaws, and Main, a bloody Riv'let flows;  
And, sometimes, turning his weak Limbs about,  
From his wide Mouth, he foaming Goar doth spout.  
But, then, fierce *Hannibal* spurs on his Steed,  
Where e're the Storm, or Conqu'ring Sword doth lead;  
Where furious Troops, and where those Monsters are,  
That with their Iv'ry Teeth maintain the War.  
Here, overwhelm'd with Darts when *Piso* spy'd,  
The *Libyan* Captain over Bodies ride,  
Raising himself Upright upon his Spear,  
Pierc'd through his Horse's Flank, attempting there  
(In Vain) to leap upon him being down.  
To whom the angry *Libyan* (who soon  
Himself recover'd, though his Plunging Steed  
Pitch'd him upon his Shoulder) When they're Dead,  
Do thus the *Romane* Ghosts revive (said He)  
To fight? In Death nor will they Quiet be?  
This said, into his Body, as He strives  
To rise, up to the Hilt, his Sword he drives.  
But, his Foot wounded with a *Cretan* Shaft,  
As *Lentulus*, full Speed, on Horse-back left  
The Field; the Stones besmearing with his Blood,  
And, with a stern Aspect, to th' *Stygian* Flood  
Sinking he *Paulus* spy'd: at that sad Sight,  
His Mind's distracted, He's aham'd of Flight.  
Then *Rome* appears to burn, and *Hannibal*  
Ev'n at the Gates to stand: then, first of all,  
The Field, that *Italy* devour'd, He saw.  
What then remain'd, but the next Day might draw  
The *Tyrians* to the Town? At length, he spake  
To *Paulus*, thus; Dost Thou the Helm forsake

In

(d) *Servilius* *Gabinus* has been *Consul* with *Julius*, and that day commanded the main Body of the *Romane* where He braved bravely fighting at the Head of his Men.

In such Distress? The Gods my Witness are,  
Unless thou guid us through this cruel War,  
And live (though 'gainst thy Will) in such a Storm,  
*Paulus*, (Grief made his Language sharp) more Harm,  
Then *Varro*, Thou wilt do. Then take, I pray,  
(Of *Rome's* now sinking State Thou onely Stay)  
This Horse: upon my Shoulders I will take  
Thee up, and set Thee safe upon his Back.

As this he spake, the *Consul*, spitting Blood,  
From his torn Mouth, replies: Go on, make good  
Thy Father's Virtues; why should we despair,  
So long, as such brave Souls remaining are  
In *Romulus* his Empire? Spur thy Steed,  
Which Way thy Wounds permit thee. Let with speed  
The City-Gates be shut; for suddenly  
This sad Destruction to the Walls will fly;  
And (pray) advise, that *Fabius* may Command  
In Chief: blind Rage my Counsel did withstand.  
And what of my spent Life remaineth now;  
But that to the rude Multitude I show,  
That *Paulus* dares, and knows well how to Dy?  
For, thus consum'd with Wounds, to them shall I  
Be born? What would the *Libyan* give, that Me,  
Turning my Back in Fight, He once might see?  
*Paulus* hath no such Thoughts: nor will I go  
So poor a Soul unto the Shades below.  
No, I am one: but why do I delay  
Thee thus, with mild Complaints? Haste thee away,  
Hence quickly with thy Steed, with Service spent.

With this grave Charge; strait to the City went  
Sad *Lentulus*: nor yet did *Paulus* dy  
Without Revenge; but, as when, mortally  
Wounded, a Tiger dorth, at length, retreat,  
And falls to struggle with approaching Fate,

He

He opens wide his weary Jaws to bite  
In vain, and in Attempts, beneath the Height  
Of his great Rage, licks, onely, with his Tongue  
The Lances, and the Darts against him flung.

And now *Ileribes*, who insulting near  
Approach'd, and shook, secure of Wounds, his Spear,  
He rising, with his sudden Sword, doth wound;  
And, then, for the *Sidonian* Captain, round  
About him, looks, desiring in his Hands  
To quithis struggling Soul: but strait the Bands  
Of *Nomades*, of *Garamantians*, *Moors*,  
With *Celians*, and *Asurians*, thick Show'r's  
Of Darts upon him powr'd, on ev'ry Side,  
Oppress the Man. Thus Noble *Paulus* dy'd;  
Thus that high, valiant Heart, whom (if the War  
He sole had rul'd) perhaps we might compare  
With *Fabius*: his brave Death a Grace became  
To *Rome*, and plac'd among the <sup>(1)</sup> Stars his Name.

But, when the *Romanes* Hopes were lost, and all  
Their Courage, ruin'd in the *Consul's* Fall;  
To cruel Arms the Headless <sup>(2)</sup> Army yield  
Their Backs: Victorious *Africk* through the Field  
Rageth in Blood: *Picenian* Cohorts here,  
And Warlike *Umbrians* fall; *Sicanian* there,  
And *Hernick* Troops: those Ensigns scatter'd are  
Upon the Ground, which *Samnites*, fierce in War,  
Which the *Sarrastes*, and the *Marfi* brought;  
There Targets pierc'd quite through, & as they fought  
Broke each 'gainst others Shields, and Helmets lay  
With uselefs Swords, and Bridles torn away  
From the fierce Horse's Mouths: the Neighb'ring flood  
Throws up his Billows, swelling high with Blood,  
Into the Fields, and all the Bodies slain  
Returns, with Fury, to the Banks again.

Q q

See

(1) This is onely an *Hyperbole* expecting the great Agent of *Paulus*, and the Fame of his Death: for the *Romanes* Desist'd none, before *Julius Caesar*, after that Impolence of *Proculus*, perswading them first to make *Romulus* a God.

(2) *Paulus*, who commanded the Right Wing, and *Servilius*, who led the Left, being both slain, and *Varro* flying, at the same Decline of their Fortune, the Army was Destitute of Commanders.

See a <sup>(\*)</sup>*Lagean* Ship, that, Island-like,  
Floats on the Sea, if it by Chance do strike  
Upon a Rock, while cloudy *Eurus* blows,  
And Shipwrack over all the Ocean throws,  
Strait Planks, with Oars, and Tackle, and tall Masts,  
Pendants, and Sails, torn with impetuous Blasts,  
And miserable Sea-men, that again  
Spew up the Waves, are scatter'd on the Main.

The *Libyan*, by His Slaughters in the Fight,  
Had measur'd out the Day : but, as the Night  
The Aid of Light to His great Rage deny'd,  
At length, he laid the cruel War aside,  
And from the Toil of Slaughter spar'd his Men :  
But yet, with Cares, his Mind still wak'd : nor then,  
Amidst such Favour of the Gods, could He  
Endure to rest ; His Thoughts continually  
Prompt him to enter *Rome* : and the next day,  
Thence with drawn Swords, in Haste, to march away,  
Is his Design : while yet their Blood was warm,  
And Slaughter stain'd the Troops. Now with His Arm  
The Gates He seifeth, fires the Walls, and seems  
To mix with *Canne* the *Tarpeian* Flames.

Conscious of *Jove's* Displeasure, and the Fate  
Of *Italy*, *Saturnia*, troubled at  
What He design'd, endeavouring to restrain  
The Youth's rash Heat, and in Desires so vain  
To curb his greedy Hopes, strait from His deep,  
And silent Empire, She the God of Sleep  
( By whose Assistance, She had often clos'd  
*Jove's* weary Eys, and them to Rest compos'd )  
Summons, and, smiling, said ; I call not Thee  
( Great God ) to hard Designs : nor that to Me  
Thou give up *Jove*, by thy soft Wings subdued,  
Do I require : nor, that thou shouldst delude

And

And shut, in *Stygian* Night, his thousand Eys,  
That *Id* kept, and did thy Power despise.  
But into *Hannibal* new Dreams inspire ;  
Nor now to visit *Rome* let Him desire :  
Or Walls forbid, where *Jove* denies, that He  
Should enter. Her Commands he instantly  
Pursues, and Poppy, in a crooked Horn,  
Mix'd with some other Juice, through Darkness born ;  
He silently descends, and to the Tent  
Of the *Barcean* Prince directly went.  
Then, hov'ring o're his drooping Head, he spreads  
His drowsy Wings, and Slumber gently sheds,  
Like Dew, into His Eys, and with his Hand  
Unto His Temples the *Letbean* Wand  
Applies ; when suddenly prodigious Dreams  
Possess his furious Breast : and now he seems  
To compass *Tyber*, with his numerous Bands :  
But, as, insulting, at the Walls he stands  
Of *Rome*, he, frighted, sees Immortal *Jove*  
Shining, on the *Tarpeian* Rock, above,  
And, in his threatening Hand, he Thunder shook,  
While all the Neighb'ring Fields with Sulphur smok ;  
Blew *Anyo*, in cold Waters, trembling lies,  
And oft ( a dreadful Sight ) before his Eys,  
Flashes of Lightning fly, then through the Air  
A Voice was spread ; Thy Progress, Youth, forbear ;  
Thy Honour's great enough, that doth arise  
From *Canne*, Thou as soon our Marble Skies storm'd  
May't cleave, as through those Sacred Walls ( when  
By Thee ) break way. Thus *Juno's* Will perform'd,  
Sleep left Him, terrifi'd with what He then  
Had seen, and fearing greater Wars : nor, when  
The Night was done, did Day absolve his Mind  
From that dire Image, which it left behind.

Q q 2

Amidst

A midst these Troubles of His Sleep, and vain  
Disturbance, *Mago* tells Him, they had ta'en  
The *Romane* Camp, by Night, and brought away,  
With their remaining Troops, a wealthy Prey :

(b) *Livy* attributes this Advice to *Maharbal*, who counsel'd to march away immediately with his Host, and to prevent the Fame of his Victory, by appearing at the Gates of *Rome*, before they approach'd his Coming; when *Hannibal* rejected, he replied, *Thou know'st, Hannibal, how to conquer, but not how to lose Thy Victory.*

(b) To Him then promising a joyfull Feast,  
Within the *Capitol*, when, to develt  
The World of Day, the fifth Night should arise,  
The *General*, concealing the Advice  
Of Heav'n, and His own Fears, their Wounds in Fight,  
And Strength exhausted pleads, and that they might  
Not be too Confident of their Success.  
The Youth dejected from his Hopes, no less,  
Then if he had commanded Him to flee,  
Evn from the Walls, and draw from Victory  
His Ensigns, said, With all this Toil, not *Rome*  
(As She believ'd) but *Varro's* overcome:  
By what sad Fate, so great Success in Fight  
Dost Thou neglect, and thus Thy Countrey slight:  
Let the Horse march with Me, and (I will Pawn  
My Head) the *Iliack* Walls shall be Thine Own,  
The Gates shall open'd be without a War.  
While these by furious *Mago* urg'd are,  
And by his wary Brother not believ'd,  
The *Latine* Souldiers, flying, were receiv'd:

(c) They were not above four thousand foot, and two hundred Horse, that fled in a body, and were received into *Cannus*. The rest came scattered several Ways, and had only Lodging given them by the Citizens. But all other Provisions were bestowed on them by a Noble Lady, called *Paula* *Scipio's*, who, the War ended, was publicly honoured by the *Romane Senate*, for her pious and Bounty.

Within (c) *Cannus*'s Walls, and there apace  
Began to fortifie. Inglorious Face  
Of sinking Fortune! there no Eagles stand,  
No Ensigns 'mong the Troops, no high Command  
Of *Consuls*, nor by *Libours* Axes born.  
But faint with Fear, and, as with Ruin torn,  
And main'd, their Bodies on weak Members strive  
To keep their Stand: oft sudden Clamours rive  
The Air, and oft deep Silence, with their Eys  
Fix'd on the Ground: here naked Companies

With

With broken Targets stand; the Valiant there  
Want Swords: then all the Horsemen wounded are;  
From their high-crested Casks their glorious Pride  
Was torn, and *Mars* his Honour lai'd aside.  
Their Corslets pierc'd with many Spears, and in  
Their Mails *Maurusian* Shafts were sometimes seen  
To hang: sometimes they sadly call upon  
Their Friends, were lost: here *Galba* they bemoan,  
*Piso*, and *Curio*, worthy of a far  
More Noble Fate, and *Scævola*, in War  
Most fierce; all these of Course: but *Paulus* Fate,  
As of a common Father, they regrate,  
How He ne're ceas'd, with Truth, their present Woes  
To Prophesie, and *Varro's* Minde oppose:  
How oft, in Vain, that Day from *Rome* He sought  
To turn; and, then, how valiantly He fought.  
But such, who Care of future Things do take,  
Either are busi'd, 'bout the Walls to make  
Their Trenches, or to fortifie the Gates,  
(As Need requir'd) and where the Field dilates  
A plain, and easie Entrance to the Foes,  
Firm in the Earth they fix Fire-hardned Boughs,  
Like Horns of Stags, and secretly beside,  
To wound them in their March, they Calthrops hide.  
'Bove all these Miseries, and Wounds, that are  
Not to be cur'd, the Reliques of the War,  
And such as 'scap'd the Fo, through impious Fear,  
And a more fierce *Erymnis* mov'd, prepare  
(The Climate chang'd) the *Punic* Arms, by Sea,  
*Sidonian* Swords, and *Hannibal* to flee.  
The Chief of this Design, for Exile, was  
(k) *Metellus*, sprung from no ignoble Race.  
The wav'ring Winds of that degen'rate Crew  
In War, to Counsels base, and strange, he drew:

To

(k) This was *L. Cælius Metellus*, who, joyning with *L. Furius Philo*, and some other of the young Nobility, resolv'd to fly to some foreign Prince, and for ever quit their Countrey; discouraging all Counsels of future Defence, till *Scipio*, attended by some other of best Resolution, breaking into *Metellus* Lodging, where he with his Associates, were in Counsel, with his Sword in his Hand, forced them all to take an Oath to prosecute the War against *Hannibal*, and so broke their Design. *Liv. lib. 22.*



To look for Lands, where they themselves might hide,  
 Asia another World, and there abide,  
 Where they might never hear the *Libyan's* Name,  
 And whither their forsaken Countre's Fame,  
 Might never come. But, when this News was brought  
 To *Scipio*, with like Rage, as when he fought  
 Ith' Field 'gainst *Hannibal*, his Sword he snatch'd,  
 And to the House, where they this Mischief hatch'd  
 'Gainst *Italy*, he hasts, and breaking down  
 The Doors; and, entering, with a dreadfull Frown,  
 Shaking his Sword, before their frighted Eys,  
 He thus begun: Thou Chief of Deities!  
 Who dwell'st on the *Tarpeian* Rock, a Seat,  
 The next to Heav'n! and Thou, *Juno*, not yet  
 Chang'd with the Woes of *Troy*, and thou fierce  
 Upon whose dreadfull *Aegis* are displai'd (\*) Maid  
 The *Gorgon* Furies, and you Gods, that sprung  
 From Mortals, and are willingly among  
 Our Deities ador'd, and (which by Me,  
 Is equal held to any Deity)  
 By my great Father's Head, I swear, I ne're  
 Will the *Lavinian* Land forsake, nor e're  
 Permit, that it forsaken be, while I  
 Survive. Now then *Metellus* instantly  
 Attest the Gods, that, if in *Libyan* Fire  
 These Walls shall burn, Thou never wilt retire  
 Into another Land: unless thou swear  
 To this; although arm'd *Hannibal* were here,  
 Whom Thou dost dread, the Fear of whom doth break  
 Thy Sleep, Thou sure shalt dy, nor will I take  
 A greater Pride, in any *Libyan's* Fall.  
 These Threatnings crushing that Design, they all  
 A Sacramental Oath, as was enjoyn'd,  
 Swear to the Gods, and to their Countrey binde

Their

Their Souls, and from that Crime their Breasts absolve.

While thus the *Latines* their Affairs revolve,  
 With troubled Thoughts: Victorious *Hannibal*  
 The Fields again surveys, and numbers all  
 His own dire Acts; searching with greedy Eys  
 Their Wounds, and to the cruel Companies  
 Of *Libyans*, that round about Him stood,  
 Yields joyfull Spectacles of *Romane* Blood.  
 At the last Gasp, fore wounded through the Breast,  
 With Darts, lay valiant *Claius* 'mong the rest,  
 Expiring his departing Soul to Air,  
 And lab'ring, faintly, his pale Face to rear:  
 Scarce, with his feeble Neck, from Earth his Head  
 Had lifted, when his Horse, that knew him, Neigh'd  
 Aloud, with prick'd-up Ears, and, Bounding, threw  
 Headlong upon the Ground *Vagesus*, who  
 Upon his Captive Back was born, and then  
 Flying with Speed o're Heaps of slaughter'd Men,  
 And through the slipp'ry Paths, with standing Gore  
 Made fat, and Bodies chang'd with Wounds, before  
 His dying Master stands, and there his Neck,  
 And Shoulders bowing, offers him his Back,  
 On bended Knees, as he was wont to do  
 And, trembling, seems his in-bred Love to shew.  
 None could more neatly mount a metled Steed,

(1) Then he; none surer, as he ran full Speed,  
 Lay backward all along, or stood upon  
 His naked Back, or, when he chanc'd to run  
 A Race, more happily perform'd the Course.

But, not a little, wondring at the Horse  
 That equall'd Humane Sense, the *Libyan* strait  
 His Name, and Honours, who with adverse Fate  
 So bravely did contend, desir'd to know,  
 And, to dispatch him, gave the Mercy-Blow.

Then

(1) This Kind of recreation (formerly in use among the *Romans*) is now (both *Monsieur Roussier*, in his *Histories of the Serraglio*) common among the *Turks*, who teach their Horses to kneel, and receive them on their Backs, and in full Career, to leap from one Horse to another, to lie along upon them, or to stand upright on their naked Backs, while they run at full Speed: and this to be done frequently in the Hippodrome at Constantinople.

Then *Cynna* (for He to the *Tyrians* Side  
 Had turn'd his Arms) who near him then did ride,  
 A Slave to Fortune, answers: Sir (said He)  
 His Story worthy of your Ear may be.  
 In former Times, that *Rome*, which now disdains  
 With so much Scorn, to bear the *Tyrian* Reins,  
 Was under Kings; but, hating *Tarquin's* Sway,  
 Soon as She had his Scepter thrown away,  
 Strait mighty Armies, from *Clusnum* came,  
 (If either *Cocles*, or *Porfenna's* Fame,  
 Or *Lidian* Camps, by Chance, thine Ear have found)  
 He, with *Mæonian* Aids, encompass'd round,  
 And *Tyrrhen* People strove again to bring  
 By War, into his Throne, the banish'd King;  
 Much, they, in vain, attempted: at the Gate  
 The Tyrant press'd; when, Peace concluded, strait  
 All Hate's compress'd, and by a League aside  
 The War is laid, and Faith by Pledges ty'd.  
 But, yet (good Gods!) the *Romane* Hearts, that know  
 Not how to yield, prepar'd to undergo  
 The worst of Ills for Honour! *Clelia*, who  
 Not yet the Age of twice six Summers knew,  
 One of the *Latine* Maids, that did remain  
 A Pledg of Peace, among the Virgin-Train  
 Transmitted to the King: She (not to speak  
 Of what the Men perform'd) that King, the League,  
 Her Years, the Flood contemning, fearless, o're  
 Admiring *Tyber*, from the Hostile Shore,  
 Swum, and the Billows broke with tender Hands.  
 Had Nature chang'd her Sex, the *Tyrrhen* Lands  
*Porfenna* happily should ne're again  
 Have seen; but (that I may no more detain  
 You in her Story) from her Stock He came,  
 And from the famous Virgin took his Name.

As

As He this Story told, a sudden Cry,  
 On the Left-Hand, broke forth, appearing nigh,  
 Where *Paulus* Body, 'mong the Arms of Men,  
 And mangled Corps, in Ruin mix'd, they then  
 Dug up, amidst the Slaughter'd Heaps. Alas!  
 How alter'd? how unlike to Him he was,  
 That, lately, with his Shafts the *Panick* Bands  
 Had routed? Or, when the *Taulantian* Lands,  
 With Honour, he had vanquish'd, and did bring  
 Into Subjection the *Illyrick* King?  
 His hoary Locks all black with Dust; upon  
 His Beard dry Clots of Gore; a Mural Stone  
 His Teeth had broke: His Body all one Wound;  
 Which when, o'rejoy'd, the *Libyan* Captain found,  
 Fly, *Consul Varro*, now, securely fly;  
 And live (said He) since *Paulus*, here, did dy:  
 Fly; and to lazy *Fabius*, to the State,  
 And People, *Cannæ's* Story all relate.  
 If Thou desir'st, so greedily, the Light  
 Of Life, I'll grant Thee such another Flight.  
 But He, whose valiant Heart (that justly claim'd  
 Me, for a Fo) so brave an Heat enflam'd,  
 With the last Rites of Funeral, by Me,  
 And Decent Sepulture, shall Honour'd be.  
 How Great here *Paulus* dost Thou ly? Whole Fall,  
 Alone, is greater Joy to Me, than all  
 The Thousands We have slain; and so, when Fate  
 Me, with the Safety (*Carthage*) of thy State,  
 Shall call, do I desire to dy. This said,  
 T'Interr his Friends, when the next Morn displaid  
 Her Blushes from her Bed, and to prepare  
 A Pyle of Arms (that to the God of War  
 Were to be burnt) He gives Command: then all,  
 Though weary, to the Work commanded fall,

R r

And

And strait in sev'ral Heaps the Groves are lai'd,  
 And, on the shady Hills, tall Woods are made  
 To Eccho with their Axes : here to Ground  
 They fell the Ash, and shady Pop'lar, crown'd  
 With hoary Leaves, and there the Holm, that took  
 Root in their Grand-fire's Age, and firmest Oak ;  
 With Pines, that flourish by a River, and  
 Sad Cypress, that near Sepulchres do stand,  
 A mournfull Ornament. These to the Field  
 They bear, and there, with Emulation, build  
 The Fun'ral Pyles (an Office to the Slain,  
 Fruitless, and sad) till in the Eastern Main  
*Sol* drench'd his panting Steeds, and, by his Flight  
 From Heav'n, with *Strygian* Darknes rais'd the Night.

But, when again the *Phæbontian* Reins  
 Shed their first Beams on the *Eban* Plains,  
 And did to Earth its Colours all restore,  
 They Flames apply, and Corps, distilling Gore,  
 Burn, in an Hostile Land : an horrid Dread  
 Of various Chance, seising their Thoughts, is spread  
 With Silence through their Hearts, left Fortune, by  
 An adverse Fight, might cause them there to dy.

But Sacred (*Mars*) to Thee, up to the Skies,  
 Like a vast Hill, a Pyle of Arms doth rise :  
 The *General* himself lifts up a tall  
 And flaming Pine, and thus on Thee doth call :  
 Great Father *Mars* ! who, now, hast heard my Pray'r,  
 These Sacrifices of a Prosp'rous War,  
 And First-fruits of the Fight, within this Flame,  
 I, *Hannibal*, or'e the *Ausonian* Name  
 Victorious, burn, to Thee, and living Bands  
 Offer these chosen Arms, with gratefull Hands.  
 Then, throwing in the Torch, the greedy Fire  
 Devours the Pyle ; and strait a flaming Spire

Breaks

Breaks through the Smoak, and to the Stars ascends,  
 And a clear Light throughall the Field extends.  
 Thence, hasting to the Tomb, and Funeral  
 To *Paulus* giv'n, the Honour of his Fall,  
 Insulting, boasts. A lofty Pyle, there, They  
 Had rais'd, and softer Beds, compos'd of Hay :  
 Gifts likewise added are, to th' Valiant held  
 A Fun'ral Honour : His dire Sword, and Shield,  
 (Of late a Terrour, and a stately Sight)  
 Then *Fasces* torn, and Axes ta'ne in Fight.  
 No Wife, no Sons, no Troops of Kindred near  
 Ally'd, were there ; nor on the lofty Bier  
 (As Custom was) old Images precede,  
 And grace the Exequies : But, now, instead  
 Of other Pomp, was *Hannibal*, alone  
 Sufficient, to Eternize His Renown :  
 Shining with richest Purple (to the rest  
 Upon the Pyle) He, sighing, threw his Vest,  
 And, after that, His Gold-embroider'd Cloak :  
 Then to His Shade, with this last Honour, spoke.  
*Ausonia's* Glory ! go Thou thither ; where  
 Souls, great in Deeds, and Virtue, seated are ;  
 Thou, by Thy Noble Death, hast Honour gain'd :  
 Fortune, as yet, with her unconstant Hand,  
 Our Labours guides, and doth command, that We  
 Of future Chances ignorant should be.

Thus He, and, strait from crackling Flames, into  
 Ætherial Air, the joyfull Soul doth go.

Now Fame, her Voice encreasing, to the Skies,  
 The Sea, and Earth, and chiefest City flies.

(m) They now distrust their Walls, and, trembling, all  
 Hope Safety onely in the *Capitol*.  
 For now, for their Defence, no Youthfull Bands  
 Survive ; an empty Name *Ausonia* stands,

R r 2

Without

(m) so great (such *Livy*, lib. 22.) was  
 the Lamentation, & Confusion through  
 the City, that *Fabius*, whose present  
 Courage gave Count to the rest, was  
 constrained to confine the Women to  
 their Houses, and in that great Con-  
 flictation, to omit the Annularary  
 Sacrifice to *Ceres*.

Without a Body : that the Enemy  
 Not yet broke through the Gates, they think to be  
 Delay, through Scorn : their Houses now appear  
 To burn, the Temples spoil'd, and ev'ry where  
 Their Sons, in cruel Slaughter, to expire  
 Before their Eys, and the sev'n Tow'rs on Fire.  
 One Day lamented the approaching Falls  
 Of twice an hundred <sup>(a)</sup> Chairs, and sinking Walls  
 Of now-exhausted *Rome*, depriv'd of twice  
 Three hundred thousand Youth besides ; and this  
 After sad *Trebia*, and the *Tuscan* <sup>(b)</sup> Flood :  
 And of Allies, as great a Loss of Blood.

(a) *Scutibores.*(b) *Thracian.*

Amidst these Griefs, the Pious *Senate* all,  
 By Lot, to their appointed Charges fall :  
 Old *Fabius*, super-vising what was done  
 With Diligence, th' Affrighted calls upon.  
 Believ't, there's now no Reason to delay ;  
 We must be speedy, that the *Libyan* may,  
 T' approach our armed Walls, attempt in vain.  
 By Sitting still cros Fortune Strength doth gain  
 Among the Fearfull, and Adversity  
 Through Fear grows greater. Go, go speedily, <sup>(c)</sup> make  
<sup>(d)</sup> Snatch from the Temple Arms (Brave Youths) go  
 The Courts, and Porches, naked ; quickly take  
 The Targets from the Walls, were gain'd in War :  
 Enough our Numbers for our Countrey are,  
 If we loose nothing through our Fear to fight :  
 In open Fields, that horrid Plague may fright  
 Perchance ; but the light-naked *Moor* shall ne're  
 Break through these Walls, or boast his Triumphs here.

(c) Such Arms, as were taken from  
 their Enemies, had long been preserved,  
 as Trophies in their Temples; but in this  
 Exigency, they were constrained to  
 make use of them to Arm their Slaves.

While *Fabius* thus excites their Minds, with Dread  
 Dejected. 'Bout the Walls a Rumour's spread,  
 That *Varro* was at Hand, and ev'ry Breast  
 With secret Trouble, and with Doubt, 's possest.

As

As, when, a Vessel wrack'd, safe from the Sea,  
 Alone, the Pilot, swimming, makes his Way  
 To th' open Shore ; the People trembling stand,  
 Uncertain whether they should lend an Hand  
 To help Him, or refuse Him, and, the rest  
 So lost, his sole Survival all detest.  
 How great his Infamy, who durst come near  
 The Ports, so sad an Omen to their Fear !  
 These Discontents, and Troubles to assuage,  
 And turn the wav'ring People from their Rage,  
*Fabius* declares ; How Bafe it was to be  
 Vex'd at Mis-fortunes in Adversity,  
 It did un-manly seem, in those to bend,  
 Who their Original from *Mars* pretend,  
 Who could not hide their Griefs, but were intent  
 To remedy their Woes by Punishment :  
 But, if they would permit him, to upbraid,  
 To Him that Day more Dismal shin'd (he said)  
 When He saw *Varro* marching to the Field,  
 Then that, wherein Dis-arm'd he Him beheld.

This Language all their Threats allay'd, and strait  
 Their Hearts were turn'd. Now they condole his Fate,  
 Now, summ up all the Comforts from them ta'ne  
 By the *Sidonian*, in two *Consuls* slain.

<sup>(e)</sup> Then, to congratulate Him, out they run  
 In Troops ; protesting, that whate'r was done,  
 They did believe, proceeded from a great  
 And valiant Minde ; That trusting to the Fate  
 Of their Fore-Fathers, and their mighty Power,  
 He not despair'd of the *Tarpeian* Tow'r.

No less sad, for his Crime, and full of Shame,  
 Towards the Walls, the *Consul*, weeping, came :  
 Not daring his dejected Looks at all  
 To raise, to see his Countrey, and recall

Their

(e) At *Varro's* Return, left the  
 People should grow insolently-cruel, at  
 the Mis-fortunes of their *Generals*, the  
*Senate* gave him Thanks, that he had  
 not despair'd of the future good For-  
 tune of the Common-Wealth.

Their Griefs. The *Senate*, and the People, that  
To meet Him went, seem'd not to gratulate  
His Safety: but sad Parents to require  
Their Sons, and Brothers; or, inflam'd with Ire,  
To tear the *Consul's* Face, appear'd to come:  
And therefore, with a silent *Litour*, *Rome*  
He, Private, enters, and through Grief condemn'd  
That Honour, which the Gods, so late, condemn'd.

But *Fabius*, and the *Senate* doth provide  
Speedy Relief, all Sadness laid aside;

And strait the <sup>(2)</sup> Slaves are arm'd: nor doth that Shame,  
For common Safety, move them to dis-claim  
The Camp. But to reduce th' *Æneian* State,  
By any Means, within the Laws of Fate,  
It is Decreed, and for the Sacred Tow'r,  
Honour of Freedom, and Imperial Pow'r,  
Ev'n Servile Hands to Arm. Now, they develt  
Boys of their Garments, and their Shoulders preft  
With Arms, to them unknown: stiff Helmets close  
Their tender Cheeks, and in the Blood of Foes  
They are commanded to grow up to Men.  
But, when 't was mov'd the Captive Troops agen  
Should Ransom'd be at easie Rates (for there  
Of such, that fought it, many thousands were)

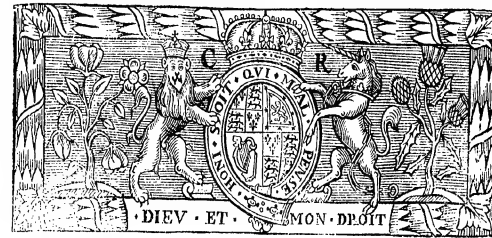
<sup>(3)</sup> They to the wondring *Libyan* left them all.  
So much the Possibility to fall,  
Arm'd, into Bondage, did all Crimes exceed,  
All other Guilt surpass. Then, 'twas Decreed,  
That whosoever should Convicted be,  
T' have fled the Fight in farthest *Sicily*,  
Should serve, untill the Fo th' *Ausonian* Land  
Should quite relinquish. Such then *Rome* did stand!  
Next whom, Thou, *Carthage*, had the Fates thought  
To change her Manners, mightst, as Chief, have <sup>(Good</sup>  
*The End of the Tenth Book.* (stood.

(2) These Slaves were in number ten thousand (some say eight thousand) and bought from their Masters at the publick Charge, and made free, that they might not dishonour the *Roman* *Adulter*.

(3) That for the future, their Souldiers might either dy, or conquer, the *Romans* refused either to redeem the Captives at the publick Charge, or permit their Redemption by their private Friends: by which means they were most of them cruelly destroyed by their Enemies, who forced many of the chief, and the nearest relating in Blood, to fight as *Gladitors*, and be a Justice to them, while they killed each other. *Appian. Hann.*



It is the duty of the Roman People to be vigilant in the face of the enemy, and to be ready to defend their country. The Roman People is the foundation of the Republic, and it is the duty of the Roman People to be vigilant in the face of the enemy, and to be ready to defend their country. The Roman People is the foundation of the Republic, and it is the duty of the Roman People to be vigilant in the face of the enemy, and to be ready to defend their country.



# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Eleventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

What People, after Cannæ's Loss, forsake  
The Roman Leagues, and part with Libya take.  
The Capuans proud Demands at Rome: which She  
Containing, forc'd the Messengers to flee  
With a Repulse. Strait Capua entertains  
The Libyans, which Decius dysdains:  
His Faith, and Noble Courage: He is sent,  
In Chains, to Carthage: whither, as he went,  
By Storms, upon Cyrene, he is cast;  
Where, rescue'd from the Libyans, at last  
He dies. With wanton, and luxurious Feasts  
Loose Capua entertains her Libyan Guests.  
Amidst their Mirth, the Death of Hannibal  
Pactulus Son conspires. Mago, with all  
The Spoils of Cannæ, is to Carthage sent,  
The People's Acclamations, and Content,  
When he arriv'd. He new Supplies demands  
Of Men, and Monies: Hanno this withstands.  
In fine, Mago prevails, and all, that He  
Requires, the Senate grants by a Decree.



U T now what People to the  
Libyan Side,  
And the Sidonian Camp, them-  
selves apply'd,  
Through Cannæ's famous Loss,  
let me unfold.

When Fortune fails, no Mortals long will hold  
Their

Their Faith. Their Hands now, openly, they strive  
To the perfidious *Libyan* to give,  
Too ready in Mis-fortune to despair !

Before the rest, the cruel<sup>(a)</sup> *Sannites* are  
Most eager, on Occasion, to renew  
Their Hate, and long-concealed Rage to *show*.  
Next, the unconstant<sup>(b)</sup> *Brutians*, who, with Shame,  
(Too late) did afterwards the Fact disclaim.  
Perfidious *Apulians*, next to these,  
With their ambiguous Arms: then, hating Peace,  
The vain *Hirpini*, who unworthily

Their Faith infringing'd. A gen'ral Treachery  
 ( Like the Contagion of some foul Disease )  
 Through all the Nations spreads : and now with these  
*Aiella*, now *Calatia* ( common Fear  
 Depressing Justice ) with their Troops appear,  
 In the *Sidonian* Camp. Then, with as bold  
 Inconstancy, *Tarentum* ( that of old  
*Phalantibus* built ) the *Romane* Yoak deny'd :  
 Her friendly Gates high *Croton* open'd wide,  
 And taught the *Thebſian* Nephews, at the Beck  
 Of Bar'rous *Africans*, to yield their Neck.  
 Like Rage poſſeſs'd the *Locri*, and the Coast ,  
 Where *Graccia Major* <sup>(1)</sup> *Argive* Walls doth boast,  
 And Windings, waſh'd by the *Ionian* Sea.  
 Theſe, following the Succeſs of *Libya*,  
 And Fortune, in that Errour, fearfull, ſware  
 To lend their Arms to the *Sidonian* War.  
 And, now, the ſtubborn Bord'ers on the *Po*,  
 ( The *Celte* ) ſtrive t' encreaſe the *Romanes* Wo  
 Again, and, mindfull of their antient Hate,  
 With all their Strength, themſelves aſſociate.  
 But, whither iſt more juſt, this impious War  
 To th' *Celte*, or the *Boii* to refer ?

Or

Or rather *Capua's* Madneſs; ſo to pleaſe  
The Cruel Nation of the *Senones* ?  
And who would think thoſe Walls, that, firſt, did riſe  
From *Dardan* Hands, and did, till then, deſpiſe  
The Friendſhip of a Barb'rous Tyrant, now,  
At ſuch a Time, ſo great a Change ſhould ſhow ?  
But Luxury, and Eaſe, that long had bin  
Nurs'd in their Brothels; and, through frequent Sin  
All Shame, all Modeſty conſum'd, beſide  
Infamous Honour, that, alone, rely'd  
On Wealth, with Idleneſs, the City, void  
Of Laws, and lazy People, quite deſtroy'd.  
And then a cruel Pride provok'd their Fall :  
Their Vices want no Aids, for none, of all  
Th' *Aſſonian* People, had a larger Store  
Of Gold ( ſo full a Sail their Fortune bore )  
Then they : their long-Sleev'd Robes *Aſſyrian* Dy  
Enrich'd ; they Feaſt, with high Regality,  
Ev'n in the midſt of Day ; ſoon, as the Sun  
Diffus'd his Light, their Banquets they begun ;  
Their wanton Lives all Stains of Vices bear :  
Beſide, the *Senate* to the People were  
Severe : the People, through the *Senate's* Hate  
Incens'd, Seditions raiſe ; and, with Debate, (while,  
Divide their Hearts : The Head-ſtrong Youth, mean-  
Their Crimes encreaſe ; and greater Sins deſile  
The Aged. And then ſuch, as were of Baſe  
Extraction, and whom an Ignoble Race  
Defam'd, their Falling Countrey's Reins deſire  
To guide, and to the Chief Command aſpire.  
With Slaughter, likewise, 'twas their Uſe, of old,  
T' exhilarate their Banquets, and behold  
Dire Spectacles of ſuch, as with the Sword  
Contend, mix'd with the Feaſt ; while on the Board,  
S f Beſmear'd

Befmear'd with **Gore**, the very Goblets swell  
 Not more with **Wine**, then Blood of those, that fell.  
 With **Cunning**, These ( that to the *Tyrans* He  
 Their **Minds**, deprav'd, might turn more eagerly )  
 The *Libyan* Prince attempts. Because He knew  
*Rome* ( notwithstanding all that Chance could do )  
 Would never yield. 'Twas easie to procure  
 What He desir'd : *Paulus* ( not obscure  
 For Guilt in this ) He Counsels to require  
 A Share in Government, and to desire,  
 That, with a Sociate *Consul*, he might bear  
 Alternate *Fasces*. If an equal Share  
 To Him, in Pow'r, and Honour, they deny'd,  
 Nor to behold two **Axes** would abide,  
 He, a Revenger, in their View, would stand  
 Of that Repulse. Therefore a Chosen Band  
 With Speed was sent, and *Virius* ( who the rest  
 In Eloquence excell'd ) himself addrest,  
 Chief in the Embassie. His Birth, indeed,  
 Was mean ; But yet his Fury did exceed  
 All else. Scarce what was impiously desir'd  
 By th' frantick People had He told, and fir'd  
 Their Ears with swelling Words, when a loud Cry,  
 From the whole Counsel rising, did deny  
 His Message with unanimous Disdain.  
 Then ev'ry One upbraids him, and the Fane,  
 Through the Contention of their Voices, shook :  
 And here the brave *Torquatus*, with a Look,  
 Grave as his Grand-fire's, said. Dost Thou presume  
 ( Oh *Capua* ! ) such Messengers should come  
 Within the Walls of *Rome* ? 'Gainst which to bear  
 Their Arms, nor *Hannibal*, nor *Carthage* dare,  
 After their *Cannæ* ? Hath't not touch'd your Ear,  
 That, when in the *Tarpeian* Temple, here,

The

The *Latines* proudly urg'd the like Demands :  
 Not with a Vote, or Words, but furious Hands  
 They were repuls'd, and He, who hither brought,  
 And with proud Language utter'd what they sought,  
 With so great Violence, was Headlong thrown,  
 Out at the Temple-Gates, that, bruise'd upon  
 The fatal Rock, he there did expiate,  
 In View of *Jove*, his Language, by his Fate :  
 And I, his Off-Spring, <sup>(d)</sup> who that Oratour,  
 Then, from this Palace of the Thunderer  
 Expell'd, and *Consul*, with his naked Hand,  
 Defender of the *Capitol* did stand,  
 This Mad-man, who appears, with threatening Eys,  
 To view these Trophies of *Rome's* Victories,  
 And his Fore-Father's Faction to pursue. —

Vex'd *Fabius* seeing, that He fiercer grew,  
 In this Dispute, thus interposing, said,  
 Oh Impudence ! Behold that Seat is made  
 Vacant by Storms of War, and whom of all  
 Your Crew ( I pray ) do you intend to call,  
 And substitute in Noble *Paulus* Place ?  
 Doth thy Lot, *Virius*, with the *Senate's* Grace,  
 Cite Thee, before all other ? Or doth now  
 The Purple to our *Bruti* Thee allow  
 As equal ? Go thou Fool, go thither, where  
 Perfidious *Carthage* may, for Thee, prepare  
 Her *Fasces*. As with Heat he this Exprest,  
 Impatient ev'n with Sighs, within his Breast  
 Longer to keep his Anger ( that thus broke,  
 Like Thunder, forth ) aloud *Marcellus* spoke.  
 How dull a Patience ( *Varro* ) doth thy Minde  
 Possess ? Confounded with this stormy Winde  
 Of War, so much, that, now a *Consul*, Thou  
 These mad, vain Dreams, art able to allow ?

S f 2

Why

(d) This *Torquatus* ( who is com-  
 mended by the *Pat* for his Austerity )  
 was descended of the *Consul Mucius*,  
 whom the *Romans* *Mucius* dreaded for  
 his overmuch severity in Command.  
 He it was, who, when the *Latines* ( as  
 now the *Capuans* ) demanded to have  
 a *Consul* of their Nation in *Rome*, forc'd  
*Assani* their Ambassadors out of  
 the *Capitol*, and ( as some affirm ) broke  
 his Neck down Stairs.



Why dost thou not, from hence, these Headlong throw  
 Out at the Gates? and make these Half-men know  
 How great a Pow'r the *Consuls* have, that be  
 Created by Our Custom? And, let Me  
 Advise (Thou, never-sober Youth! whose Fall  
 Is nigh) fly quickly hence. Our *General*  
 Shall, Arm'd, before your Walls an Answer make,  
 Such, as is meet. With that, they all forsake  
 Their Seats, and, with loud Clamours, prefs upon  
 The *Capuans*, who hasted to be gone;  
 While *Virius*, vex'd at that Repulse, lets fall  
 In murmur'd Threats, the Name of *Hannibal*.

But *Fulvius*, the Presages of whose Minde  
 His future Honour at that Time Divin'd,  
 And falling *Capua's* Image fore his Eys  
 Appear'd, Replies; Though, Crown'd with Victories,  
 Thou, *Hannibal*, His Neck in Chains, to *Rome*  
 Shouldst bring; Yet ne're, hereafter, shalt Thou come  
 Within these Sacred Walls: then take Thy Flight  
 (I pray Thee) whither Thy sick Thoughts invite.  
 At length, this angry Answer of the vext  
*Senate* they bore away, with Threatning mixt.

Is it thy Will, Great *Jove*, that Fates should ly  
 Still Buried in so great Obscurity?  
 An Age more happy shall hereafter come,  
 When a *Campanian Consul* Pious *Rome*  
 Shall gladly entertain, and shall afford  
 Secure those *Fasces*, of Her own Accord,  
 To valiant <sup>(c)</sup> Nephews, that were long deny'd  
 Through Arms, & War: but of their Grand-fire's Pride  
 This shall a lasting Punishment remain.  
*Rome* shall as soon the Suffrage entertain  
 Of *Carthage*, as of *Capua*. This Reply  
 When *Virius*, intermixing cunningly

(c) The list of Foreiners, that had the Honour of being *Consul*, was *Cornelius Balbus*, born in the Territories of the *Carthaginians*. But, after him, many others were admitted: and among them *L. Fulvius*, a *Tuscan*, immediately after his Country had rebelled against *Rome*, and he was the Ancestour of that *Fulvius*, who reduced *Capua* to their Obedience. See *infra*, Book 12.

Fiction

Fiction with Truth, did, with the Fates, declare:  
 The Fatal Signal of a Bloody War  
 Was giv'n, and the *Campanian* Youth, inspir'd  
 With Fury, Arms, and *Hannibal* desir'd.  
 The People, flocking from all Parts, invite  
 The *Libyans* to their Houses, and recite  
 What mighty Things the *Libyan* Prince hath done:  
 How He, like *Hercules*, had over-run  
 The *Alps*; and, in His Course, had pass'd those high  
 Aspiring Rocks, that to the Gods are nigh.  
 Who had, a Conquerour, choak'd up the Stream  
 Of *Po*, with Slaughter: And, how He (the same  
 Great Conquerour) troubled with *Ausonian* Blood  
 The *Lydian* Lake: and Banks of *Trebia's* Flood  
 Transmitted had, with an Eternal Name,  
 To Fame: How He *Flaminius* overcame,  
 And *Paulus* (*Consul*) whom in Fight He slew.  
 Beside, how He *Saguntus* overthrew,  
 In His first War. And then *Pyrene's* Heights,  
*Iberus*, and His Father's *Stygian* Rites  
 They all extoll, and th' War, which long before  
 He, in His Childehood, at the Altar swore.  
 And, then, so many *Generals* overthrown  
 In Fight; so many slain, that He, alone,  
 By all the Weapons of the Gods did stand  
 Untouch'd, in Battel. While He did command,  
 With such a Person therefore, they should joyn  
 Their Hands, and with Him, in a League, combine:  
 But, if that Bloodless People's high Disdain,  
 Vain Contumacy, and that Citie's Reign,  
 That equal Laws, and *Fasces* had deny'd,  
 (As to their Servants) *Capua* would abide:  
*Varro* was then to be prefer'd, that He,  
*Consul*, in Purple, might more Glorious flee.

This

Thus boasting, they, by Lot, choice Men prepare  
 To send, that with the *Tyrians* might swear  
 A League: but *Decius*, then, the sole Renown  
 Of *Capua*, in his Breast reserv'd, alone,  
 Unconquer'd Courage: and, receiv'd into  
 The Midst of the Assembly (for He knew  
 He might not long delay) Why do ye make  
 Such Halts, dear Countreymen (said He) to break  
 Our Father's Laws? And, thus, to entertain  
 Into your Families that guilty Man,  
 For breaking of the League, condemned by  
 The Altars? How is thus all Memory  
 Of Justice lost? 'Tis Noble, still in great  
 Affairs, with private Men, or with a State,  
 To keep Faith in Distress. Time doth invite  
 Us now, for the *Rutulians* to fight:  
 Now should our Armies move, our Ensigns fly,  
 While their State totters, and a Remedy  
 Their Wounds require. That Kindness is, alone,  
 That's offer'd, when Prosperity is done,  
 And that gives Aid, where Fortune is declin'd.  
 For 'tis no Honour to a gallant Minde,  
 To hug the Fortunate. Then hearken now  
 To Me, their Souls like to the Gods I know,  
 And Hearts still greater, then their greatest Ills.  
 Believe Me, Them nor *Thrasimeneus* fills,  
*Cannae*, nor *Paulus* Memorable Fate:  
 Ev'n These are they, that with their Arms did beat  
 The Fo, fix'd on your Walls, and *Capua*  
 From the proud *Sammites* rescu'd: These are they,  
 Who gave you Laws, who all your Fears expell'd,  
 And which the *Sidicinan* Army quell'd.  
 Then what Allies, through Malice, do you fly?  
 Or, rather, whom d'ye entertain? Shall I,

A Trojan,

(1) The *Sammites*, extremely vexing the *Capuans* by their incursions into their Borders, and at length fortifying the Hill *Tifata*, and defeating their Army, in the adjacent Plain, the *Capuans* with Tears desired Aid of the *Romans*, who sent two under the Conduct of their two *Consuls*, *Fabius Cunctator*, and *Cornelius Cossus*, who triumphed over the *Sammites*, and freed the *Capuans*. Liv. lib. 7.

A Trojan, who from Father *Capys* came,  
 To whom he left his Sacred Rites, and Name  
 From *Jove*, of great *Iulus* Kin, shall I  
 Among these Half-men (*Nasamonians*) ly?  
 Or 'mong the barb'rous *Garamantians* (which,  
 In Grinning, salvage Beasts resemble) pitch  
 My Tent; mix'd with *Marmarick* Troopers? Or  
 Shall I endure a *General*, that for  
 The League, and Justice takes his Sword? and Praise  
 From Blood alone unto Himself doth raise?  
 No; Right, and Wrong, your *Decius* does not mix  
 With such Indifference, that he should fix  
 On such a Choice: you with no Good so great  
 Hath cruel Nature Arm'd, as with the Gate  
 Of Death; which, alwaies-open, gives you Pow'r  
 To leave a tedious Life, at any Hour.

Thus, to their Ears averse, while *Decius* spent  
 His Breath in Vain, a chosen Regiment  
 Made League with *Hannibal*: and, strait, a Band  
 Of light *Aurololes*, with Noise, at Hand  
 Appear'd, sent by the *General* before,  
 While He, with a great Body, Marcheth o're  
 The Plains with Speed; and *Decius* agen  
 Exclaims, Come; now's the Time (dear Countreymen)  
 The Hour's arriv'd; while, following Me, you may  
 Perform an Action, worthy *Capua*,  
 Now let Us all those Barb'rous Troops destroy;  
 Let ev'ry one strive soly to enjoy  
 That Honour; if the Fo approach, the Gate  
 Obstruct with Carcases, and expiate  
 This Errour with your Swords. Such Blood alone  
 Can purge your guilty Souls from what is done.  
 While this (in Vain) to all unpleasant, He  
 Express'd, inform'd of his Severity,

With

With an Heart full of Rage, the *Libyan* stands  
 Before the Walls, and, instantly, Commands  
 The Deputies into the Camp to send  
 For *Decius*, whom rough Valour did commend,  
 And a Breast arm'd with Faith; a Soul inclin'd  
 To Justice, and then *Capua* a Minde  
 More great; who, with undaunted Courage, took  
 Those menacing Commands: and, with a Look  
 Most fierce, as bitter Words returns again.  
 The *Libyan* Him, so full of brave Disdain,  
 Amidst so many Arms, and Ensigns, thus  
 Aloud upbraids: After *Flaminius*,  
 And after *Paulus*, We are challeng'd! See!  
 Alas! mad *Decius* would contend with Me,  
 To give a Fame, and Honour to his Fall!  
 But hence, my Souldiers, quickly march, with all  
 Your Ensigns, and, in Spight of Him, to Me  
 Let the *Campanian* City open'd be.  
 What new Wars He can raise I'de, gladly, try  
 'Gainst Us, to whom the *Alps* did open ly,  
 And Rocks, that strike at Heav'n, o're which a God  
 Alone (before Impregnable) had trod.  
 With that He, angry, blush'd, and from His Lys,  
 Through Fury kindled, sudden Flames arise,  
 And, foaming at his Mouth, deep Sighs he draws,  
 That break, in dreadfull Murmurs, from his Jaws.

By the whole *Senate* thus attended, He  
 The City enters; and, his Face to see  
 The People flocking round, He venteth all  
 The Storms of his dire Rage, and burning Gall;  
 While the approaching Dangers more enflame  
 Brave *Decius* Minde, who saw the Instant came  
 Of Time, wherein He was to vanquish all  
 The Praise of an Unconquer'd *General*.

Him

Him neither Flight, nor Barricado'd Doors  
 Conceal. But Free, as if no *Libyan* Pow'rs,  
 No *Hannibal*, were then, within the Town,  
 He, with a Fearless Look, walks up, and down;  
 When strait, with cruel Arms, a furious Band  
 Seis'd Him, and forc'd Him at the Feet to stand  
 Of *Hannibal*; who, on a lofty Throne,  
 A Conqu'rou fate, and, with a Thundring Tone,  
 This bitter Language vents. Dost Thou presume,  
 Alone, to under-prop declining *Rome*,  
 And rescue Her from Ruin? Thou Fool, say;  
 Which of the Gods from Me shall take away  
 So great Enjoyments? Or, was I, to be  
 Subdu'd, reserv'd (dull *Decius*) to Thee?  
 Weak *Decius*! To whom no Woman, born  
 In *Agonean* Carthage, but would scorn  
 To Yield. But Him (for why such high Disdains  
 Should We endure?) Fast in deserved Chains  
 (My Souldiers) binde. Scarce He an End had made  
 Of Railing; when stout *Decius* they invade,  
 And binde, with Chains, His Hands upon His Back.  
 Then, as a Lyon, on the lofty Neck  
 Of a young Bull, amidst the Herd, doth leap,  
 And murmuring with Rage, Victorious, deep  
 Into his trembling Flesh his Claws hath prest,  
 There hanging, feeds upon the groaning Beast:  
 So *Decius* raging, while His Chains they binde,  
 Come speedily (for such We ought to finde  
 Thy Entrance *Hannibal*) these Chains, the Prize  
 Of this unhappy League, close binde, (He cries)  
 So *Decius* may a Worthy *Victime* fall:  
 For 'tis not fit, that Thou, who placest all  
 Delight in Humane Blood, shouldst Sacrifice  
 Bulls to the Gods. Let *Capua*, in this,

T t

Behold

Behold thy Right-Hand ; see thy League : as yet  
 The Court Thou hast not enter'd, nor hast set  
 Thy Foot with in the Temples ; but We see  
 The Prison's open'd by the Cruelty  
 Of Thy Commands. Go on, and give Encrease  
 To Thy Beginnings, by such Acts, as these :  
 Fame shall to Me, when Dead, hereafter tell,  
 That *Hannibal* in *Capua's* Ruins fell.  
 But, here, they stop'd His Speech, and o're His Head,  
 To blinde His Eys, a <sup>(c)</sup> Fatal Robe was spread,  
 And strait He's dragg'd away, in View of all  
 His Friends : and then Triumphant *Hannibal*,  
 With a more quiet Minde, and calmer Look,  
 Goes on ; and, viewing all about Him, took  
 Survey of all the Buildings in the Town,  
 And Temples, and, what's worthy to be known  
 Enquires ; Who built the Walls ; What Numbers are  
 In Arms ; How Great their Treasure was for War :  
 What was their Strength of Horse ; How great withall  
 Their Infantry : To Him their *Arcenal*  
 They shew, and <sup>(d)</sup> *Stellate* Fields with Store of Corn.

(c) When any Person was condemn'd, the Judge gave sentence in these words : *Go, Lictour, bind his Hands, muffle his Head* (which was done by throwing a Cloth over it) *bind him to the curbed Tree*, &c. which was the Judgement given against *Horatius*, for killing King *Tullius*. *Liv.* 1.

(d) Of this Name there were two fields. The one near *Capua*, in *Etruria*, whence a Tribe was taken into *Rome*, and called *Stellatina*. This other, lying near *Capua*, was so fertile, that it was a great Relief to the Common-Wealth, capable to support twenty thousand Men, as *Dionysius*, out of *Suetonius*, observes.

The Day now *Phœbus* to his Bounds had born,  
 With weary Steeds, and *Hesperus*, by Degrees,  
 Obscur'd his Chariot, halting to the Seas :  
 When they (as Custom was) their Feasts prepare,  
 And, through the City, crown'd with Royal Fare  
 Their stately Tables. Of the Honour He,  
 And Entertainment of a Deity,  
 Thought worthy, sits aloft upon a Bed  
 Of Purple ; that far off its Rays doth spread.  
 Nor was the Troop of Servants single ; some  
 Serve in the Meat ; others burn rich Perfume ;  
 The sev'ral Dishes some, in Order, joyn ;  
 Some serve in Drinke, and Antique Goblets shine,

Of

Of massive Gold, upon the Tables ; Night,  
 By num'rous Tapers Flames, is put to Flight :  
 With Noise of those, that Up, and Down, do go  
 The high-Roof'd Palace rings. A Stranger to  
 Such laudious Banquets, with a wondring Eye,  
 The unknown Face of Stately Luxury  
 The *Tyrian* Souldier views : with Silence (\*) He  
 Feeds on, and blames such Prodigality  
 In Banqueting ; and, that such Troops of Guests  
 Were entertain'd, at their delicious Feasts.

(\*) *Hatched.*

But when, at Length, His Hunger was allay'd,  
 And His rough Mind, with Wine, more Frolick made ;  
 When Mirth upon His smoother Brow did rest,  
 And weightier Cares were banish'd from His Breast :  
*Cymæan* Teutbras his *Enboick* Lyre  
 Tun'd, and His Ears, dull'd, with the Trumpet's Dire  
 Alarms, in War, with pleasant Eys delights.  
 Now *Jove* he sings, and his stoln Loves recites :  
*Electra's* Bed (of *Atlas* Race was She)  
 From whence sprung *Dardanus* ; a Progeny  
 Worthy the Gods : how, to Immortal *Jove*  
 Thence *Eriubonius* did a Nephew prove :  
 Whence *Tros*, whence *Ilus* came, and, in a long  
 Descent, *Asaracus* : at Length, He sung  
*Capys*, who equal was in Deeds, and Fame,  
 To All, and gave unto those Walls their Name.  
 The *Carthaginians*, and *Campanians*, all  
 Applaud his Lays : and, first, the *General*,  
 With all due Rites, a Goblet Crown'd with Wine  
 Pays to the Honour of the Pow'rs Divine ;  
 The Rest Him follow, and, instructed by  
 Their Custom, *Bacchus* Juice flows lib'rally  
 Upon the Boards, and fires their swelling Veins.

And, now, the *Tyrians* having giv'n the Reins

T t 2

To

To Mirth, a Valiant Soul, untouch'd with Wine,  
 ( For willingly, brave Youth, Thy high Design,  
 Worthy all Memory, I'll not pass by  
 In Silence; nor deserved Fame deny  
 To Thy Attempts, which, though Imperfect, yet  
 Were clearest Demonstrations of a Great,  
 And Noble Courage ) from all Venom free  
 Of Drink, the Honour ponder'd, silently  
 Within his Breast, of a Sidonian Fight,  
 And Death; and, that this Sacred Motion might  
 The rather be admir'd, <sup>(1)</sup> *Paulus* Son  
 Condemn'd those Arts His Father had begun.  
 He, closely following behind His Sire,  
 Who, with the Feast oppress'd, did, Slow, retire  
 From the throng'd Palace, when He found a Time  
 To open what He thought, and tell to Him  
 His new Design; and when the Place was free  
 Behind Them, from the Palace: Hear ( said He )  
 My Resolution, worthy *Capua*,  
 And Us, ( with that, turning His Gown away,  
 He shew'd His Armed Side ) I now intend,  
 With this My Sword, this cruel War to end,  
 And bear the *Libyan's* Head to *Jove*: this Sword  
 Shall ratify this Infamous Accord,  
 Made such by His Deceits; but, if Your Age  
 Cannot, in so great Spectacles, engage,  
 Or, tyr'd with greater Deeds, now fearfull be,  
 You may securely Home retire, and Me  
 Leave to my Thoughts. Thou *Hannibal* dost prize  
 As Chief, and to the Gods dost equalize:  
 But how much Greater, then a *Libyan* Name,  
 Will Thy Son be? With that a Dreadfull Flame  
 Seem'd from His Mouth to issue, and the Man  
 Already in his Minde the War began.

(1) This young Man, called *Paulus*, was the son of *Paulinus* (or *Pamphilus*) (*Lucius*), who, though he had married the Daughter of *Appian* *Claudius*, and had likewise given his own Daughter in Marriage to *Lucius*, was the Chief of the Faction, that caused the *Capitans* to revolt to *Hannibal*. *Liv. lib. 23.*

But

But the Old-Man, who, with a troubled Ear,  
 The Weight of a Design, so great, did bear,  
 Trembling, before Him fell, upon the Place.  
 And, as He did, with Kisses, oft embrace  
 His Feet; Dear Son, by what remains to Me  
 Of Life, and by a Father's Rights ( said He )  
 And by thy Safety ( dearer far, then mine  
 To Me ) desist ( I pray ) from this Design;  
 Let me not see Our Hospitality  
 With Murder stain'd, nor Friendly Cups to be  
 Fill'd up with Blood, and Tables overthrow  
 In Fury of the Fight. Canst Thou alone  
 Him, whom nor Armies, Walls, nor Cities dare  
 Withstand, when He comes near, and ev'ry where  
 Ejecteth Rays, like Lightning? Him, who throws  
 Something like Thunder from His Head, oppose?  
 If, when thy Sword is spy'd, that Dreadfull Voice  
 He should cast forth, by which He oft destroys  
 Whole Squadrons in the Field? You but deceive  
 Your self; if Him, thus Feasting, you believe  
 Disarm'd. Gain'd by so many Slaughters, by  
 So many Wars, Eternal Majesty  
 The *Gen'ral* Arms. If you approach Him, then,  
 That *Cannæ*, *Trebia*, and dire *Thrasimen*,  
 And *Paulus* mighty Shade before Thee stands,  
 Thou wilt admire; Will His Companions Hands,  
 Or those about His Person, in so great  
 A Danger Idle be? I Thee intreat  
 Forbear, nor with Superiority  
 Bove Him, o're whom Thou canst not *Victour* be.  
 Do not those Fatal Chains, that late did binde  
*Decius*, instruct Thee to compose Thy Minde?  
 Thus talking, when He saw the Youth to be  
 Inflam'd with Love of Greater Fame, and free

From

From Fear ; I nothing more (said He) request :  
 Come let's return, with Speed, unto the Feast.  
 Thou canst not pierce the Breasts of all that Ring  
 Of *Tyrian* Youth, that now defend the King.  
 Try in this Throat Thy Hand ; for first Thy Blade  
 (If Thou intend'st the *Libyan* to invade)  
 Must through My Bowels pierce. My tardy Age  
 Contemn not Thou ; My Body I'll engage  
 Against Thee, and that Sword, which cannot be  
 Extorted now, I, by My Death, from Thee  
 Will force. With that He wept, and *Hannibal*,  
 By Heav'n's great Care, reserv'd was to fall  
 By *Scipio*'s Arms. Nor then did Conscious Fate  
 Allow, a forein Hand should perpetrate  
 An Act so Great. But, of what Praise was He  
 Depriv'd, whose Glorious Magnanimity,  
 Worthy to Act in Deeds most famous, won  
 So much Renown, for what He would have done ?  
 Then, both together, to the Feast they went  
 Again, and clear'd their Brows from Discontent,  
 I ill Sleep dissolv'd their Banquet, and their Mirth.

But, as the next bright Morning to the Earth  
 The fiery Steeds of *Phaethon* did raise,  
 His Chariot on the Surface of the Seas  
 Reflecting ; saw'd *Amilcar*'s Active (\*) Son  
 Already on His great Affairs begun  
 To think. Fierce *Mago*'s Order'd to repair  
 To *Carthage*, to the *Senate* to Declare  
 What *Hannibal* had done. With Him the Prey,  
 And Captivated Men, are sent away,  
 And Spoils, that to the Gods Devoted are,  
 As Sacrifices of a prosperous War.  
 The next Part of His Care was to convey  
 Brave *Decius* (Alas ! ) to *Libya*,

Reserv'd,

Reserv'd, at his Return, a Sacrifice  
 To his slow Rage, had not the Deities,  
 Pitying his undeserv'd Punishment,  
 The Youth, by Storms, to (\*) *Battus* City sent.  
 Here (†) *Ptolemy*'s *Pellæan* Pow'r the Man  
 Rescu'd from their dire Menaces, that than  
 His Keepers were, and freed his Neck from Chains :  
 But the same Land, that sav'd his short Remains  
 Of Life, from Slavery, soon after gave  
 His Bones, inviolate, a quiet Grave.

In the mean Time, the *Paphian* Goddess finds  
 The wish'd-for Hour, t' involve the *Libyans* Mines  
 In secret Ruin, through Prosperity,  
 And their insulting Hearts, by Luxury,  
 To tame ; and, therefore, She her Sons commands,  
 Enticing Darts to scatter from their Hands  
 Abroad, and silent Flames to send into  
 Their Breasts. Then, smiling on the wanton Crew,  
 Now let proud *Juno* Us despise (said She)  
 (And 'tis no Wonder, for now What are We ? )  
 Let Her go on, driv'n with propitious Gales.  
 She with her Hands, She with her Arms prevails :  
 We small Shafts onely, from a Childish Bow,  
 Expell, and from Our Wounds no Blood doth flow.  
 But, now, be doing ; now's your Time : take Aim  
 (My Sons) and, with your silent Darts, enflame  
 The *Tyrian* Youths ; that Army, which nor Fire,  
 Nor Sword, nor *Mars*, with slackest Reins, can tire,  
 With store of Wine, Embraces, and by Sleep,  
 Must be subdu'd. Into His Bowels deep  
 Let *Hannibal* imbibed Pleasures drink.  
 To ly on painted Beds, let Him not think  
 It Shame, and with *Assyrian* Sweets his Hair  
 Perfume ; let Him, that, in *Hybernal* Air,

Boasted,

(\*) *Cyrene*.

(†) The Ship, driven by Tempest into the Port of *Cyrene*, (then under *Ptolemy*, King of *Egypt*) *Decius* fled to the King's Statue for Sanctuary, which obliged his Keepers to carry him to *Alexandria* to *Ptolemy*, who, understanding the Injustice of his Captivity, released him. *Liv. lib. 23.*

(\*) *Hannibal*.

Boasted, to lengthen out His Sleeps, delight  
 In Houses, rather, to consume the Night:  
 And let Him Learn to give the Idle Day  
 To *Bacchus*; and, when cloy'd with Feasts, He may  
 Be charm'd with Musick, and Luxurious Nights  
 Or sleeping spend, or waking in Our Rites:  
 This *Venus*; which the wanton Troops commend,  
 And strait, from Heav'n, with Snowy Wings descend:  
 The *Libyan* Youths, soon, feel their fiery Darts,  
 And the discharged Shafts inflame their Hearts.  
 Now *Bacchus* Gifts, and Banquets they desire,  
 And warbling Songs to the *Pierian* Lyre.  
 Now through the Plains no sweating Courser flies;  
 No Lance, thrown through the Air, doth exercise  
 Their naked Arms: in gentle Baths to rest,  
 Their lazy Limbs they cherish, and, oppress'd  
 With miserable Wealth, rough Valour's gone:  
 The *General* Himself, but breath'd upon  
 By flattering Desire, begins to Feast  
 Anew; and, oft invited, 's made a Guest.  
 And, by Degrees degenerate (His Minde,  
 Corrupted by those secret Shafts) declin'd  
 His Countrie's Arts. With equal Honour, all  
 Now *Capua* another Countrey call,  
 Another *Carthage*. Their Affections, free  
 Before, to greedy Vice, through Victory,  
 Now yield. Nor do the *Capuans* Measure keep  
 In Luxury; but, drown'd in Riot, heap  
 Lust upon Lust, and in their Feasts, between  
 Each Course, add Sports, and often change the *Scene*.  
 So 'bout the *Lotos*, on *Legean* Banks,  
 The *Phrygian* Minstrels, with lascivious Pranks,  
*Spartan Canopus* fill. And, first, their Ears  
 With his sweet Eyrs (while *Hannibal* appears  
 Extremely

Extremely pleas'd) fam'd *Tentbras*, for his Skill  
 Most eminent, Delights with Voice, and Quill;  
 And, when he saw the *Libyan* Prince admire  
 The warbling Nerves, then the *Aonian* Lyre,  
 With Praise, he celebrates; and, as he sung,  
 His well-tun'd Harp conspiring with his Tongue,  
 The Musick that of dying Swans exceeds,  
 And those sweet Lays 'mong many (for the Deeds  
 Of ancient *Heroes* best the Ear affect)  
 Most pleasant for the Banquet doth select.

Once by the *Argive* People (strange to tell!)  
 A Lute was heard, that did the Rocks compell  
 To follow, and the flying Stones to stand,  
 Fix'd into Walls. Touch'd by *Amphion's* Hand,  
 This rais'd the *Theban* Walls; while to the Skies  
 Flints, of themselves, in Heaps, congested, rise  
 T'enchanted Tow'rs. Another by his Lays  
 The *Phocæan* tam'd, becalm'd the raging Seas,  
 And *Protheus* drew through all his Shapes, and bore  
*Arion*, on a *Dolphin's* Back, to Shore.  
 But that, whose Sound, in the *Peliack* Cave,  
 A Bridle to the Minds of *Heroes* gave,  
 And great *Achilles* Thoughts, the <sup>(1)</sup> *Centaure* lov'd,  
 And when, upon the Strings, his Finger mov'd,  
 Hell's, or the *Ocean's* Fury 'twould allay.  
 He *Chaos*, and the World, once wanting Day,  
 Or Light, a starless Lump; and then how God  
 Diffus'd the Waters of the Deep abroad,  
 And bound the Globe of Earth amidst the Frame;  
 How high *Olympus* to the Gods became,  
 By his appointment, a Secure Abode,  
 And chaster Age of Father *Saturne* shew'd.  
 But those sweet Nerves, by *Orpheus* touch'd, to whom  
 The Gods, and Shades below, did listning come,

U u

Their

(1) The *Centaure* *Chiron*, Tutor to *Achilles*.

Their Quill emerited, now shine among  
 The brightest Stars. His Mother his sweet Song  
 Admir'd, and her *Aonian* Sisters too;  
 His Musick the *Pangæan* Hills pursue.  
*Hemus*, and farthest *Thrace*, Beasts, with their Woods,  
 Him follow, and the Mountains with their Floods;  
 Unmindfull of their Nests, Flight laid aside,  
 Birds, Captiv'd, in th' unshaken Air abide.  
 And, when the *Pegæan* Ship (before  
 The Sons of Earth were skill'd beyond the Shore)  
 Refus'd the Sea to enter, by His Song,  
 Entic'd up to the Poop, the Waters throng.  
 He those pale Kingdoms, whither Ghosts retire,  
 And *Acheron*, that with Eternal Fire,  
 And Flames, still Ecchoes, by His Lays alone  
 Subdu'd, and fix'd the ever-rolling <sup>(w)</sup> Stone.  
 Thus *Tenthrax*, with His *Thespian* Lays their Hearts,  
 Hard'ned in War, to softer Ease diverts.

But, in the mean time, with propitious Gales,  
*Mago* unto the Coast of *Libya* sails;  
 And the desired Port, with Lavrel bound,  
 The Vessel enters, as in Triumph, Crown'd  
 With captive Arms: the lofty Prow displays  
 A Lustre over all the Neighb'ring Seas:  
 The Seamen in the Road the Ecchoing Shores  
 With Clamours fill, and, as they tug their Oars  
 Against their Breasts, rais'd by their nuptious Blows,  
 The Foam o're all the broken *Ocean* flows:  
 To catch their Joys, the eager People press  
 Into the Waves, and, proud of the Success,  
 With great Applause, and Emulation, all  
 Their Welcome celebrate. The *General*  
 Is with the Gods compar'd: Him, ev'ry where,  
 Matrons, and Nephews, (that instructed are

To

To Honour Him) commend: by Young, and Old,  
 The *Senate*, and the People, He's extoll'd;  
 And likewise, by slain Heifers, thought to be  
 Worthy the Honour of a Deity.

Into His Countrey thus proud *Mago* came,  
 And Gates, triumphing in His Brother's Fame,  
 Enter'd: the *Senate* to their Place resort,  
 And, with a full Convention, throng the Court:  
 There (as an ancient Custom did enjoyn)  
 All Veneration to the Pow'rs Divine,  
 And the Assembly, pay'd; I bring (said He)  
 News of that broken Force, which *Italy*  
 Against Us us'd, and of that War, wherein  
 Your *Mago* no mean Part of Toil hath bin; (crown'd.  
 And, when We fought, the Gods Our Wishes  
 There is a Place, from *Diomed* Renown'd,  
 Possess'd of old by *Damius*, the moist Grounds  
 Their *Ausidus* with rapid Streams surrounds,  
 And, through the Plains o'reflowing, cuts his Way  
 With Speed into the *Adriatick* Sea,  
 Where falling with great Noise, he beats again  
 The yielding Billows back into the Main:  
 Here *Varro*, and (a Name of Honour held  
 Among the *Latines*) *Paulus*, took the Field,  
 Before the Day had chac'd away the Night,  
 And kindled with their shining Arms the Light  
 Of the then rising Morn. Desire, t'engage  
 Enflam'd My Brother, and with equal Rage  
 Our Ensigns hasten on: Earth trembles, strook  
 With Horrour; high *Olympus*, groaning, shook:  
 And here the *General* (then whom the Earth  
 Unto a Greater never yet gave Birth)  
 In Slaughter hid the River, and the Field;  
 And, as He furious charg'd (thus I beheld)

U u 2

Ev'n

(w) The Stone, which *Sisyphus* rolls  
 up Hill.



Ev'n with the very Noise, that He came on,  
 Scatter'd, through all the Plains, to Him alone  
 All *Italy* gave Way: ev'n I beheld,  
 When Coward *Varro* basely fled the Field,  
 And threw his Arms away: brave *Paulus* too  
 I saw, when standing o're his Friend, and through  
 His Body pierc'd, with Darts, at length He fell.  
*Ægates*, and those Servile Leagues, that tell  
 Our former Infamy, that Glorious Day  
 With Streams of *Romane* Blood hath wash'd away.  
 If such another Day We live to see;  
 Then *Canthage*, surely, Thou the Head shalt be  
 Of ev'ry Nation, and shalt be ador'd  
 By all the World! These Trophies shall Record  
 The Slaughter; which, a Badg of Honour, there,  
 On their Left Hands the Noblest Persons wear.  
 With that pours forth (they wondring to behold)  
 (a) A mighty Heap of shining Rings of Gold,  
 And ratifies His Words: and then again  
 Assumes His Speech; What then doth now remain,  
 But, that (said He) from its Foundation turn'd,  
*Rome*, with the Ground, should levell'd be, and burn'd?  
 Let Us endeavour this, and now repair  
 Our Troops, that by so many Dangers are  
 Exhausted. Let the Treasures open'd be,  
 With greatest Freedom, to such Hands, as We  
 Have gain'd in War. Our Elephants (a Sight  
 Of Terror to the *Romanes*) now are quite  
 Decay'd, and all Provisions grow low.  
 As this He mention'd, with an angry Brow,  
 He turn'd to *Hanno*, (whom the rising Fame  
 O'th' *General* did long ago enflame  
 With bitter Thoughts) Now we have giv'n (said He)  
 Proof of our Valour, and Designs to Thee.

(a) Rings among the *Romanes*, were  
 given to their *Knights* to wear  
 on their Left Hands, in this Battle  
 were then five thousand six hundred,  
 and by the Order of that Order: and, by the  
 Count of many *Anchors*, their  
 Rings filled three Bushels.

Is it now fit, that I a *Latine* Swain  
 Should serve? Or must We *Hannibal* again  
 Deliver up? Unhappy Wretch! forbear  
 Thy Pois'nous Envy, and Thy Thoughts, that are  
 Swell'd high with *Stygian* Gall. Behold! that Hand  
 (At Length Crown'd with so many Trophies, and  
 So many Titles) ev'n that Hand, which Thou  
 Wouldst have giv'n up to *Romane* Tortures, now,  
 Their Shores, Lakes, Rivers, & their Fields with Blood  
 Hath fill'd. Thus *Mago*, while the *Senate* stood  
 Inclined to favour Him in what He spoke.  
 But *Hanno*, whom both Envy did provoke,  
 And Anger, thus replies: I not, at all,  
 Admire the railing Language, now let fall  
 By that rash, foolish Boy. His Innate Pride,  
 And Brother's Spirit may be soon defcri'd  
 In Him, and the vain Venom of His Tongue:  
 But, lest You should think Me so chang'd, among  
 His Vanities, as to desist, I say;  
 That now 's the very Time, that We should pray  
 Their Peace, and this destructive War forbear:  
 And I beseech You to consider here  
 What 't is He brings; (there 's nothing else beside  
 Left to Your Censure) 'tis, that We provide  
 Arms, Ships, Men, Mony, Elephants, with Store  
 Of Corn. If Conquer'd, We could give no more,  
 We have with *Trojan* Blood, already, cloy'd  
*Rutulian* Plains, and *Italie* 's destroy'd:  
 Now then (good Conquerour!) let's lay aside  
 Our Cares, and in Our Country safe abide;  
 Let not Our Families, that oft have been  
 Made empty, be exhausted now agen  
 By the Expenses of a wastfull War.  
 And, now, I'm sure, the fatal Day's not far

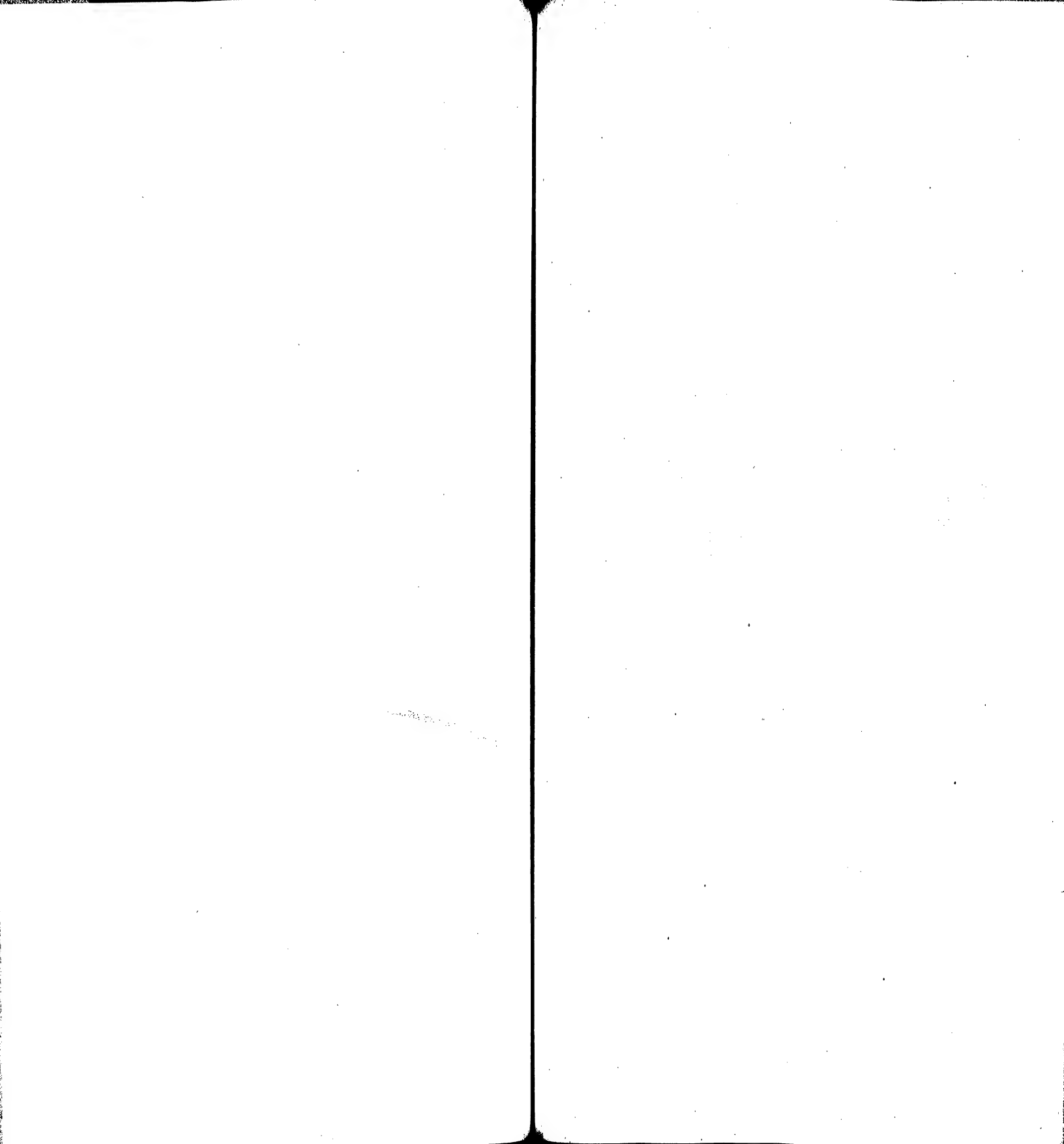
Remov'd (I wish, that my Prefage may be  
 False, and my Minde with a vain Augury  
 Deluded) but Their furious Hearts I know,  
 And see the future Anger that will grow  
 From what they suffer. And, for my Part, I  
 Ev'n *Canne* dread. For lay Your Ensigns by,  
 Try what is to be done: demand a Peace;  
 'Twill not be giv'n. Our Ruins will encrease  
 From what they feel: and they would sooner yield  
 To League with Us, if they had won the Field,  
 Then now, when overcome: But Thou, who dost,  
 With such proud Language, so Great Actions boast,  
 And, with such swelling Noise, invad'st the Ears  
 O'th' Ignorant, Thy Brother, (who appears  
 Equal to *Mars* in Arms, then whom the Earth  
 Unto a Greater never yet gave Birth,  
 For War) Why hath not He (I pray thee say)  
 Unto the Walls of *Rome* yet March'd away?  
 We Children, not yet fit the Weight to bear  
 Of Arms, may, from their Mothers, force to War,  
 And Rigg a thousand Ships at His Command,  
 And seek for Elephants through all Our Land;  
 That *Hannibal*, thus arm'd, His Empire may  
 Prolong, and Reign unto His dying Day.  
 But You, my dearest Countrey-men (for Us  
 No hidden Dangers compals) do not thus  
 Spoil Your dear Families; but moderate  
 The Arms, and Wealth of such, as in the State  
 Have Pow'r; let Peace, that is the Best of things  
 To Mortals known; Peace, that more Honour brings,  
 Then *Myriads* of Triumphs; Peace, that can  
 Our common Safety keep, and make This Man  
 Equal to That: into Our Countrey be  
 At Length recall'd, and let the Infamy,

And

And Name of Treachery be banish'd from  
 Thy Walls (*Phœnissa*) but, if You're become  
 So greedy of a War, and still persist,  
 Not to give up your Arms, at the Request  
 Ev'n of your Countrey, truly I advise,  
 That hence your Fury may have no Supplies:  
 And this let *Mago* to His Brother say;

More He'd have said (for Speaking could not lay  
 His Anger) but the Clamours of the Rest,  
 Divided in their Votes, his Speech suppress'd,  
 At length, 'twas answer'd: If that the Renown  
 Of *Libya* (*Hannibal*) excell'd by none  
 In Arms, be Cause of Anger unto Thee,  
 Ev'n at the very Bounds, must therefore We  
 Be wanting to the *Pictour*? Or our Aid  
 Refuse, that one Man's Envy may be made  
 A Bar unto that Empire, which We now  
 Have gain'd? With that they readily allow  
 Whate're for War is needful; proud, that so  
 Their Favour, in His Absence, He might know.  
 Then to *Iberia* they decree the same  
 Should be convey'd; while Envy did defame  
 The *General's* Immortal Deeds, and made  
 His Honour to be lessn'd by this Aid.

*The End of the Eleventh Book.*





Iupiter Aethiopum remouens bellare minantem  
 Remouens ut Prium vult succedere velle  
 Pelionemq; et Ionitrus, et muros conatib; aere  
 Honoratissimo Dni Domini, Edoardo  
 velle Baroni de Kimbolton Dni Camerarij  
 Cantuariensis: e Sacerdotibus Conrady  
 Quo vixit oreconet maiora bella expressit  
 Aethiops quam ferre datur: luno inguit, adma  
 amouit nubem, Venas apparuit ore  
 Comiti Manchestriz, Vicecomiti Mande-  
 Hospiti Dni Regis, Cancellario Academiae  
 et Nuchti Ordinis Periculis Equiti  
 Elizabetha D.D.D.



# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Twelfth Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Through Luxury, and Ease, the Lybians, made  
 Effeminate, Parthenopè invade,  
 And are repuls'd. From thence to Cumæ, then  
 To Putzol, on they March, and are agen  
 Repuls'd: the Sulph'rous Soil, the Pools, and Lakes  
 Describ'd. From thence the Libyan Captain makes  
 His Army march to Nola, where they are  
 O'rethrown. What Contributions for the War  
 At Rome are made: such as, would Service sile  
 In War, are punish'd with Infamy.  
 Torquatus prospers in Sardinia.  
 The Libyan, wasting Countries in his way,  
 And burning Towns, goes to Tarentum; where  
 The City is betray'd: the Romans are,  
 For Safety, forc'd to sile into the Fort.  
 The Ships, by them block'd up, within the Port,  
 By a new Stratagem unto the Sea,  
 Over the Hills doth Hannibal convey.  
 By his Host's Treach'ry brave Gracchus falls,  
 In vain endeavouring the besieged Walls  
 Of Capua to relieve. The Libyan goes  
 To Rome; where Storms, and Lightning him oppose.



OW the sharp Winter, in the  
 Earth again,  
 His Icy head, his Temples swell'd  
 with Rain,  
 And Cloudy Brows had hid;  
 and Spring, with clear  
 And warmer Air, and Winds,  
 began to chear

X x

The

The fertile Fields; when forth the *Libyan* breaks  
From *Capua*, and with Panick Terror shakes  
The neighbouring Towns. As Serpents, that lay still  
Conceal'd, while the *Riphean* Winds were chill,  
In warmer Days roll from their secret Beds,  
And, shining new, erect their Radiant Heads,  
And, from their lofty Jaws, their Venom Spout.

But soon as *Libya's* Ensigns Shin'd about  
The Fields, through Fear, all Desolate was made,  
And trait in Works, as Terror did persuade,  
Despairing Safety, they themselves enclose,  
And Trembling, on the Walls, expect their Foes.  
But then that Vigour, that did Arm'd invade  
The *Alps*, and, breaking through, a Passage made,  
That *Trebia* enjoy'd, and stain'd, with Blood  
Of Bravest *Romanes*, the *Mæonian* Flood,  
Was lost. Their Limbs with Wine, and Pleasure made  
Effeminate, and, dull with Sleep, decal'd:  
Those, that were wont in coldest Nights to ly  
Loaden with Arms, beneath a Stormy Sky,  
And oft, when Show'rs of Hail came Rushing down,  
Contemn'd their Tents: who ne're by night were known  
To lay their Quivers, Darts, Swords, Shields aside,  
And Arms, as useful as their Members try'd;  
Their Helmets, now, an heavy Burden call,  
Their Targets Weighty seem, their Jav'lins all  
So weakly thrown, that they with Silence fly.

The first of all, that was assaulted by  
Their Arms, was Fair <sup>(a)</sup> *Parthenopè*, a Town  
Not Wealthy; but for Strength of some Renown:  
But the convenient Port the *General*, who  
Sought to secure the *Ocean*, thither drew;  
That Ships from *Carthage*, there, might safe arrive.  
The Citizens did then in Pleasure live,

And

And entertain'd, in Peace, the *Muses*, free  
From weight of Cares: *Siren Parthenopè*,  
From <sup>(b)</sup> *Acchellus* sprang, whose *Musick* long  
Reign'd in those Seas, when Her delightful Song  
Destroy'd the Mariners, that near Her came,  
Left, to those Walls, Her memorable Name.

Affaulting this behinde, (for by the Sea  
The Front was Safe) the *Libyan* no way  
With all his Strength could force. Inglorious in  
The loss of that Design, He doth begin,  
With Rams, to Batter the obstructed Gates:  
And there, that Conquerour, that ev'n the Fates  
At *Cannæ* had Subdu'd, did stand, in Vain,  
Before a <sup>(c)</sup> *Græcian* Bulwark: and again  
A cautious Resolution doth approve  
By that Event; for that He did not move,  
After the *Daunian* Field (that sadly swum  
In *Trojan* Blood) unto the Walls of *Rome*.  
Now You, that call me Idle, and that say,  
I know not how, to give the Fates their Way;  
For that I would not suffer you to Climb  
(Said He) the Walls of *Rome*, ev'n at a Time  
When you had newly Fought: now enter, and  
Within these Houses, which a *Græcian* Band  
Onely defends, give Us that Festival,  
Which once you Promis'd, in the *Capitol*.

While thus He them upbraids: incens'd with Shame  
(Should He desert the place) of future Fame,  
He ev'ry thing attempts, and eager Whets  
Their Swords, with his accustomed Deceits.  
But sudden Flames upon the Walls, and through  
The Air, at ev'ry Breach, swift Weapons flew.  
As, when an Eagle hides upon an High  
Imperious Rock her Yong, if silently

X x 2

A Serpent

(b) The *Sirens* were the Daughters of *Acchellus*, and *Melpomene*.

(c) For that antiently it was Peopled with a *Græc*: *Cilicis*.

(a) *Nephtis*.

A Serpent thither crawl, and gaping wide,  
 By his Approach, her Brood is terrifi'd,  
 She with her Bill, and Talons (wont to bear  
 The Arms of *Jove*) still Watchfull, ev'ry where,  
 Resists her Enemy, and flies about  
 The Circle of her Nest, to keep him out.  
 Weary, at length, to *Cuma's* Port He took  
 His Way, by various Motion to provoke  
 Fortune, and wave that Blow to His Renown.  
 But *Gracchus*, then Commander of the Town,  
 Was its Defence, and forc'd Him to retreat  
 Ev'n from the Walls, not suff'ring Him to set  
 Before the Gates, or hope for Entrance there.  
 Then, mounted on a nimble Steed, Despair  
 Seizing His Minde, He views, and searcheth all,  
 And thus again doth on His Souldiers call,  
 With Arguments of Praise: Good Gods! (said He)  
 What Period (Friends) what Measure shall We see  
 Of Standing, thus, at <sup>(d)</sup> *Grecian* Towns, while none  
 Of You remember, what You once have done?  
 Is it because a greater Bulk doth stand  
 Before You, then the *Alps*? and I command,  
 That You should climb again those Rocks, that strike  
 At Heav'n: Should We another Land, that's like  
 To that now finde, where sudden Rocks, and Snow  
 Invade the very Stars, would You not go;  
 And boldly Arms, where're I lead You, bear?  
 These Walls (*Alas*!) and *Euman* Rampires, here,  
 Despairing *Gracchus* hold, I who, perceive,  
 Ev'n in the least of Danger, dare not leave  
 Those Ports: but shall the World then think what You  
 Have gain'd by Toils, you did by Chance subdue?  
 I, by those Gods, that at the *Tyrrhen* Lake  
 Propitious were, entreat; for *Trebia's* lake,

And

And by *Saguntus* Dust, Your selves now shew  
 Worthy Your present Fame, and *Cannæ* to  
 Your Thoughts recall: As thus He fought to raise,  
 And fix with Words, their Minds, with wanton Ease  
 Made dull, and through Prosperity decay'd;  
 And, as he there the Avenues surva'd,  
 A shining Temple, on the Top of all  
 The Tower Hesp'y'd, whose fam'd Original  
 Thus, *Capua's* cruel Captain, *Virius* told.

In this Our Age, that Fabrick You behold,  
 Was not (said He) erected, greater Hands  
 Built it: when *Dædalus* liv'd in the Lands  
 Of the <sup>(e)</sup> *Dithæan* King (thus Fame doth say)  
 To quit the Earth, by flying, He the Way  
 First found; none else, in all the World, did dare,  
 On borrow'd Wings, himself into the Air  
 To lift, and shew men how to fly. But He,  
 His floating Body poising equally  
 Amidst the Clouds, soon mounted out of Sight;  
 Like a strange Bird, affrighting in His Flight  
 The very Gods. His Son likewise assumes,  
 By his Advice, the Shape of borrow'd Plumes,  
 To try the waies of Birds. But Him again  
 He fal'n beheld, beating the troubled Main  
 With his unhappy Wings, and broken Oars  
 Of Quills; and, as Indulgent, he deplores  
 His sudden Fate, moving his Hands unto  
 His Breast, unmindefull whither He would go,  
 Sorrow his Flight delay'd: but, to appear  
 Gratefull for his Cloud-wandering Passage, there  
 To *Phæbus* he first built that Holy Fane;  
 And lai'd aside his daring Wings again.

This *Virius*. But *Hannibal* each Day  
 Pass'd without Action Numbers, of that Stay,

And

(d) *Cuma*, and *Nepes*.(e) *Atene*, King of *Crete*.

And croſs aſham'd he Sighs, and Quits the Town,  
 Reſolv'd to ſatiate his Grief upon  
 The *Dicarchæan* <sup>(f)</sup> City: but ev'n there  
 The Sea, and Induſtry of thoſe, that were  
 Within, and lofty Walls, repell his Rage.  
 And, while a Tedious Labour doth engage  
 His Army, there to force a Paſſage, through  
 The rough obſtructed ways, He takes a view  
 Of the Mirac'ulous Pools, and Soil not far  
 From thence. The Chief of *Capua* preſent are;  
 And one among the reſt begins to ſhow,  
 Whence the warm *Baie* were ſo call'd, and how  
 One of the Fam'd *Dulichian* Ship, which came  
 Upon that Coaſt, left to that Pool his <sup>(g)</sup> Name.  
 Another tells, the *Lucrine* Lake of old  
 Was call'd *Cocytus*; and commends the Bold  
 Adventure of *Alcides*, midſt the Sea,  
 When He diſperſt its Waves, and brought away  
 Th' *Iberian* Heard: how *Styx* its Antient Name  
 Had to *Avernus* chang'd, of greateſt Fame  
 Among thoſe Silent Lakes: then the Dark Face  
 Of Groves, and Shadows, that inveſt the Place.  
 Fatal to Birds, it breaths, into the Air,  
 A dire Contagion, and is ev'ry where  
 Renown'd, for *Stygian* Worſhip. Near to this,  
 (As Fame reports) a Dreadful Pool there is,  
 Which leads to *Acheron*, and, op'ning wide  
 With a Deep Gulf, divides, on either Side,  
 The gaping Earth, and ſometimes doth affright  
 The Ghoſts below with unexpected Light.  
 Not far from this, the Place all Dark, they tell,  
 Where the *Cymmerian* People long did dwell,  
 In a *Tartarean* City, under Ground,  
 Pref'd with Infernal Clouds, and Night profound.

At

At length, they ſhew thoſe Famous Fields, that Fire,  
 Sulphur, and boiling Brimſtone ſtill expire.  
 From the parch'd Entrails of the Groaning Earth  
 Black Vapours break, like Waves, and, at their Birth,  
 Into the Air caſt *Stygian* Blaſts, that from  
 The trembling Caves, with dreadful Murmurs, come.  
 And as, ſometimes, the Fire beats round about  
 Thoſe hollow Rooms, and Labours to get out,  
 It ſadly Bellows, with a threatening Sound,  
 And tears the mangled Entrails of the Ground,  
 Deſtroys the ſhaking Mountains, eaten through  
 With Flames. The *Gyants* there (if Fame ſay true)  
<sup>(h)</sup> Subdu'd by *Hercules*, the Earth that's caſt  
 Upon them ſhake, and, often breathing, Blaſt  
 The Fields, and, when they Threaten to prevail,  
 And break their Chains, the very Heav'n's grow Pale.  
 There cruel *Mimas* Priſon; *Prochyté*  
 Appears: and, farther off, *Inarimé*;  
 Which, with Black Storms, fuming *Japetus* down  
 Doth preſs. While frequent ſulph'rous Flames are  
 From his Rebellious Mouth, and, if he ſhould (thrown  
 At any time get looſe, again He would  
 Againſt the Gods, and *Jove*, the War renew.  
 Not far from theſe *Vefuvian* Cliffs they ſhew,  
 And on the Top the Rocks, devoured ſtill  
 By Flames, with Ruins, round the broken Hill,  
 And Stones, that equal *Ætna's* Fates: and there  
 He ſees *Mifenus*, in his Sepulcher,  
 Keeping his *Trojan* Name, and on the Shore  
 Th' *Herculean* Bauli. Thus doth he explore.  
 With Wonder, both the threatnings of the Sea,  
 And Labours of the Land. Theſe ſeen, away  
 To th' *Pherecyades* high Walls he haſts,  
 And the *Nyſæan* Top of *Ganrus* waſts,

Fertile

(f) *Penteli*.(g) *Remains of ſhips and  
Companions, buried there*(h) The *Phlegæan* Field, where  
the *Gyants* were overthrown by *Hercules*.

Fertile in Gen'rous Vines. From thence again  
 His Troops he leads to *Nola*; (in a Plain  
*Nola* is situate, encompass'd round  
 With num'rous Tow'rs, guarding the Level Ground  
 With a deep Trench) but there *Marcellus*, who  
 Assum'd not Arms to be protected so  
 By Tow'rs, who would have Valour onely made  
 Their Wall's Defence, brought them both Strength, and  
 He, when far off the *Libyan* Fleet he spy'd, (Aid.  
 Which thither Steer'd, and tow'rs the Walls apply'd  
 The Flow'r of all their Force; To Arms, said He;  
 The cruel Fo draws near. And instantlie,  
 Exclaiming thus, his Arms he takes in Hand;  
 And strait the eager Youth about him stand,  
 And in a Rage (as Custom was) put on  
 Their bloody Casks. Then, running up and down,  
 The Troops he orders thus; *Nero*, by Thee  
 That Port, on the Right-Hand, shall guarded be:  
 Thou *Tullus*, who the *Volci*'s Glory art,  
 Thy *Larinantian* Ensigns shalt divert,  
 And Country Cohorts, to the Left; and, when  
 I give the Word, with sudden Fury then,  
 And Silence, force the Gates, and pour into  
 The Fields your Show'rs of Darts against the Fo;  
 Into the Midst of them I'll charge, and force  
 From th' open Gates the Skirmish of their Horfe.

As thus *Marcellus* spoke, the *Libyans* strove  
 The Bars, and *Pallisadoes*, to remove,  
 And the despis'd Walls to scale. Then, round  
 The Town, the Trumpets, and shrill Cornets sound,  
 With Shouts of Men, hoarse Horns, and clashing Arms  
 Against their furious Limbs. With these Alarms  
 The *Elephants* advance, incited by  
 The Darts upon them thrown: and suddenly,

Like

Like a rude Storm, the Troops of Horfe came on,  
 And charg'd. As when, the Banks, & Locks, o'rethrown,  
 Unruly Rivers Inundations make:

Or, driv'n by *Boreas*, foaming Billows break  
 Against the Rocks: Or, an Eruption made  
 From their dark Prisons, Winds the Land invade.

Nor with that dreadfull Sight of Arms, and Men,  
 Could *Libya* hope to gain the Place. For then,  
 On's frighted Steed, the <sup>(i)</sup> *Dardan General*  
 Advanc'd, and at their flying Backs, withall  
 His Fury, prefs'd His Lance: invoking thus  
 His Friends; The Gods, and Time, now favour Us.

(i) *Marcellus*.

Go on, this leads to *Capua*'s Walls. And then,  
 Turning upon the Enemy agen;  
 Stay, whither haste Ye? I do not (said He)  
 Upbraid thy flying Men, but rather Thee,  
 Perfidious *Hannibal*; for in our Hands  
 The War, this present Field, and Army stands:  
 I'll quit Thy Troops from Slaughter, let Them see  
 A single Combate between Thee, and Me.

*Marcellus* this demands! This said, the Fame,  
 And Value, of the Danger did enflame  
 Him with the *Libyan* to begin the Fight.  
 But this to *Juno* was no pleasing Sight;  
 Who Him diverted, hasting to His Fall,  
 From what He then design'd: while *Hannibal*  
 Strives all He can to Rally, and to Stay  
 His frighted Troops. Such then from *Capua*,  
 And from those fatal Mansions, do We come?  
 (Said He) Oh stand, ye Wretches; You, whose Summ  
 Of Glory, is Dishonour! Credit Me,  
 No Place will Faithfull prove to You, that flee:  
 You have deserv'd, that all *Ausonia* now  
 Should rise against You; and it is from You,

Y y

You



You, that with so great Terrour routed are,  
That all may both of Peace, and Life despair.  
His Voice suppress'd the Trumpet's Sound; and, though  
Obstructed, through their Ears, his Clamours go.

In *Græcian* Arms young *Pedianus* stood,  
Most fierce in Fight, and from that *Trojan* Blood  
Himself derived, that from *Antenor* came.

Nor less, then His Original, in Fame  
Was He, <sup>(k)</sup>Sacred *Timæus* Glory, and  
A Name belov'd in the *Euganean* Land.

(k) A River, that descends from the  
*Alps*, and, running more then forty  
Miles under Ground, breaks out again  
near *Venice*, and emptieth it self into  
the *Adriatick* Sea; the *Euganean* Lake  
not far from it.

To Him, nor Father *Po*, nor those, that boast  
Their *Aponus*, nor the *Venetian* Coast  
Could any Equal finde. Whether he fought,

Or in a studious Life the *Muses* sought,  
Or tun'd *Æonian* Ditties with his Quill,

Not any was more famous for His Skill:  
As He, in full Career, did close pursue

The *Libyans* at their Backs; and, near them, knew  
The Cask, and Noble Spoils, of *Paulus* slain,

Worn by young *Cinyrs*, who joyc'd (in vain)  
In that great Favour of his *General*.

This *Cinyrs* was belov'd by *Hannibal*:  
None was, then He, more Beautifull in Face,

None in the Fore-Head had a greater Grace;  
So shines that Ivory, that, in the Air

Of *Tibur* bred, Time never can impair;  
Or Gems of the *Red-Sea*, which in the Ear,

For Whiteness of admired Price, We wear.  
Him Glorious in His Helmet, and His Crest

Well known, in the last Rank, among the Left,  
When *Pedianus* spy'd, and to His Eys

*Paulus*, from Shades below, appear'd to rise,  
Gnashing his Teeth, he charg'd him; Must (said He)

The Trophies of that Sacred Head by Thee  
Be

Be worn; which not, without the Crime of all

The Gods, and Envy, ev'n your *General*

Could wear? See *Paulus*! (and, with that, upon

The Ghost of *Paulus* calls to see it done)

And, as he fled, his Lance, with all his Force,

Thrusts in his Side; then, lighting from his Horse,

Tears off the Cask, and Trophies of the Great

*Consul*, with his Right-Hand, and, while he yet

Could see, despoils him of his Honour: all

His Beauty is dissolv'd in his Fall.

And strait a *Stygian* Colour over-casts

His Snow-white Limbs, and all the Glory blasts

Of His admired Form; His Amber Hair

Disorder'd falls; His limber Neck can bear

No more its former Weight; but, as oppress'd,

Sinks with His Head into His Milky Breast.

So, when the n<sup>(l)</sup> *Cythereian* Star again <sup>(l) Lucifer.</sup>

Rising, refresh'd, from the *Æon* Main,

Himself to *Venus* boasts, if Clouds invade

His Face, the Lustre of his Beams will fade,

And soon, decreasing in that Mask of Night,

Retires his languishing, and fainting Light.

Ev'n *Pedianus*, as he takes in Hand

His Helmet, at his naked Face doth stand

Amaz'd, and checks his Rage; and then away

Bearing, with Shouts, unto his Friends his Prey,

He Spurs his furious Steed; which Stains with Gore,

From his fierce Mouth, the frothy Reins he wore.

But, then *Marcellus*, fierce in Arms, came on,

And meeting Him, the Honour He had won

Thus gratulates. Go, *Antenorides*,

Go on; and by such valiant Acts, as these,

Surpals thy Ancestours: it now (said He)

Remains, the Spoils of *Hannibal* should be

Our Prize. Then, fir'd with Rage, his fatal Lance,  
 With dreadfull Noise, he threw; nor had, perchance,  
 His Wish been vain, had not the Obvious Force  
 Of *Gesar* with his Body stop'd the Course  
 O'th' flying Shaft: for, while He, fighting near  
 At Hand, defends his *General*, the Spear,  
 Notain'd at Him, past through Him, ending all  
 His mighty Threatnings in His changed Fall.  
 With that the *General*, with Speed, withdrew,  
 Struck with the Danger of his Death, and to  
 The Camp retir'd. Then, with a Headlong Rout,  
 The *Libyan Army* turn'd their Arms about,  
 And all contend, who shall most Speedy fly:  
 Their Enemies Pursue, and satisfie  
 The long-contracted Anger of their Woes;  
 While ev'ry Man with Emulation shows  
 To the Revenging Gods, and Heav'n, His Sword,  
 All stain'd with Blood. <sup>(m)</sup> That Day did first afford  
 That, which ev'n from the Gods none durst believe  
 Before; that it was possible to give  
 A Stand to *Hannibal* in Fight: but then  
 They took His Chariots, Elephants, and Men,  
 And strip'd the Living; and, thus joy'd to see,  
 That *Hannibal* did from the Slaughter flee,  
 Return. *Marcellus* to the God of War,  
 In Honour, is compar'd; and Greater, far,  
 In Triumph march'd, then when He once did bring

<sup>(m)</sup> The Reputation of this Victory was of greater Consequence, then the Victory it self (though some say the *Carthaginians* lost two thousand three hundred, and the *Romans* but one man) for from thence the *Romans* took Courage, since believing before, that *Hannibal* could be vanquish'd in open fight.

<sup>(n)</sup> His Victory over *Viridomarus*, King of the *Gauls*. See above in the first Book.

<sup>(n)</sup> Opimous Spoils to the *Tarpeian King*.

But, when the *Libyan Prince*, with much ado,  
 Had from His Trenches forc'd the Conqu'ring Fo;  
 When, and with how much Hostile Blood, shall I  
 Wipe off this Stain? *Antonia* saw Me fly.  
 Oh *Jove*! (said He) dost thou conclude, that I  
 Am worthy, after *Trebia*, thus to dy?

And

And You, My long-unconquer'd Troops! who are  
 (Alas!) now Vanquish'd without a War  
 By *Capua's* Wealth; I, not degenerate  
 From former Acts, have seen You turn of late  
 Your Conqu'ring Ensigns from the *Latines*, and  
 Shew'd them Your Backs: and, when I call'd to stand,  
 And fight, from Me You fled, Affrighted, all,  
 As if from the *Italian General*.  
 What then o'th' antient War remains (said He)  
 In You, who can, when I recall You, flee?  
 Thus *Hannibal*, while, with loud Shouts, their Prey  
 The *Romane* Troops to *Nola* bear away.

But *Rome*, which had been long inur'd to hear  
 The sad Disasters of their Friends, and ne're  
 Enjoy'd Success, the joyfull Tidings brought  
 At Length, how Happily they then had fought,  
 With that great Favour of the Gods erects  
 Her drooping Head, and Courage recollects.  
 But first, those Coward Youths, that slowly to  
 The War were drawn; and, while it rag'd, withdrew,  
 And hid themselves from Danger, punish'd be  
 For their Concealment. Then with Infamy  
 They Mark all those, that, through a fond Desire  
 Of Life, had Arts invented to retire;  
 Or, in a League with *Hannibal* had bin  
 Involv'd: and purge the Nation from that Sin.  
 That fatal Counsel's punish'd, and Thy Crime  
 (*Metellus*) who consulted in a Time  
 Of Danger to desert Thy Native Land.  
 Such then the Hearts of Men: the Women stand  
 Resolv'd to equal them, and to require  
 A Share in Glory. Then their Antique Tire,  
 And Gems, which did their Heads, and Hands adorn,  
 And Carkanets, that from their Necks were torn,

The

The joyfull Matrons bring, and to the War  
 With Emulation Sacrifice; nor are  
 The Men unwilling, they should share so great  
 A Lot of Praise, and, to perpetuate  
 That Act, rejoice to give them Place. Next whom  
 A Noble Troop of *Senatours* doth come,  
 And all into the Publick Treasure heap  
 Their private Riches: none desire to keep  
 A secret Stock, in Store, for better Days:  
 But, ev'n the Vulgar strive the Banks to raise,  
 And with the Spoils of their poor *Lares* come.  
 Thus all her Limbs, and Her whole Body, *Rome*  
 At once employing, rais'd again to Heav'n  
 Her Bloodless Face: besides the Answer giv'n  
 At <sup>(c)</sup> *Cyrrha* adds new Hopes, and seems t' allay  
 Their Woes; the Messengers reporting, they  
 Had joyfull Tidings heard; when from the Den  
 A Sacred Voice, like Thunder, broke, and when,  
 Inspir'd by *Phœbus*, the Prophetick Maid  
 This bellow'd out; Let all your Fears be laid  
 Aside, fair *Venus* Race! What're remain'd  
 Of Misery, in your sad War sustain'd,  
 Exhausted is: Light Labours are behinde,  
 And, without Dangers, Fears: be still inclin'd  
 To Pray'rs, and to the Gods Devotions pay;  
 Warm Sacrifices on their Altars lay:  
 Nor yield to Misery; for *Mars* will you  
 Absist, and the <sup>(d)</sup> *Cyrrhean* Prophet (who  
 Was ever prompt to ease the *Trojans* Woes)  
 Will all those Ills, that threaten you, oppose;  
 But let an hundred Altars, first of all,  
 Be Crow'nd with Fire, as many *Vitimes* fall  
 To *Jove*; He this dire Cloud, and Storms of War  
 Shall, Violent, to *Libya* drive. From far

(c) This Answer of the Oracle was brought by *Q. Fabius Pictor*, who, instructed by the *Priest*, wore a Wreath of Laurel, as he enter'd the Temple, to enquire the Oracle, and, when he receiv'd Answer, went directly to his Ship, on the *Pop* whereof he plac'd it, and never remov'd it, until he arriv'd in *Rome*, where it was deposited on the Altar of *Apollo*, with great Solemnity. *Liv. lib. 23.*

Your

Your selves shall see Him shaking, for the Fight,  
 His *Ægis*, which shall all the World affright.

When this, at *Cyrrha* sung, they did Proclaim,  
 And to the People's Ears *Apollo* came,  
 Up to the *Capitol* they flock amain,  
 There, prostrate to the God, the Holy Fane  
 With Blood they Honour, *Pæans* sing, and *Jove*  
 Entreat, the Answer may Authentick prove.

In the mean time, *Torquatus*, old in Arms,  
*Sardinia*, with his Countrey's Force, Alarms:  
 For there (his Name from *Trojan* Blood deriv'd)

<sup>(g)</sup> *Hap/agoras* unto the War, reviv'd,  
 The *Tyrians* call'd: brave *Oscus* was His Son,  
 Worthy a better Father, who, upon  
 His forward Youth relying, train'd His Young,  
 And tender Years (as Custom was among  
 Those Barb'rous Nations) in Arms. When He  
*Torquatus* saw Advancing, furiously,

With hasty Ensigns, greedy to begin  
 The Fight; strait sallying forth, experienc'd in  
 Th' Advantage of the Place, a nearer Way  
 He takes, and, where thick Forests did display  
 Their shady Heads, through devious Paths, He flies,  
 And, in an hidden Vale, in Ambush lies.  
 The Isle, Man's Foot resembling, by the Sea  
 Encompas'd, and assaulted ev'ry Way  
 By Billows, and by Waves compress'd, contains  
 Vast Tracts of Land: at first the *Græcian* Swains  
 Call'd it *Ichnusa*; But, soon after these  
 (Boasting His Blood from *Libyan Hercules*)  
 From Himself, *Sardus* on the Land His Name  
 Impos'd; the *Teucri* likewise thither came,  
 And, there dispers'd through all the Sea, when *Troy*  
 Was overthrown, did forc'd Abodes enjoy.

Then

(g) The *Sardinians* had yielded to the Obedience of the *Romans* at the End of the first *Punic* War, and now at the instigation of *Hanno* (not the Enemy of *Hannibal's* family) rebelled, under the Conduct of *Oscus*, and *Hap/agoras*. In two several Conflicts the *Sardinians* lost the Day: and in the latter, twelve thousand men were slain, among them the King's Son *Oscus*, three thousand, two hundred taken Prisoners, and with them *Hysdrubal*, *Mago*, and *Hanno*, three eminent *Carthaginians*, and the Island reduced to its former Obedience.

Then likewise, *Iolaus*, to the Land  
 No little Fame didst add ; when with a Band  
 Of *Thebians*, in thy Father's Navy, there  
 Thou didst arrive. 'Tis said, when *Cynthia* Fair  
 Was by *Aetæon* in the Fountain seen,  
 And, all his Members torn, his Crime had been  
 Sadly Reveng'd, affrighted at his strange  
 Unusual Fate, and his prodigious Change,  
 His Father *Ariflaus* fled by Sea,  
 And to *Sardinia* came : they tell the Way  
 Unto that Coast, to Him before unknown,  
 Was by His Mother fam'd *Cyrene* shown:  
 The Countrey is from Serpents free, and void  
 Of Poison ; but with Bogs, and Fens annoy'd,  
 The Air 's unwholsom ; where it looks upon  
 Th' *Italian* Shore, with Rocks, and Hills of Stone,  
 It breaks the sparkling Waves. Within, the Plains  
 With sultry *South-Winds*, when hot *Cancer* reigns,  
 Are Pale, and too much parch'd ; but all the rest  
 Is Fertile, and with *Ceres* Favours blest.  
 Through this rude Tract of Land, & Pathless Groves,  
 The Fo, *Torquatus* oft deluding, moves,  
 And in Expectance of *Iberian* Aid,  
 And *Tyrian* Weapons, for the Battel stay'd.  
 At Length, the Fleet arriving, and his Men  
 Encourag'd more, without Delay, agen  
 He from his Covert leaps : and then at large  
 The adverse Troops drew out, and seem to charge,  
 And joyn, though Distant ; and no Space between,  
 For hasty Darts, at Distance could be see :  
 Till, trustier Weapons, their try'd Swords they drew,  
 And then a cruel Slaughter doth ensue.  
 They kill, and fall alternately, and, on  
 Their fatal Points, descend to *Acheron*.

I cannot

I cannot hope their num'rous Slaughters, and  
 So many horrid Acts, for a Command  
 So High, so Great, to utter, as I ought,  
 Or equal with my Words their Rage, that fought.  
 But Thou, *Calliope*, my Labours blest ;  
 That, to Eternity, I may express  
 Our *Poët's* Noble Deeds, but little known  
 As yet, and Consecrate His due Renown !  
*Ennius*, of King *Metâpus* antient Line,  
 Who to the Honour of the *Latine* Vine  
 Did, by His Valour, add, led the Forlorn  
 To fight, sent thither from *Calabria* ; born  
 Among the antient *Rudie*, now known  
 In His surviving Memory alone.  
 He (as, of old, the (\*) *Thracian* Singer, who,  
 When *Cæcyus* with War shook *Argos*, threw  
 His *Rhodopeian* Darts, when He had laid  
 His Quill aside ) with no small Slaughter made  
 Himself to be observ'd, when first he Charg'd,  
 And from the Slaughters of his Hand enlarg'd  
 His Fury. *Oscus* hoping, if that Stain  
 He wip'd away, Immortal Praise to gain,  
 Upon Him flies ; and at Him throws his Spear,  
 With all His Force : *Apollo*, sitting near  
 Within a Cloud, derides what He design'd,  
 And, driving far the Shaft into the Winde,  
 Fond Youth (said He) Alas ! Thou dost aspire  
 Loo high, to let His Spoils be thy Desire :  
 He 's Sacred, and the *Muses* greatest Care,  
 A *Poët* worthy *Phæbus* ; who shall dare  
 The first, in Noble Verse, *Italian* Wars  
 To sing, and raise their Captains to the Stars :  
 He *Helicon*, with His Immortal Lays,  
 Shall make to Eccho ; nor shall He in Praise,

(\*) *Orpheus*.

Z z

Or

(1) *Hebei*.

Or Fame, unto the Old (\*) *Ascrean* yield:  
Thus *Phæbus*; and through *Oscus* Temples thrill'd  
A swift Revenging Dart: his sudden Fall  
Makes the whole Army face about, and all  
The Troops, affrighted, through the Champagn fled.  
The Father, hearing that his Son was dead,  
Groaning with Rage, pierc'd his own panting Breast,  
And to the Shades below his Foot-steps prest.

But, *Hannibal* in Fight thus broken, and  
Crush'd by *Marcellus*, waits the Neighb'ring Land,  
And turns His unjust Arms upon the Poor  
*Acerre*; which to Fire, and Sword, giv' o're,  
With no less Rage He on (1) *Neuceria* falls,  
And levels with the Ground her stately Walls.

(1) *Acerre*, and *Nuceria*, were both destroyed by *Hannibal*. The first (the People fleeing out by Night, and flying into other Cities of *Campania*) found empty, was burnt by Him: The latter, after an hard Siege, yielded on *Conditions*, that all the People might march away, every Man with two Garments; but no sooner came they out of the City, but He forced them into *Sulphureous* Pits, where they were cloaked with Smoke, and *Vapours*. Liv. 21.

(2) *Caslinum*, (now *Casilinum*) held out a long Siege, until they had eaten all things *Edible* (even to their Brulles, and all things covered with *Leather*) but, at length, having some small Relief of *Nut*, which the *Romans* put into Barrels, and sent floating down the River *Volturnus* (which ran through the Town) *Hannibal* (who before was deal to all *Conditions*) was induced to give them their Lives for Ransom, and upon Payment gave them safe Conduct to *Cuma*. Liv. 22.

(3) The *Pythians* (whose City was built by *Phidoleus*, to whom *Heracles* bequeathed his Quiver) of all the *Bruttians*, only kept their Faith to the *Romans*. Which caused *Hannibal* to use them with the greater Severity; burning their City to the Ground, and flying near most of the Citizens: eight hundred of which, escaping His Fury, were, after His Departure from *Italy*, with great Care, and Honour, replanted by the *Romans*, in their Country. Appian in *Hannibal*.

(4) The Citadel of *Tarentum* placed within one of the Harbours (for there were two, divided by an *Isthmus*) held out sometime after *Coscorus*, had betrayed the Town to *Hannibal*: So, that, to hinder their Relief by Sea, He made use of this *Stratagem* to convey Ships over the *Isthmus*, and so strengthening them on all sides, to Extremity, at last received that likewise to his Subjection.

Next, (2) *Caslinum's* Gates, that long had bin  
Stoutly defended by their Arms within,  
By Fraud with much ado he gain'd, and fold  
Unto the starv'd Besieg'd their Lives for Gold.

And then into the *Damian* Fields He falls,  
And, to what Place so'er His Malice calls,  
Or Plunder doth invite, His Fury turns.  
Then, smoking in Her Fall, (3) *Petilia* burns,  
Unhappy in her Faith, the next to sad  
*Saguntus* Fate, and Proud, that once She had

*Alcides* Quiver kept. To th' *Libyan* Side  
*Tarentum*, after this, her self apply'd,  
And gave them Entrance; but a *Latine* Band;  
Relying on the Place's Strength, remain'd  
A strong Reserve within the *Cittadel*.

(4) Here he remov'd his Navy (strange to tell)  
That ready Rigg'd within the Harbour lay;  
For, at two narrow Mouths, the crouded Sea  
Breaks out between two Rocks, and, with a Large  
Recess, a secret Ocean doth discharge

Into

Into the Plains: But He the Ships (that there  
Block'd up, by th' *Arcenal* Commanded were)  
By Stratagem, recover'd from the Sea's  
Embrace, another Way by Land conveys.  
First slipp'ry Planks on ev'ry Oaken Wain  
Were laïd, and Hides of Oxen newly slain:  
The nimble-turning Wheels, through Meadows, drew  
Their Load, and then o're lofty Hills, and through  
Thick Groves, the Fleet arriv'd, upon the Shore,  
And swum, brought to the Sea, without the Oar.

But Fame (the Navy by no usual Way  
Transported) Him, that terrifi'd the Sea,  
Now fills with frequent Cares (while He pursu'd  
The War far off, and hop'd to have subdu'd  
Th' (5) *Oëbalian* Race) that *Capua* was then  
On ev'ry Side besieg'd, the Bars agen  
O'th' Gates forc'd open, and quite overthrow'n,  
And the whole War upon that Wretched Town  
Was turn'd. Enrag'd, He quits that Enterprize;  
And, Shame, and Anger, Wings affording, flies  
The next Way thither, with prodigious Haste,  
And Threatning, to the Fight, desired, past.  
So, of her Young depriv'd, a Tigress flies  
From Covert, and with Rage-inflamed Eys  
Explores all *Caucasus*, and in few Hours,  
With the like Speed, o're *Ganges* Borders scours;  
Till in her Course, their Tract She apprehend,  
And on her Fo, surpriz'd, her Fury spend.

Him, in his March, *Centenius* (rashly prone  
To all Attempts, and Dangers) falls upon  
With sudden scatter'd Troops, but yet with small  
Honour to the *Sidonian* General:  
For, Rich in *Latine* Vines, the Peasants He  
Had round about Him rais'd, and suddenly

(5) The *Tarentines*.

Z z z

An

An half-Arm'd Band oppos'd against the Fo.  
Twice sev'n were slain, and still they forward go :  
Then twice sev'n thousand *Fulvius* (then He  
No more expert, but of a Family  
Renown'd in Arms) all well Appointed led :  
But He still over Heaps of scatter'd Dead ,  
A Conquerour, goes on, and cuts his Way  
Through all ; nor in his March admits Delay.  
But the Ambitious vain Desires to raise  
Unto Himself the empty Name, and Praise,  
Of a Brave, Gen'rous Minde, upon Him call  
To solemnize a joyfull Funeral.

(\*) *Flavius Lucanus*, who entertained *Gracchus* in his House, pretending him of the chief *Lucanians* would come to a certain place to treat with him, prevailed, that He went on to meet them, and was betrayed into the Hands of *Hannibal*, who striking his great Valour (for that, when he first himself betray'd, he resolv'd not to be taken alive) at his Death celebrated his Funerals with great solemnity, and sent his Bones to *Rome*.

For, while a Parley <sup>(\*)</sup> *Gracchus* did demand,  
And the perfidious Promise entertain'd  
Of the *Lucanian* People, (Sad to tell)  
By His Host's Treachery, surpriz'd, He fell ;  
And *Hannibal* with Greediness assum'd  
The with'd-for Praise, to see His Corps entomb'd.  
But, soon as it was known, that, with such Haste,  
To the *Campanian* Walls the *Libyan* past,  
Affairs no where stand still. Both *Consuls* take  
The Field with Speed. *Nola*, and *Arpis* make  
What Strength they can ; Young *Fabius*, among  
The Rest, His hasty Forces brings along.  
There *Nero*, here *Syllanus*, Day, and Night  
Their Cohorts speed to the desired Fight,  
And from all Quarters come ; resolving all  
Their *Generals* to oppose gainst *Hannibal*  
Alone. While, nearer to *Tifata*, He  
Advances, where the Hill's Vicinity  
Pres'd on the Neighb'ring Walls ; and, looking down  
From that near Height, surveys the lower Town.

But, when such numbers of *Allies* He found,  
Which with their Arms the Gates encompass'd round ;

That

That Entrance was deny'd to Him alone,  
And that they could not fall from the Town,  
Doubtfull of the Event, sometime He thought  
Through all, that then oppos'd Him, to have fought  
A Passage with His Sword ; and then declin'd  
Again whate're before He had design'd ;  
And seeks those *Myriads* by Policy  
To draw from the besieged Gates, and free  
Th' inclosed Walls. Thus therefore His resolves  
He with Himself debates, and Cares revolves.  
Oh ! whither tend My troubled Thoughts ? Shall I  
In this unequal Place new Dangers try,  
And *Capua* see Me fly ? Or sitting still,  
Upon the Top of this adjoining Hill,  
Shall I endure this Town of My *Allies*  
To be destroy'd, and fall before mine Eys ?  
Such Me nor *Fabius*, nor *Minutius* found,  
When I escap'd from Hills encompass'd round  
With armed Troops : With Victory, compell'd  
The affrighted Herd to scatter, through the Field,  
Flames from their burning Horns, where'er they run.  
Nor yet are all My Arts, and Projects done :  
If *Capua* cannot now defended be  
By Us, yet *Rome* may be Besieg'd. When He  
Had thus His Resolution fix'd, before  
The Sun had rais'd from the *Eoan* Shore  
His Horses, breathing Day, both with His Hand,  
And Voice, He draws His Troops together, and  
Declares His high Design. Go on (said He)  
My Souldiers, let all Difficulties be  
Surmounted by Your Valour, and (as fast,  
As You can March away) now boldly haste ;  
To *Rome* You go : this March the *Alps* to You,  
This *Canne* did decree. Go, and into

Th

Th' *Iliack* Walls your Targets drive, and there  
Retalliate *Capua's* Ruins, which so dear  
Shall cost, that you shall see high Towers, and fove  
From his *Tarpeian* Temple to remove: :

Instructed thus, away the Army hies :  
*Rome* in their Ears, *Rome* onely in their Eys  
Is fix'd ; and they believe the Diligence  
Of *Hannibal* that Action did commence  
More aptly, then had He conducted them  
From the (\*) *Ætolian* fatal Field. The Stream  
Of swift *Vulturius* overpast, the Rear ,  
To stop th' *Italians*, that behinde them were,  
Burn all their Boats ; and then, with nimble Bands,  
March over all the *Sidicinian* Lands,  
And *Thracian* *Cales*, that its antient Name  
Did from thy Son ( fair *Orithya* ) claim :  
Then *Alifanus*, that great Plenty yields  
Of *Bacchus* Fruits, and the *Caspin* Fields,  
Inhabited by *Nymphs* ; and straitway, near  
To those, *Aquinas*, and *Fregelle*, where  
The smoaking Giant buried lies, in Haste  
They over-run : Then, with like Speed, they past  
O're lofty Hills, where Warlike *Frusino*  
Sticks on hard Rocks, and where *Anagnia* too  
Hangs on a rising Hill, and Plenty yields  
Of Corn. At length, into *Laticus* Fields,  
And Plains, He enters, and those Walls declines,  
Batter'd by *Telegon*. His high Designs,  
Admit no Stop : nor pleasant *Algida*,  
Nor yet *Gabinian* *Fumo's* Towers can stay  
His March ; but on, like a rude Storm, He goes  
To those low Banks, where *Anyo* gently Flows  
With sulph'rous Waters, and, with Silence, to  
Old *Tiber's* Arms. When here the Line He drew

Of's

Of's Camp, and set His Standard up, and shook  
The Banks with 's Cavalry ; first, *Ilia*, strook  
With Fear, flies to her Husband's Sacred Cave,  
And all the frighted *Nymphs* the Waters leave.

But the *Italian* Dames, as if they had  
No Walls at all, Affrighted run, like Mad,  
About the Streets ; and, figur'd by their Fear ,  
Those wounded Ghosts before their Eys appear,  
That at sad *Trebia*, and *Ticinus* Stream,  
Were slain ; brave *Paulus*, *Gracchus*, and with them  
*Flaminius* seems to wander up, and down.  
The Waies, and all the Passes of the Town  
Are throng'd. The Stately *Senate*, troubled to  
Behold their Fear, endeavour to subdue  
Their sad Distraction with an angry Frown ;  
Yet Tears sometimes, with Silence, trickle down  
Under their Helmets, as they Doubtfull are,  
What Fortune threatens, or the Gods prepare.  
Through their high tow'rs the youth disperfed, thought  
Affairs were then to such a Period brought,  
That 't was enough, for *Rome*, Her Walls to keep.

But *Hannibal*, who scarce the whole Night's Sleep  
Had to His weary Souldiers granted, rose  
Betimes, an Enemy to all Repose,  
And thinking whatsoever Time was spent  
In Slumber, that so much from Life was rent,  
His Radiant Arms puts on, commands His Light  
*Numidians* to break forth : and then, in Sight  
Of frighted *Rome*, with Nimble Courfers, round  
About her trembling Bulwarks, with a Sound,  
Like Thunder, Rides. Sometimes the sev'ral Ways  
The Avenues, and Passes He surveys :  
Now 'gainst the Barricado'd Gates His Spear  
He strikes, and seems delighted with their Fear :

Then

Then, Pleas'd, He to the lofty Hills retires,  
 And, entering with His Eyes the Town, enquires  
 Of Places, and their Causes: and in that  
 Survey had taken Time to penetrate  
 Into all Parts, and ev'ry thing had seen;  
 Had *Fulvius*, with a strong Relief, not been  
 At Hand: nor was the Siege of *Capua* quite  
 Relinquish'd; but the *Libyan*, with the Sight  
 Of *Rome* much satisfied in His Desires,  
 With His insulting Troops, to th' Camp retires.

But, when the Night from Heav'n was chas'd away,  
 And with the first Appearance of the Day  
 The *Ocean* blush'd, and Morn reviv'd again  
 Their Labours, breaking down the Works, amain  
 He pours His Forces out, and with a Cry,  
 As loud as He could make; Oh Soldiers! by  
 Our many Trophies, and our Hands in Blood  
 Now Sacred, make (said He) Your Wishes good:  
 Equal Your own Desires; Attempt, and Dare  
 As much in Arms, as *Rome* hath Cause to Fear.  
 Destroy this Heap, and there is Nought for You  
 In all the World beside left to subdue;  
 Nor let the Fame of their Original  
 From *Mars* retard You; You that City shall  
 Now take by Myriads, enter'd long ago  
 Of Warlike *Senones*, accusom'd to  
 Be taken; and, perhaps, amidst their Fears,

(c) When the *Gauls* entered *Rome*,  
 the *Senates* placed themselves in their  
 Chairs, and Habit, at their several  
 Doors; believing that Venerable sight  
 might quiet the Fury of the *Barba-*  
*rous Gauls*, or, at least, they might die in  
 State. At the last, the Reverence of  
 their Persons, and Posture, amazed the  
*Gauls*, till a *Gaul*, brooking the Beard  
 of one of them, the *Scutator* trapped  
 him on the fingers, with his Staff, at  
 which the *Gaul* incensed, flew him, and  
 by his Example all the rest, before  
 thought *Gauls*, were slain.

(c) Their *Senatours* in their Triumphal Chairs,  
 Like their Fore-Fathers, sit, expecting by  
 Your Hands a Noble Death, resolv'd to dy.

Thus He: but the *Oenotrian* Youth require  
 No Language of their *General*, to fire (their Dear  
 Their Thoughts: their Wives, and Children, with  
 Parents, that up to Heav'n, lamenting, rear

Their

Their feeble Palms, sufficiently excite  
 Their Courage; and, presenting to their Sight  
 Their Babes, ev'n penetrating with their Cry  
 Their Hearts, their armed Hands with Kisses ply.  
 On they desire to go, and to oppose  
 Their Bodies, for their Walls, against their Foes:  
 Then, on their Friends reflecting, swallow down  
 Their Tears. But, when the Gates were open thrown,  
 And the whole Army rally'd forth, a Cry,  
 Mingled with Prayers, and Groans, invades the Sky,  
 From the high Walls: the Matrons, with their Hair  
 Dishevel'd, howle, and lay their Bosoms bare.

But, *Fulvius*, flying out before the rest,  
 Exclaims, Who knows not, that the *Libyans* praft,  
 Through a Necessity, to come before  
 Our Walls? He flies from *Capua's* Gates: — As more  
 He would have said, with horrid Murmurs, from  
 The broken Clouds, loud Cracks of Thunder come.  
 For, when the threatning *Libyan* Father fove  
 (As He from *Aethiopia* did remove)  
 Beheld approaching near the *Roman* Walls,  
 The other Gods he strait together calls,  
 Commands the *Dardan* Temples to defend,  
 And quickly into the sev'n Tow'rs descend.  
 Himself, high seated on the *Capitol*,  
 Musters up all his Forces, summons all (pow'r's  
 The Winds, and Clouds, with Storms of Hail: then  
 Thunder, and Lightning down, with *Stygian* Show'rs,  
 The Poles with Horrour shake, the Heav'ns are quite  
 Obscur'd; the Earth is cover'd o're with Night;  
 The Tempest blinds their Eyes; and *Rome*, though near,  
 To the approaching Fo doth disappear.  
 Flames, from the Clouds, upon the Army, thrown,  
 Continue still their Noise, and hiss upon

A a a

Their



Their blasted Limbs: here *Notus*, *Boreas* there,  
 And *Africus*, with Cloudy Wings appear,  
 And War with such a Rage, and Fury, move,  
 As might suffice the Wrath, and Minde of *Jove*:  
 Then sudden *Cataracts* of Water fall,  
 Mix'd with black Storms, and Blasts, and cover all  
 The Neighb'ring Champagn with a foaming Flood.  
*Jove* on the Top of all the Mountain stood,  
 And, as He Thunder poiz'd in his Right-Hand,  
 It 'gainst the Shield of *Hannibal* ( His Stand  
 Not yet resolv'd to quit ) with Fury throws:  
 His Lance's Head strait melts, and His Sword flows,  
 As from the Forge it were but newly ta'ne.

At length, His Arms thus burnt, He doth restrain  
 His Men, declares the Vanity of all  
 That secret Fire, that from the Clouds did fall,  
 And Murmurs intermix'd with Winds: But, then,  
 After so many Miseries of His Men,  
 And Ruins, pour'd from Heav'n, the Fo not seen,  
 Nor Sword in all the Storms, that there had been;  
 He bids His fainting Army to retire  
 To Camp, and sadly thus revives His Ire.  
 Well: to the Winds, and Winter-Storms, Thou now  
 ( Oh *Rome* ) the Safety of one Day dost ow:  
 But Thee the Morrow's Light shall not defend  
 From Us; though angry *Jove* himself descend  
 To Earth, to guard Thee. And, as this He spoke,  
 From the clear Heav'n's a sudden Lustre broke,  
 And all the Clouds dispers'd. The purged Sky  
 Shin'd out again, the *Romanes* instantly  
 Perceiv'd the God, and straitway, laying all  
 Their Arms aside, to the high *Capitol*  
 Erect their humble Hands; and Pious, round  
 The Sacred Hill, their joyfull Laurel bound:

And

And then the chearfull Face of *Jove*, bedew'd,  
 Of late, with no small Sweat, thus praying, View'd.  
 Grant Father *Jove* ( say They ) Thou Chief of all  
 The Gods! O, grant, that *Hannibal* may fall  
 By thine own Sacred Shaft, in Fight! for none  
 Can Him destroy, We fear, but Thou alone.  
 As thus they pray'd, the Ev'ning 'gan t' invest  
 The Earth with Shades, and Silence stop'd the rest.

But Night, by *Sol* dispers'd, as from the Sea  
 He rais'd his Lamp, and use of Life, with Day,  
 Restor'd to Mortals, *Hannibal* agen  
 Came on: nor did the *Romane* Youth within  
 Their Trenches keep. But, when they came as near  
 To fight, as one might well have thrown a Spear,  
 Their Swords scarce drawn, the Light of Heav'n began  
 To fail, thick Darkness suddenly o'reran  
 The Skies, the new-born Day was put to Flight;  
 And *Jove* began again to arm for Fight,  
 The Winds blew high, and a thick Globe of Show'rs,  
 By *Auster* driv'n along, grew Hot; *Jove* pour's  
 His Thunder down, by which he *Atlas* shakes,  
 With *Taurus*, *Pindus*, *Rhodope*: the Lakes  
 Of *Erebus* it heard, and, buried far  
 In Darkness, once again Celestial War  
*Typhæus* saw. Now *Notus*, whistling loud,  
 Comes on, and whirling round a pitchy Cloud,  
 Full fraught with Hail, the *Libyan* charg'd, in Vain  
 Struggling, and threatning, and Him forc'd again  
 Into His Camp: but He no sooner there  
 Had laid His Arms aside; but strait a clear,  
 And joyfull Face of Heav'n again was shown:  
 Nor could you think mild *Jove* his Bolts had thrown,  
 Or had with Thunder torn the Peacefull Sky.  
 All this He, vex'd, endures with Constancy,

A a 2

And

And oft affirming, the ensuing Day  
 No more should be against them. Onely they  
 Their Valour of their Countrey must assume,  
 And, lest they should believe to ruin *Rome*  
 Might prove a Sin, Where was (I pray, said He)  
 The Thunder of their Conquer'ing *Jove*, when We  
 With these our Swords th' *Aetolian* Champagn strow'd  
 With Slaughter : when the *Tyrrhen* Pools o'reflow'd  
 With Humane Blood. If now the King of Gods  
 Fights for the *Romane* Walls, with so much Ods  
 Of Thunder thrown ; Why strikes He not at Me,  
 Who fight against Him 'midst this Noise ? No ; We  
 Most poorly turn Our Backs to Storms, and Winde :  
 Oh ! ( pray ) resume that Courage, and that Minde,  
 Which, while as yet the Leagues, and the Decrees  
 Of *Senate* were in Force, did prompt Us these  
 Our Arms to take in Hand. Thus ev'ry Brest  
 He fires, till *Sol* his weary Steeds releast.  
 The following Night could not His Cares allay ;  
 Sleep durst not once approach Him : With the Day  
 His former Rage returns, and then agen  
 He summons to the Fight His frighted Men,  
 And strikes His dreadfull Shield ; the Noise, and Storms  
 Of Heav'n so imitating, with His Arms.

But when He found, that *Rome* so confident  
 Was of the Gods, that She Supplies had sent  
 Unto the *Betick* Coast, and that by Night  
 The Troops march'd from the Walls full of Despight,  
 And Rage, that the Besieg'd such Leisure had,  
 ( As now secure of *Hannibal* ) more Mad  
 He presseth forward ; and Advanceth near  
 The Walls : when *Juno*, almost sick with Care,  
 Thus *Jove* with Counsel seeks to qualifie.  
 Sister (said He) and Wife, most Dear to Me,

When

When wilt thou check this *Tyrian* Youth ? or when  
 Wilt thou restrain this furious Man agen ?  
 Let it suffice, *Saguntus* to destroy,  
 To level the high *Alps*, and to annoy,  
 And Chains impose upon the Sacred *Po*,  
 And to pollute the Lakes. He's ready now  
 Into Our Temples, and Our Tow'rs to break.  
 Stop Him, for you may see ( as now We speak )  
 How He prepares, how He for Fire exclaims,  
 To imitate Our Thunder with His Flames.

To this *Saturnia* giving Thanks, through Air  
 ( Much troubled ) to the Earth descends, and there  
 Seising the Youth's Right-Hand ; Whither, said She,  
 Thou Mad-Man, dost Thou run ? and, not to be  
 Maintain'd by Mortals, dost a War pursue ?  
 'Tis *Juno* speaks to Thee : ( with that She drew  
 Her Vail of Clouds away, and shew'd her Face )  
 Thou hast not now with *Phrygian* Swains ( Alas ! )  
 Or the *Laurentines*, to contend : behold !  
 ( For 'He remove the Mist awhile, t' unfold  
 All Things to Thee ) observe, and see Thou where  
 That Hill's high Top ascends into the Air,  
 ( The Palace call'd of the <sup>(a)</sup> *Parrhasian* King )  
 By *Phæbus* 'tis possess'd ; who, menacing,  
 Prepares his Echoing Quiver, and his Bow  
 For Fight : but where upon the lofty Brow  
 Of Neighb'ring Hills, the <sup>(b)</sup> *Aventine* doth rise,  
 See ! how *Diana* shakes, before thine Eys,  
 Her Torches, fir'd from *Phlegethon* ! how She  
 Hath strip'd her Arms for Fight ! Then that way see,  
 How *Mars*, in cruel Arms, that <sup>(c)</sup> Field, that bears  
 His Name, hath fill'd ! there *Janni*, furious, Wars ;  
 And here *Quirinus* : ev'ry Deity  
 Fights from his Hill ; but then observe with me,

How

(a) Mount *Polaris*, where King *Evander* the *Arcadian* dwelt, and *Apollon* had a Temple.

(b) Another Hill in *Rome*, where *Diana* had a Temple.

(c) *Campus Martius*

And oft affirming, the ensuing Day  
 No more should be against them. Onely they  
 Their Valour of their Countrey must assume,  
 And, lest they should believe to ruin *Rome*  
 Might prove a Sin, Where was (I pray, said He)  
 The Thunder of their Conqu'ring *Jove*, when We  
 With these our Swords th' *Ætolian* Champagn strow'd  
 With Slaughter: when the *Tyrrhen* Pools o'reflow'd  
 With Humane Blood. If now the King of Gods  
 Fights for the *Romane* Walls, with so much Ods  
 Of Thunder thrown; Why strikes He not at Me,  
 Who fight against Him 'midst this Noise? No; We  
 Most poorly turn Our Backs to Storms, and Winde:  
 Oh! (pray) resume that Courage, and that Minde,  
 Which, while as yet the Leagues, and the Decrees  
 Of *Senate* were in Force, did prompt Us these  
 Our Arms to take in Hand. Thus ev'ry Breast  
 He fires, till *Sol* his weary Steeds releaft.  
 The following Night could not His Cares allay;  
 Sleep durst not once approach Him: With the Day  
 His former Rage returns, and then agen  
 He summons to the Fight His frightened Men,  
 And strikes His dreadfull Shield; the Noise, and Storms  
 Of Heav'n fo imitating, with His Arms.

But when He found, that *Rome* so confident  
 Was of the Gods, that She Supplies had sent  
 Unto the *Betick* Coast, and that by Night  
 The Troops march'd from the Walls full of Despight,  
 And Rage, that the Besieg'd such Leisure had,  
 (As now secure of *Hannibal*) more Mad  
 He presseth forward; and Advanceth near  
 The Walls: when *Juno*, almost sick with Care,  
 Thus *Jove* with Counsel seeks to qualifie.  
 Sister (said He) and Wife, most Dear to Me,

When

When wilt thou check this *Tyrian* Youth? or when  
 Wilt thou restrain this furious Man agen?  
 Let it suffice, *Saguntus* to destroy,  
 To level the high *Alps*, and to annoy,  
 And Chains impose upon the Sacred *Po*,  
 And to pollute the Lakes. He's ready now  
 Into Our Temples, and Our Tow'rs to break.  
 Stop Him, for you may see (as now We speak)  
 How He prepares, how He for Fire exclaims,  
 To imitate Our Thunder with His Flames.

To this *Saturnia* giving Thanks, through Air  
 (Much troubled) to the Earth descends, and there  
 Seising the Youth's Right-Hand; Whither, said She,  
 Thou Mad-Man, dost Thou run? and, not to be  
 Maintain'd by Mortals, dost a War pursue?

'Tis *Juno* speaks to Thee: (with that She drew  
 Her Vail of Clouds away, and shew'd her Face)  
 Thou hast not now with *Phrygian* Swains (Alas!)  
 Or the *Laurentines*, to contend: behold!

(For 'He remove the Mist awhile, t' unfold  
 All Things to Thee) observe, and see Thou where  
 That Hill's high Top ascends into the Air,  
 (The Palace call'd of the <sup>(i)</sup> *Parrhasian* King)

By *Phæbus* 'tis possess'd; who, menacing,  
 Prepares his Echoing Quiver, and his Bow  
 For Fight: but where upon the lofty Brow  
 Of Neighb'ring Hills, the <sup>(i)</sup> *Aventine* doth rise,

See! how *Diana* shakes, before thine Eys,  
 Her Torches, fir'd from *Phlegæthon*! how She  
 Hath strip'd her Arms for Fight! Then that way see,  
 How *Mars*, in cruel Arms, that <sup>(i)</sup> Field, that bears  
 His Name, hath fill'd! there *Janni*, furious, Wars;  
 And here *Quirinus*: ev'ry Deity

Fights from his Hill; but then observe with me,  
 How

(i) Mount *Palatine*, where King *Æneas*, the *Arcadian* dwelt, and *Aspells* had a Temple.

(i) Another Hill in *Rome*, where *Diana* had a Temple.

(i) *Campus Martius*

How *Jove* his *Aegis*, breathing Storms, and Fire  
Shakes, and with how great Flames he feeds his Ire:  
Or this way turn thy Face, and, if Thou dare,  
Behold the Thunderer, what Tempests are  
Beneath his Nod! or, when he shakes his Head,  
What Thunder falls! what dreadfull Flames are shed  
Against Thine Eys! at length, give Way unto  
The Gods, nor such *Titanian* Wars pursue.

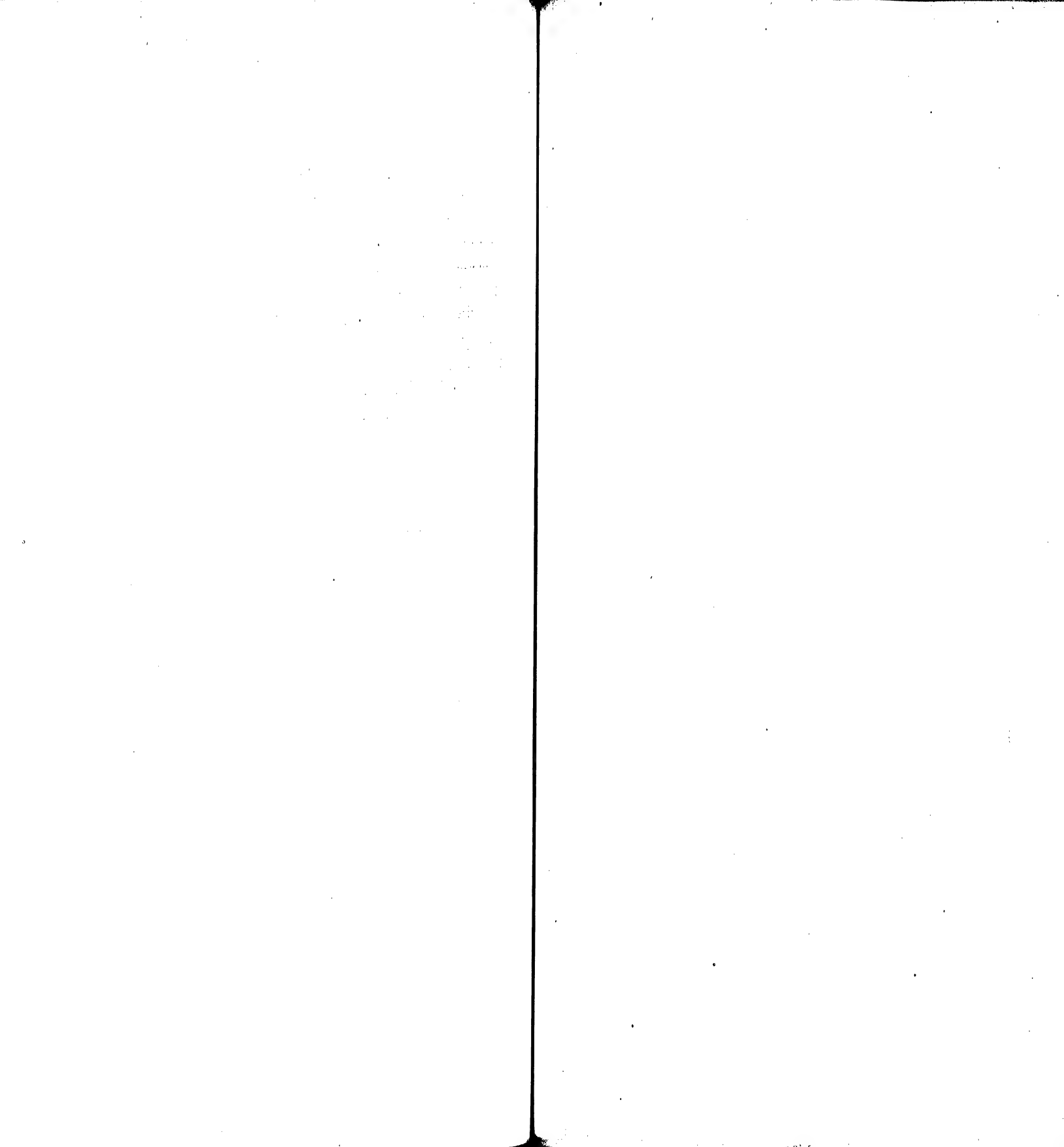
This said, the Man, intractable to Peace,  
Or Rule, yet wondring at the stormy Face,  
And fiery Members of the Gods, with Pain  
Away She drew, and Peace to Heav'n again,  
And Earth, restor'd. He, looking still behind,  
Retires, and to the Camp, much vex'd in Minde,  
Commands His Ensigns strait to march away,  
And threatens to return another Day;  
When through the Air a clearer Light displays  
It self, and *Phæbus* gilds the trembling Seas.

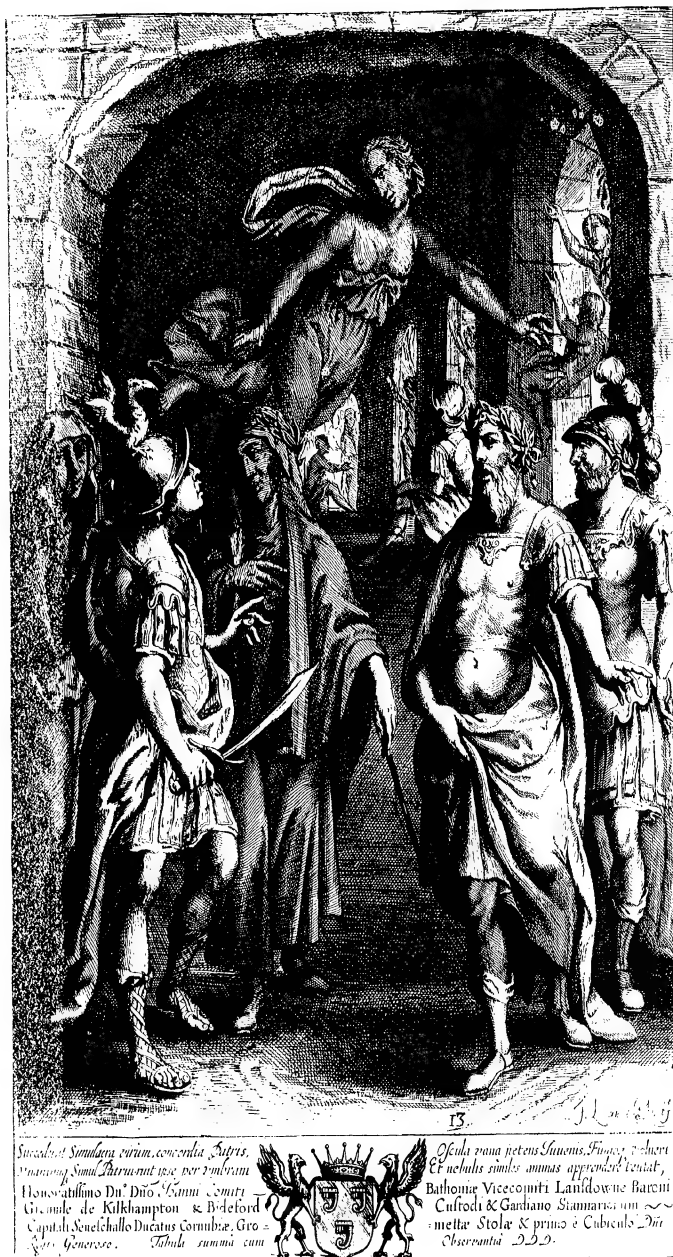
But, when the *Romanes* from the Walls beheld  
Far off, that *Hannibal* had left the Field,  
And pull'd His Ensigns up, they, Silent, view  
Each other's Face; and, Nodding onely, shew  
That, which as yet, through Greatness of their Fear,  
They durst not then believe, nor willing were  
To think Him gone; but rather, that He then  
Practis'd His *Punic* Frauds, and Arts agen.  
In this Suspense each silent Mother stands,  
Kissing her Children, till the *Punic* Bands  
Quite vanish'd from their Eys, and, Fear remov'd,  
All his suspected Plots but Fancies prov'd.  
Then to the Sacred *Capitol* they throng,  
And, mutually imbracing, chant a Song  
Of Triumph to *Tarpeian Jove*: and, there  
Adorn the Temple of the Thunderer.

No

Now all the Gates fly open, ev'ry where  
Those Joys, which they so lately did despair,  
The People rush to see: these view the Place,  
Where the *Sidonian* King's Pavilion was,  
And where He proudly, from a lofty Throne,  
Spoke to his summon'd Troops; those look upon  
The Place, where Warlike *Astur* lay, and where  
Fierce *Geter*, and cruel *Hanno* Quarter'd were.  
This done, their Bodies purg'd in living Springs,  
Each Hand its Aid, to build up Altars, brings  
To th' *Anienian Nymphs*; and, Joyfull, then  
Hallowing the Wall, return to *Rome* agen.

*The End of the Twelfth Book.*





# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Thirteenth Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Repul'd by Storms, and Lightning, from the Gates  
Of Rome, resolv'd to try again the Fates,  
The Libyan returns. Agrippa shows  
What Miseries, and Plagues attended those,  
That fought against the Places, that contain'd  
The fam'd Palladium. By this restrain'd,  
Away He marcheth to the Rhegian Coast;  
In the mean time besieg'd Capua's lost.  
What Wealth, and Trophies, there the Romanes gain,  
In Spain two Noble Scipioes are slain.  
Grief, for his Friends, oppressing Him, and Cares,  
Young Scipio to Autonoe repairs.  
Apollo's Priestess, who, by Magick Spels,  
Cumæan Sybil's Ghosts doth raise, which tells  
To Him ensuing Fates, describeth Hell,  
And where the Blessed Souls, in Pleasure dwell.*



*H E Capitol's high Top He  
scarce discern'd  
In His slow March, when strait  
the Libyan turn'd  
Towards the City His fierce  
Eys again,*

*Preparing to return, and in that Plain*

B b b

*Encamp'd*

Eneamp'd, where Banklefs *Thuria* overflows  
 The level Meadows; and, Inglorious, goes  
 Into the *Thufcan* Sea, a filent Stream.  
 Here fometimes on his chiefeft Friends the Blame,  
 Sometimes upon the God's commands, he laies,  
 Then on Himfelf. Tell me at length (He faies)  
 Thou, by whole flaugtring Hand the *Lidian* Lake  
 Increas'd, who mad'ft the *Damian* Land to shake  
 With Thunder of thine Arms, discourag'd now,  
 Into what Countrey back again, doft Thou (Spear  
 Thine Ensigns bear? What Sword Thy Breaft, what  
 Hath pierc'd? Should Towred *Carthage* now appear  
 Before thine Eys, what Reason couldft Thou yield  
 Souldier, unwounded thus to quit the Field?  
 Wouldft Thou alledge from Storms (dear Countrey)  
 From Tempefts mix'd with Blood, and Thunder, fly?  
 Let this Effeminate Stain be far, Oh far,  
 From *Tyrian* People, as unfit for War,  
 But in fair Weather, and in Air that's clear.

The Army, though as yet a *Panick* Fear  
 O'th' Gods poffefs'd them, and a recent Smel  
 Of Lightning on their Arms, as yet, did dwell;  
 And 'fore their Eys the Fight of angry *Jove*:  
 Yet ftill a Vigour to obey, and move,  
 Wherever He should them command, appears,  
 And, by degrees diffus'd into their Ears,  
 (By what He faid) Desire in ev'ry Breaft  
 To bear their Ensigns back again, encreaft:  
 As when a Stone the Water breaks, it makes,  
 At firft, fmall Rings; but as its Motion shakes  
 The trembling Liquour, while it ftill descends,  
 The numerous *Orbs* increafe, till it extends  
 The curling Circle, ev'ry Way, fo wide,  
 That it may touch the Banks on either fide.

Bbt

But, contrary to this, *Agrippa* (who  
 His fam'd Defcent from *Diomedes* drew)  
 Among th' *Oetolian* People, much Renown'd,  
 And of a Noble Name, with Riches Crown'd,  
 But Faithlefs, and, when *Rome's* Affairs declin'd,  
 With the fuccesfull *Libyan* had joyn'd;  
 Revolving thefe Traditions, that of old  
 To him his Anceftours before had told,  
 Thus pleads; When *Teucrine Pergamus* with long  
 Protracted War was shaken, and among  
 The *Grecian* Souldiers, unengag'd in Blood,  
 The God of War before the Rampires flood,  
*Calchas* (for this, full oft at the Request  
 Of <sup>(a)</sup> *Damius*, kept within his faithfull Breaft,  
 Amidft their Feasts did *Diomed* exprefs)  
*Calchas* affur'd the doubtfull *Greeks*, unlefs  
 The fatal <sup>(b)</sup> Image of the Warlike Maid,  
 Kept in the *Arcenal*, they thence effai'd  
 To gain, the *Spartan* Arms should ne're prevail  
 O're *Troy*, nor should they, with their Honour, fail  
 Back to *Amycle*. For it was by Fate  
 Ordain'd, that none thofe Walls should penetrate,  
 That did poffefs that Image, and then Our  
<sup>(c)</sup> *Tydidies*, joyn'd with *Ithacus*, the Tow'r  
<sup>(d)</sup> Entred by Stratagem, and having flain  
 The Guard, juft at the Entrance of the Fane,  
 Thence the Celeftial Image ftrait convai'd,  
 And *Troy* unto our Fates was open lai'd.  
 But, when, on the *Oenotrian* Coaft, he built  
 A City, troubled at his former Guilt,  
 T' appeale the *Phrygian* Goddefs with His Pray'rs,  
 And *Ilian* Gods, Devoutly He prepares.  
 Then, on a lofty Tow'r, a Temple ftrait  
 (To *Trojan Pallas*, a moft hatefull Seat)

B b b 2

Was

(a) *Damius*, King of *Apulia*, father-in-Law to *Diomed*.

(b) The *Palladium* was the Image of *Pallas*.

(c) *Diomed*.

(d) The *Greeks*, admonifhed by *Calchas*, that they should never take *Troy*, nor return Home, while the *Palladium* (which was the Image of *Pallas*, made of Wood) continued there. *Diomed*, and *Ulyffes*, by Mines, or Vaults, paffed by Night into the Tower, where it lay, and ftole it thence. This was generally received, unlefs we should rather believe, that to be the true *Palladium*, which was found enclosed in a Wall by *Finibria* (in the War againft *Atitridates*) who (as *Apollonius* affirms) made a moveft Defection in *Troy*, then the *Greeks* under *Agamemnon*. Of the *Palladium*, fee *Virgil*, lib. 2. *Aeneid*.

Was rais'd. When, midst his Sleep, the threatening Maid,  
 Discov'ring her great Deity, thus said;  
 This Fabrick, *Diomed*, which here you raise,  
 Unworthy's of the Honour of such Praise.  
 To Us *Garganus*, nor the *Daunian* Land  
 Are due: Him rather seek, whose Pious Hand  
 Now the first Walls of better *Troy* doth rear  
 In the *Laurentine* Fields. Go thither, there  
 That captiv'd Relique of their Fathers lay.  
 Troubled at this advice, He hafts away  
 To *Saturn's* Kingdom, where *Anchises* (c) Son,  
 A Conquerer, then, (f) *Lavinian* *Troy* begun,  
 (g) And's *Dardan* Arms, in a *Laurentine* Grove,  
 Had fix'd. But, as the *Daunian* Fleet did move  
 Near *Tiber's* mouth, and *Diomedes* there  
 On Shore had pitch'd his shining Tents, with Fear  
 The *Trojans* trembled, till, in his Right-hand  
 A Pledg of Peace extending to the Land,  
 (An hoary Olive-bough) *Tydeus* Son,  
 Amidst the *Trojans* Murmurs, thus begun;

Thy mindeful Rage (*Aeneas*) and thy Fear  
 Now confidently lay aside; whate're  
 At *Troy*, at *Simois*, or *Xanthus* Flood,  
 Or near the *Scaean* Port, with so much Blood,  
 And Sweat, by Us was done, was not (Alas!)  
 Our Crime: the Gods, and Fate it brought to pass.  
 Now think on what remains; why do not We,  
 With better Auspices of Time, agree  
 To live? Let's joyn our peaceful Hands. This shall  
 Be Witness of our League: and shew'd withall  
*Trojan Minerva* from the Poop. By Her  
 Fell the Bold (h) *Gauls*, that *Rome* invaded, nor  
 Of that Great People did there One remain,  
 That to his Native Land return'd again.

Dismai'd

(c) *Aeneas*.  
 (f) *Lavinium* built by *Aeneas*, and  
 so called from his Wife *Lavinia*.

(g) It was a Custom antiently after  
 a War ended, or a Country subdued,  
 to hang the Arms in their Temples;  
 or, before they were built, in Groves,  
 where they rais'd their Altars.

(h) After the *Gauls* had sack'd *Rome*,  
 and besieged the *Capitol*, *Camillus*  
 came upon them, from *Ardea* (whi-  
 ther he had been banished) with a  
 small Army (in the very Interim, when  
 they were weighing the Gold, which  
 made to great a slaughter of them, that  
 there remained not so much as a Mes-  
 senger, to carry the Tidings of their  
 destruction into *Gallia*. See *Liv. lib. 5*.

Dismai'd at this, the *General* his Bands (mands  
 (Much joy'd, that they should March away) Com-  
 To pull their Ensigns up, and to remove  
 Into those Fertile Plains, where in a Grove  
 Wealthy (i) *Feronia's* Worshipp'd, and o're all  
 The Grounds *Capena's* Sacred Waters fall.  
 From Birth of Antient *Faunus* (as 'tis said)  
 Through a long Tract of time, together lay'd,  
 Great Wealth, by frequent Gifts encreas'd, and there,  
 Alone, preserv'd by a religious Fear,  
 The Gold untouch'd for many Ages lay:  
 Their barb'rous Hearts, and greedy Minds, the Prey  
 Pollutes, and arms them to condemn the Gods.  
 From thence it pleas'd him through remoter Rodes  
 To turn, where Fields, Plough'd by the *Brutian* Swain,  
 Extended are to the *Trinacrian* Main.

While, Discontented, thus the *Libyans* go  
 To th' *Rhegian* Coast, Brave *Fulvius* (the Fo  
 Remov'd from's Country) at the Walls appears  
 Of *Capua*, and to the Besieged bears  
 Th' unwelcom News. Their Miseries were than  
 Extremely high, when *Fulvius* thus began  
 To all of Name in Arms: Take this Disgrace  
 Away by Valour. Shall this Treach'rous Place,  
 (To Us another (*arthage*) after all  
 Her violated Leagues, and *Hannibal*  
 Sent to our very Gates, Her proud Demand  
 Of an alternate, equal Consul, stand?  
 And from her lofty Turrets, now dismai'd,  
 Still look for *Libyan* Cohorts to her Aid?

Deeds to his Words he adds, and, streight, he calls  
 For Tow'rs of Oak, by which the highest Walls  
 He could surmount, and, instantly, commands  
 To joyn huge Beams with Cords, and Iron Bands,  
 By

(i) The Religion of this place, where  
*Feronia* was worshipped, sprung  
 from a Miracle, for the Grove by acci-  
 dent being fir'd, the Inhabitants would  
 have removed her Image, when freight  
 the Grove recover'd its former Ver-  
 dure. There was afterwards a Tem-  
 ple, whither such slaves as were en-  
 franchized, repaired, and, their Heads  
 being shaved, received a Cap, the token  
 of their Liberty, hence she was called  
 The Goddess of Liberty. This Tem-  
 ple, enriched by Devotion, was spoiled  
 by *Hannibal*. See *Liv. lib. 16*.



By which the tallest Posts of Gates He brake,  
 And all Delays of Bars would quickly shake.  
 Here, fenc'd with Starlike Piles on ev'ry Side,  
 A Mount is rais'd, and there they are employ'd  
 To raise the <sup>(k)</sup> *Vinea*, arm'd above, and all  
 Soon done, which he could Necessary call,  
 He gives the Sign to scale the Walls, and fills  
 The Town with Terror of impending Ills;  
 When suddenly an happy Omen shin'd  
 On His Attempts: an Hinde (which rare We finde  
 Of such a Colour) that the Swans, or Snow,  
 Surpass'd in Whiteness; which, when with his Plow  
 Caps the Circuit of those Walls design'd,  
 A Countrey-Present, taken with its Kinde  
 Familiarity (when Young) he fed,  
 And a kinde Sense of Man had in it bred:  
 All Wildness lost, She us'd to take her Stand  
 To feed at Table; by her Master's Hand  
 When stroak'd, much pleas'd, oft the *Campanian* Dames  
 Smooth'd her with Combs, and in the Neighbouring  
 Renew'd her Whiteness: thus the Hind became <sup>(l)</sup> streams  
 The Deity o'th' Place, and had for Name  
*Diana's* Servant; and, as to a God,  
 With holy Ensigns they the Altars load.  
 Lusty, and strong in Life (though Aged) She  
 A thousand Years, with great Felicity,  
 Had pass'd, and Houses built by *Trojans* there  
 Equal'd in Age; but now her Death was near:  
 For chac'd by cruel Wolves, that suddenly  
 Into the Town, (a dolefull Prodigie  
 In War) by Night had enter'd; as the Day  
 Began to break, out at the Gates, away  
 She ran, and, frighted, fled into the Plain,  
 Near to the Walls; where, by the Souldiers sta'ne,  
 (Who

(k) This *Wock* was by the *Romans* called *Vinea*, and covered over with Timber, Hurdles, raw Hides, &c. the Souldiers went under it securely to undermine Walls.

(Who joyfully contended in the Chase)  
 To Thee, *Latonian* Goddess, on the Place  
 The *General* off'ring her (for unto Thee  
 He knew that Sacrifice must pleasing be)  
 Pray'd His Design might, by thine Aid, be crown'd:  
 And strait, relying on the Goddess, round  
 The City mov'd his Troops, and where into  
 An *Orb* the Walls were bent, obliquely, drew  
 A strongly-guarded Trench, and kept them there  
 Inclos'd with Arms, like Beasts in Toils. While Fear  
 Increas'd in others, with a stately Plume  
 Out at the Ports doth Warlike *Taurea* come,  
 Chafing His foaming Steed (to Him, for brave  
 Exploits, *Maurusian* Shafts the *General* gave  
 But lately, and an *Autololian* Band)  
 He spurring on his Steed, which scorn'd to stand,  
 Hearing the trembling Cornets, when so near  
 He came, that He perceiv'd the Fo might hear  
 His Neighbring Call, said *Claudius*, (who i'th' Art  
 Of War excell'd, and Honour, with Desert,  
 In many a Fight had gain'd) if yet upon  
 His Valour He rely, may He alone  
 Enter the Field, and fight with Me. What stay'd  
 The *Romane*, when 'twas heard what He had said,  
 Was, that it was Ordain'd before, on Pain  
 Of Death, that none should dare to entertain  
 A single Fight, without the *General's* Leave.  
 But soon as *Fulvius* His Permission gave,  
 Into the open Plain, with Joy, he flies,  
 And strait thick Clouds of Dust, like Billows, rise.  
 But scorning all Assistance of the Thong,  
 Or Loop, to make His Weapon fly more strong,  
*Taurea*, with his bare Strength, His Spear advanc'd,  
 And it with Headlong Rage, and Fury, lanc'd  
 Into

Into the Air : while, of another Minde,  
 The brave *Rutulian*, seeking where to finde  
 A certain Place to give a Wound, now shoo k,  
 Then couch'd His Spear, and many a threatning Stroke  
 Pretends; till fix'd in's Shield his Jav'lin stood :  
 But was depriv'd of the desired Blood.  
 Then instantly he drew his Sword, when strait  
*Taurea*, to fly the Menaces of Fate,  
 With his steel'd Heel drives on his nimble Steed.  
 While, at his Back, the *Romane* with a Speed,  
 Great as his Rage, pursu'd, and very near  
 Giving the Reins, approach'd him; and, as Fear  
 The Conquer'd, so the Conquerour Desire  
 Of his deserved Blood, Honour, and Ire  
 Into the Gates invite; and, while they there  
 Scarce Credit what they see, that He should dare,  
 Alone, to break into their Walls, and haste  
 So boldly through th' amazed Town, he past  
 Through th' adverse Port, and to his Friends retir'd.  
 With that th' Mindes of all the rest were fir'd  
 With the like Heat, and Industry t' invade  
 The Walls; and where he had a Passage made,  
 To enter, Flames, and Swords strait shine; then Shows  
 Of Stones, and Darts, assault the highest Tow'rs :  
 None could the Rest in Courage to engage  
 Excell, all Hands were equall'd by their Rage.  
*Didaan* Shafts fly through the Air, and fall  
 With Wounds i'th' midst o'th' Town. The *General*  
 Is pleas'd to finde, that they had left no Room  
 For his Encouragement; they all assume  
 So eagerly their Task. Whom when he spy'd  
 So well resolv'd, and Fortune made a Guide  
 To all; up to the Gate he, Furious, came,  
 And fought with Danger to encrease his Fame.

Three

Three Brothers (Twins) who each a chosen Band  
 Had of an Hundred men, at their Command,  
 Guarded that Pass, and there their Station held:  
 Of these in Beauty *Nymitor* excell'd,  
*Laurens* in Running, and *Laburnus* Tall  
 Above the other: but their Weapons all  
 Were different; One Renowned for his Bow;  
 For 's Spear the other, wont in Fight to throw  
 His poison'd Lance, and not to trust his Sword:  
 But Lamps, with Flames, and Sulphur mix'd, the Third  
 Compos'd. So (famous in a former Age)  
 That horrid Monster of a Triple Rage,  
*Gerion*, fought on the *Atlantick* Shore, (bore;  
 Whose three Right-Hands three sev'ral Weapons  
 One cruel Flames; Behinde him t' other drew  
 His Bow; the third his trusty Jav'lin threw:  
 And dealt three sev'ral Waies, at once, a Wound.  
 When these, thus varying Fight, the *Consul* found  
 With different Arms, the Slaughter, that appear'd  
 At th' Entrance of the Gate, and Posts besmear'd  
 With Blood of such, as thither did advance,  
 With an enraged Force his twist'd Lance  
 He throws. Importing Death, th' *Italian* Yew  
 Cuts through the Air, and, where (as then he drew  
 His Bow, and from above his Arrows ply'd)  
 Stout *Nymitor* was Naked, pierc'd his Side.

But, not Content to fight, besieged there,  
 In War Unskilfull, though still apt to dare,  
 With headlong Heat, rash *Virius* open threw  
 The Gate, and broke into the Field, and to  
 The Conquerours Rage his miserable Men  
 Expos'd: these *Scipio* fiercely charg'd. But then,  
 As he the offer'd Troop, insatiate, kills,  
*Calenus*, born upon *Tifata's* Hills,

C c c

Bred

Bred up to bold Attempts, His Courage great,  
 As was His Body, often wont to beat  
 Lyons, to fight bare-Headed, to Contend  
 With Steers, and down the winding Horns to bend  
 Of fiercest Bulls, by Force, unto the Ground,  
 And for his vigorous Fate before Renown'd:  
 He, while bold *Virius* from the Town expell'd  
 Some rash Assailants, whether, that He held  
 His Breast-Plate useless, or to shun Delay,  
 Into the Field had, Naked, made His Way,  
 And, nimbler now, the panting Fugitives  
 Overtakes, and several Ways, Victorious, drives:  
 And now, already, *Veliternus* through  
 The Belly he had thrust; and *Marius*, who  
 With equal Sport was wont to exercise  
 Equestrial Fights with *Scipio*, by him dyes,  
 Struck backward to the Ground by an huge Stone,  
 Torn from the Earth. Expiring, with a Groan  
 H' implores his Friend; and, Gaping, underneath  
 The Rock was crush'd. But, Sorrow for his Death  
 Doubling his Strength, while all his Face o'reflows  
 With Tears, his singing Cornel *Scipio* throws,  
 Hastening to his Expiring Friend, to show  
 The with'd-for Comfort of a dying Fo.  
 The Shaft, as if a Bird the liquid Air  
 Divided had, past through his Breast, and there  
 Dissolv'd his mighty Frame: swift, as its Way  
 A nimble Galley makes upon the Sea,  
 Which flies more nimbly, then the Winds, as oft  
 As, to their Breasts reduc'd, the Oars aloft  
 The curling Surges strike, and with the Strength  
 Of one joynt Strook runs farther, then her Length.

But *Voleus Ascanius* (who had cast  
 His Arms away, that he might lighter haste

Unto

Unto the Walls, as through the Plain he fled )  
 Pursues. Strait sever'd by his Sword, his Head  
 Drops at the Owner's Feet: but, by the Force  
 Of running forward, in its speedy Course,  
 The following Trunk, at length, beyond it falls.

No longer, now, to keep their open Walls,  
 Did the Besieged hope. When strait about  
 They Face, and shut their own Companions out,  
 That beg to be receiv'd. Their Hinges then  
 They turn, and strive, too late, their Bars agen,  
 And Bolts to fix. At this th' *Italians* prest  
 More fiercely on, and the Besieg'd inpest.  
 And, had not Earth been taken from their Sight,  
 Wrap'd in the *Sygyian* Bosom of the Night,  
 The Souldiers their Assault so furious made,  
 The broken Gates had then been open lai'd.

But yet the Darknefs brought not equal Rest  
 To all. These Fearless Slumbers (such, as blest  
 With Victory, Men know) enjoy; but there  
 With dolefull Cries of Women, ev'ry where,  
 With dire Complaints, and trembling Parents Groans,  
*Capua* affrighted, her sad Fate bemoans,  
 And prays a Period of her Woes to see.  
 The Head, and Authour of her Treachery  
 (The *Senate*) murmurs. *Virius*, all Cares  
 Of Life, now, lai'd aside, aloud declares  
 No Hopes of Aid from *Hannibal*. Said He;  
 I hop'd to rule o're *Rome*, and did agree,  
 If Gods the *Libyan* Arms, and better Fate  
 Alsifted had, to *Capua* to translate  
*Trojan Quirinus* Empire. It was I,  
 That sent that Force to shake their Walls, and high  
*Tarpeian* Tow'rs. I had the Courage there  
 To ask an equal *Consul*, that might bear

C c c 2

The

The *Fasces*, in Our Name. It hitherto  
Sufficeth, We have liv'd ; and, while We now  
Have Night enough, whoever in his Minde  
Affecteth it, at *Acheron* may finde  
Eternal Liberty : let Him repair  
Unto my Table, and My Cates, and there  
Drenching himself in *Bacchus* Fruits ( his Minde  
Subdu'd ) he soon a Remedy may finde  
For all his Woes ; the Sting of Death may charm,  
And, with that pleasant Poison, Fate disarm.

This said ; a Multitude attend him Home.  
Amidst his Palace, in a spacious Room,  
A mighty Pyle of Wood did still remain,  
The common Receptacle of the Slain.  
But, yet the People Grief, and Fear, distract ;  
While now, too late, on *Decius* they reflect  
Their Thoughts, and his brave Valour, punish'd by  
A cruel Banishment. Then from the Sky  
Divinest *Faith* looks down, and vexeth their  
Fallacious Hearts, and strait through ev'ry Ear  
A secret Voice is spred : *Break no Accord,  
Or Oath (Ye Mortals ! ) with the cruel Sword ;  
But keep Your Faith Inviolat : for This  
Then Thrones, that shine with Purple, better is.  
For who with Fallacies delights to break  
A League, or shall the slender Hopes forsake  
Of his afflicted Friend ; his House, his Wife,  
Perpetual Trouble shall attend : his Life  
Shall ne're want Tears ; but both by Night, and Day,  
Despis'd, and violated Faith, by Sea,  
And Land pursuing, shall him still torment.*

Then, in a Cloud disguis'd, *Erinys* went  
To all Assemblies, touch'd their Tables, and  
Sits down, and feeds, and then, with her own Hand,  
Bowls

Bowls, froathing up with *Stygian* Gore, prefers,  
And largely Plagues, and Death, administers.  
But *Virius* ( while yet Ruin She pretends,  
Diving into his Soul ) the Pyle ascends,  
And sticks in her Embrace, commanding strait  
To Kindle it, and so to joyn their Fate.

The Night her Limits touch'd, and now, amain ;  
The furious Conquerour came on again,  
When the *Campanian* Youth upon the Walls  
*Milo*, who thither his Companions calls,  
Beheld : Affrighted, strait, they open threw  
The Gates, and such, as wanted Courage, to  
Avoid their Punishment by Death, with low  
And trembling Knees, now entertain the Fo.  
The Town her Houses, by the *Tyrian* Guest  
Polluted, op'ning, her blinde Rage confest.  
Women, and Children, in Confusion, run,  
With the sad *Senate* ( that their Woes begun )  
And vulgar Crew by none lamented ; whiles  
The Army all stood leaning on their Piles,  
To view those Men, who nor Prosperity,  
Nor Misery could bear : sometimes to see (they wear  
Them sweep the Ground with Beards, which Trimm'd  
Down to their Breasts ; with Dust their Whiter Hair  
To stain, and, poorly Weeping, to entreat  
Most shamefully, and yielding Air to beat  
With their effeminate Howlings. But, while these  
Unmanly Acts the wondring Souldier sees,  
And, still Incens'd, expects the Signal to  
O'rethrow the Walls, behold ! Religion through  
Each Breast, with silent Sense of Pity, goes,  
And their fierce Mindes doth by her Pow'r compose.  
A gentler God doth sensibly inspire  
Their Hearts, to lay aside all Thoughts of Fire,  
And

And their destructive Torches: not to burn,  
And into Dust, at once, the Temples turn.  
He likewise then suggests (to all unseen)  
That that proud Town's Foundation had been  
By *Carys* laid of old: He tells them there  
Fair Houses, fit for Habitation, were  
Extended far into delicious Fields.  
Thus, by Degrees, their former Fury yields  
To milder Thoughts, and, quickly mollifi'd  
In ev'ry furious Breast, all Anger dy'd.  
The *Trojan* Houses willing safe to keep,  
*Jove*, likewise, thither sent the God of Sheep,  
*Pan*, who still seems as he were Hanging, and  
Scarce on the Earth imprints, wheree're he stand,  
One horned Foot; his Right-Hand wanton plays

(1) In the Festivals of *Pan*, which were called *Lupercalia*, the *Proffers* cut the hide of the Goat that was sacrificed, into thongs, and therewith, running naked about the Streets, they struck such Women, whom they met, and desired to be with Child, upon the Belles: out of opinion, that this caused them to be fruitful. *Boiss. Antiq. Rom. lib. 3.*

(2) With a *Tegæan* Hide, and in crofs Ways,  
Wagging his Tail, desired Stroaks bestows.  
A Pine furrounds his Hair, and Shady Brows:  
On his red Front arise two little Horns;  
His Ears upright; a squalid Beard adorns  
His Chin; a Pastral Staff he alwaies bears,  
And a slick Do-Skin on his Left Side wears:  
No ragged Rock so Steep, and High doth rise,  
On which, his Body poiz'd, like one that flies,  
He will not dare, through pathless Waies, to tread:  
Sometimes, he laughing, backward turns his Head,  
To see the Sportings of his bushy Tail  
Upon his Back; then lifts his Hand to vail  
His Forehead from the Sun's too fervent Rays,  
And Pastures with his shadow'd Sight survaies.

He, when he had the God's Commands fulfill'd,  
Their raging Hearts appeas'd, and Fury still'd,  
To the *Arcadian* Groves away He speeds,  
And his lov'd *Menalus*, where on shrill Reeds

He sweetly plays, and with his Rural Song  
Leads, from the Sacred Hill, his Flocks along.  
But, *Fulvius* commanding that the Fire  
Should from the Gates be kept, and leave entire  
The Walls, th' *Auonian* Legions, to shew  
The noble Temper of their Minds, withdrew  
Their Flames, and Swords; but from the Temples, and  
The Houses, that enrich'd with Gold did stand,  
A wealthy Prey they took, with that, which fed  
Their Riot, and by which they perished,  
Effeminate Garments, that their Men array'd,  
And Tables rich, from forein Lands convey'd;  
With Goblets, that provok'd to Luxury,  
Set with *Eöan* Gems: nor could they see  
An end of Silver, and the carved Weight  
(Expressly made for Feasts) of golden Plate.  
Then came the Captives, in a numerous Train,  
With all their Coin, sufficient to maintain  
A long-protracted War: with Servants, that,  
In Multitudes, did at their Banquets Wait.

But, when from Plunder of the Town, agen,  
The *Gen'ral*, by the Trumpet's sound, His Men  
Had call'd (a Noble Cherisher of Great  
Attempts) to *Milo*, from his lofty Seat,  
He thus began: (m) *Lanuvian* Youth, whom We  
From *Juno Sospita* receive, from Me  
This Martial Honour, for thy Victory,  
Accept, and 'bout thy Tower'd Temple try  
This (n) Mural Crown. This done, he straightway sent  
For all the Nobles, that first Punishment  
Had merited, and, for their treach'rous Deeds,  
Beneath his iustler Ax each Guilty bleeds.  
But, that fierce Valour, *Taurea* (for to hide,  
Evn in a Fo, that Honour had been try'd,

(m) *Danquinn* hath in this judiciously corrected the corrupt Copy of our Author, wherein *Lavinium* is put for *Lanuvium*, where *Juno Sospita* (so called from *sileo*, signifying to Preserve) had her Temple: for which the *Lanuvini* were received into the Protection of the *Romans*, and the City freed, on agreement that the Grove, and Temple might be equally free to the *Romans*, who often sacrificed there, as maybe observed in *Livy*.

(n) This Crown, or Wreath, was of Gold (though not so honourable, as some of other Inferiour matter, saith *Pliny*) and given by the *General* to him, who first made his way over the Walls into any Town taken by assault. *Anon. Gellius, lib. 5.*

Wee

Were base) with a loud Voice exclaims; Shalt Thou,  
 Thus Unreveng'd by Me, deprive Me now,  
 (A Soul more Great, then Thine) of this My Sword?  
 Or by the *Lictor* (when thou giv'st the Word)  
 Shall this most Valiant Head dissever'd fall  
 At such base Feet? On Us this never shall  
 Be by the Gods allow'd. Then with a Look  
 Threatning, and full of Rage, he sudden strook  
 His Warlike Sword quite through his Breast, and dy'd.  
 To whom the *Romane General* reply'd;  
 Go, and the Ruin of thy Countrey thus  
 Accompany in Death. What Minds in Us  
 Remain, what is Our Valour, what We are  
 (Each Man of Us) shall be discern'd in War.  
 If thou dost think it Shamefull to abide  
 Just Punishment, thou might'st have fighting dy'd;  
 Thy Countrey suff'ring, at the very time,  
 With Streams of Blood for her unhappy Crime.

But, mixing Joys with Sorrows, the dire Hand  
 Of Fortune, then in the *Iberian* Land  
 Two Noble *Scipios* had destroy'd, that there  
 Great Griefs, and Honours to their Countrey were.  
 By Chance a Youth, of that Illustrious Name,  
 Into the <sup>(c)</sup> *Dicarchean* City came,  
 After Extremities of War: and there  
 Resided. Fame, reporting to his Ear  
 His Friend's sad Destiny, and Tears, (though He  
 Ne're us'd to stoop under Adversity)  
 Beating his Breast, he tears his Garments: nor  
 Could Sense of Honour, or a Souldier,  
 Nor the Perswasions of his Friends prevail;  
 But still his angry Piety doth rail  
 On the unequal Gods; hates all Relief;  
 And usual Comforts of encreasing Grief.

And

And now some days were spent in sad Complaint,  
 And still his Father's Ghost seems conversant  
 Before his Eyes, and therefore he intends  
 To raise the Souls, and *Manes* of his Friends,  
 And by Discourse with them, at length, the Rage,  
 And Smart of his great Sorrows to assuage.  
 So, by a Neighb'ring Lake invited, where  
 The *Acherusian* Liqueur doth Declare  
 The horrid Entrance to *Avernus*, strait  
 His Thoughts are fir'd to know ensuing Fate.  
 And therefore to *Autonoe* (who then,  
 Under *Apollo's* Name, the sacred Den,  
 And *Tripods* kept) He goes, and open lays  
 The Councils of his troubled Breast, and prays  
 To see his Father's Face. Without delay,  
 The Prophetess commands him strait to slay,  
 To th' Shades below, the usual Sacrifice,  
 Two Coal-black Lambs, as Day began to rise;  
 And, while they yet were Breathing, as they dy'd,  
 The flowing Blood within the Earth to Hide,  
 Then shall the *Stygian* Empire send to Thee  
 Her People. What thou more desir'st (quoth She)  
 To know, a greater Prophetess shall Sing.  
 For I to Thee true *Oracles* will bring  
 From the *Elysian* Fields, and Thou shalt see,  
 Amidst old *Sibyl's* Rites performed by Me,  
 That fam'd *Phaebian* Breast's Prophetick Shade.  
 Go then, and, when the dewy Night hath made  
 Her course beyond her middle Line, then bring  
 Th' aforesaid Victims to the *Stygian* King,  
 Chast, to *Avernus* Entrance. Likewise joyn  
 To them choice Honey, and the purest Wine.  
 He, quickned by Her Counsel, and no less  
 With the great Name o'th' promis'd Prophetess,  
 D d d The

The Sacrifices for his dark Design  
 Prepares, and, when to the appointed Line  
 The Night arriv'd, and what was finished  
 Equal'd the following Darknefs, from his Bed  
 He rose, and to the troubled Entrance went  
 Of the *Tartarean* Port; where, Diligent  
 To keep her Word, the Prophetess had then  
 All things fulfill'd, and fate i'th' *Stygian* Den.  
 Then that Way, where at first the broken Ground,  
 A Cave, that ne're by Sun was seen, is found,  
 And sadly groaning, from its hollow Mouth,  
 Belcheth *Cocytus* bitter Streams, the Youth  
 Into't She leads; commands him, in the Ground  
 With's Sword to dig an Hole; and, Trotting round,  
 Mut'ring a secret Charm, She bids, that all  
 The Beasts for Sacrifice, in order, fall.  
 To *Pluto* first a Bull; to *Hecate*,  
 With a <sup>(p)</sup> chaf't Neck, an Heifer; then to Thee,  
*Alceſto*, and *Megara* (ever sad)  
 The chosen Bodies of two Sheep, that had  
 But two years liv'd: on these they Milk infus'd,  
 Honey, and Wine. The Youth stood still amus'd,  
 While the old Prophetess exclaim'd, She well  
 Perceiv'd each Face, that did with *Pluto* dwell.  
 I see, said She, all Hell approaching, and  
 Now the third Empire in my View doth stand.  
 Behold what various Shapes, and what foe're  
 Was born of Man, and dy'd together, there  
 From deepest *Chaos* come. The *Cyclops* see!  
*Scylla*, and those, that with such Cruelty  
 Their *Thracian* Horses fed with Flesh of Men!  
 Attend, and mark; and, without Fear, agen  
 Put up thy Sword. Those Souls, that in such Haste  
 March on before, the Offer'd Blood to Taste,

Let

Let pass, till the chaf't *Sibyl's* Shade appear.  
 In the mean time, Behold! how Speedy there  
 Comes that Unburied Ghost to speak to Thee,  
 And hath (as when Alive) the Liberty  
 To use its Voice, till on the Fun'ral Wood  
 Its Body burn, if it hath touch'd no Blood.  
 This noble *Scipio* saw, and, troubled at  
 The sudden Apparition, said; O what  
 Sad Chance Thee from thy sinking Country, when  
 Our horrid Wars require such Gallant Men,  
 Renowned Captain, snatch'd: for none could Thee  
 (*Appius*) in Valour, or in Policy  
 Excel. Ten times the glorious Lamp of Day  
 Hath rose, since I return'd from *Capua*,  
 And saw Thee, then, Bathing thy Wounds, and sad  
 Onely, that they continued still so Bad,  
 Thou could'st not go unto the Walls, and quite  
 Depriv'd Thee of the Honour of that Fight.  
 To which the Ghost reply'd: Th' ensuing Day  
 The pleasant Horses of the Sun away  
 From Me (then fainting) turn'd, and banish'd Me  
 To the dark Waters for Eternity.  
 But while vain Vulgar Rites the tedious Care  
 Of Friends pursues, my Body they forbare  
 To burn; that far about, at length, they may  
 It to my Father's Sepulcher convey.  
 But by thy glorious Deeds (which emulate  
 Those of our Father *Mars*) I Thee entreat,  
 Let Drugs, that keep the Bodies of the Dead  
 Entire in other Lands, be Banished  
 From Me, that so my Wandering <sup>(q)</sup> Shade may soon  
 Go freely to the Gates of *Acheron*.

Most noble Branch of antient *Claudius* Line,  
 None of my Cares shall be prefer'd to Thine,

D d 2

The

(q) The antient Opinion was;  
 that such, as continued Unburied, wan-  
 dered upon the Banks of *Acheron*, and  
 were not suffered to go over, till an  
 hundred years were expired.

The Youth replies, although they are not small,  
That now Afflict Me: for I know, through all  
The Nations of the World, a various Sense  
Of Tombs, and Ashes, keeps a difference,  
And varies much the Fun'rals of the Dead.  
In the *Iberian* Country (as 'tis said)  
An antient Custom 'tis, that Vulturs tire  
On their Dead Bodies. When their Kings Expire,  
Th' *Hyracanian* People think it best 't' expose  
To Dogs their Members. The *Egyptians* close  
(\*) In Stone perfum'd their Bodies, after Fate,  
And hardly from their Tables separate  
The Bloodless Ghosts. In *Pontus* they Ordain,  
The Heads of Men to empty of the Brain,  
And so Embalm'd, for many Ages, keep.  
What should We say of those, that Buried deep  
Dig naked *Garamantians* up in Sand?  
Or of the *Nagamoniens*, that command,  
Their Dead to bury in the cruel Seas  
Upon the *Libyan* Coast? The *Celte* please  
Their empty Skuls with Gold about to ring,  
And such for Cups unto their Tables bring.  
But the *Cecropians* did by chance Ordain,  
That such, as in their Country's Wars were Slain,  
Should be together Burn'd. Oppos'd to these,  
Time onely doth interr the Carcases  
Of *Scythian* People; who, on Stakes of Wood  
Impal'd, hang melting with corrupted Blood.  
As thus he talk'd, *Autonoe* (the Shade  
O' th' *Sibyl* rising) Set a Period, said,  
To your Discourse. Behold that Priestess; who  
So much of Future things, when living, knew,  
That ev'n the Gods, that they knew more, deny'd.  
And now 'tis time your Men should go aside,

That

That You, and I, the Beasts may burn. This said,  
With Mystr'ies fill'd, the old (\*) *Cymeian* Maid,  
After the Sacrificed Blood her Mouth  
Had touch'd, and tasted, viewing well the Youth  
(Whole Face was Beautiful) began: When I  
Ethereal Light, not idly, did enjoy,  
My voice was heard in the *Cymeian* Den  
To answer People; and Thee (*Scipio*) then,  
In future Ages, and in *Rome's* Affairs  
Concern'd, I sung. But yet thy Father's Cares  
Scarce merited my Words: for they nor made  
A due Enquiry after what I said,  
Nor yet observ'd it. But now mark; since Thou  
Desir'st to know the Fates of *Rome*, which now  
On Thine depend (for I thy Diligence  
To take the *Oracles* of Life from hence  
Perceive) and here thy Father's *Manes* see:  
On th' arm'd *Iberian* Thou, with Victory,  
Thy Father shalt Revenge: to *Mars* before  
Due years entrusted; and thy Sword the *Moor*  
Shall of his Joys deprive. Thou shalt rejoyce,  
When Thee, as Omèn to the War, the Voice  
Of *Rome* shall choose: when, in th' *Iberian* Land,  
*Carthage* Thou shalt subdue. Then to command  
More eminent Thou shalt be rais'd, nor *Jove*  
From Thee his Care, and Kindness shall remove,  
Till the whole War He into *Libya* drive,  
And there to Thee ev'n *Hannibal* shall give  
To be Subdu'd. But, oh Ingrateful *Rome*!  
Which after all these Honours Thee of Home,  
And (\*) Country shall deprive. As this She spake,  
She turn'd her Steps towards the *Stygian* Lake.  
Whate're ill Chance of Life attends Me, I  
(The Youth replies) will my Endeavours try:

Yet

(\*) *Sibyl*.

(\*) After *Scipio* had subdued *Hannibal*, and broken the whole Force of *Carthage*, and, with his Brother, overthrown *Antiochus*, he was afterward accused, by a faction, of despoiling the People of the wealthy spoils of *Antiochus*: whereupon He, in a voluntary Exile, retired to *Linturnum*, where he dyed, commanding this Inscription to be set on his Tomb. *Ingratit: l Century, them hath not so much, as B. n.*

(\*) Among the *Egyptians* were three sorts of preserving their Dead. The poor People onely took out the Guts, and yed the Body with salt for the space of seventy days. The more Wealthy never cut open the Body, but injected into the Belly a Clyster of the Juice, that distills from Cedar, which had the Virtue, after seventy days, to draw out with it all the Entrails, through the Side. The Carcass parts in the meantime were consumed by *Nitres*, and the Skin and Bones onely remained. But those of the best quality, first, with a crooked Iron, drew out the Brain through the Nollrils, then took out the Guts, and filling both Cavities with *Myrrh*, *Cassia*, and other Perfumes (*Frankincense* excepted) they again sewed up the Body, and buried it seventy days in *Nitres*: when all moisture consumed (and therefore by the *Pier* Metaphorically termed, *Stone perfumed*) it was taken up, and in a wooden Case (fitted to its proportion) placed against the Wall, in some room of the house, where, even in their Banquets, they had it in their view; not to check their Mirth, but to invite them to enjoy themselves, while alive. *Horat. lib. 2. Entorp.*



Yet may my Breast be free from Guilt! but now  
 I pray thee (since the onely Cause, that Thou  
 Didst live, was Humane Labours here to Aid)  
 Awhile thy Steps restrain (renowned Maid)  
 And unto Me the silent Shades report,  
 With all the Terrours of the *Stygian* Court.  
 She soon assents to that, which he requir'd,  
 But Thou a Kingdom, not to be desir'd,  
 (Said She) dost open: <sup>(\*)</sup> for the Darknesh there  
 People, that once Innumerable were,  
 Inhabite, and through endless Shadows fly,  
 And yet make up but One great Family.  
 I'th' midst a dark, and airy Space, of large  
 Extent, there is, which common Death doth charge  
 With all, that from the Teeming World's first Birth  
 The fiery Air produc'd, the Seas, or Earth.  
 Thither all things descend, what hath, or shall  
 Perish, that gloomy Field devourerh all.  
 Ten Gates this Kingdom compass, whereof One  
 Receives the Warlike Sons of *Mars* alone:  
 Another those, that Famous Laws have made,  
 And the Foundations, first, of Cities lay'd.  
 The Third's for *Ceres* harmless Tribe, that go,  
 By Fraud unpoison'd, to the Shades below.  
 Next Those, that pleasant Arts did first invent,  
 And Way of Living, full of all Content,  
 And (which not Father *Phœbus* would Disdain)  
 Verses compos'd, their proper Gate maintain.  
 The next the Shipwrack Port, (for so that Gate  
 Is Nam'd) is kept for such, as meet their Fate  
 In Winds, and cruel Storms. Another wide,  
 And near this stands, for such as Guilty dy'd,  
 And there confess their Sins: Their sev'ral Pains  
 Ev'n at the Entrance *Rhadamanth* Ordains,

(\*) Here described.

And

And empty Death inflicts. The Seventh to Bands  
 Of Women, that flock thither, open stands:  
 Where her pale Groves the Chast *Proserpina*  
 Maintains. And, near to this, another Way,  
 And Gate there is, well-known by Infants Cries,  
 To them assign'd, and all those Companies,  
 That in the Port of Life extinguish'd are:  
 And Virgin Troops, whose Nuptial Tapers were  
 Turn'd into Fun'ral Flames. But then, remote  
 From this, there is another Gate, of Note,  
 Which, Night dissolving, shines like rising Day,  
 And, through the Shadow of a secret Way,  
 Leads to th' *Elysian* Fields: Here, nor to Hell  
 Subjected, nor in Heav'n the Pious dwell.  
 But quite beyond all Seas, upon the Brink  
 O' th' Sacred Fountain, thither throng to Drink  
 Forgetfulness of Minde, in *Lethe's* Streams.  
 The Last, with Gold refulgent, feels the Beams  
 Of Light, and Shines, as if the Moon were there.  
 This way the Blessed Souls to Heav'n repair,  
 And, when a thousand *Lustræ* Time hath past,  
 Forgetting *Dis*, into their Bodies haste:  
 Death, his black Jaws wide op'ning, to and fro,  
 Through all these Ways, and Ports, doth wandering go.  
 Then a slow Gulph, without a Body, far  
 Extended, and dark muddy Lakes there are,  
 Where <sup>(\*)</sup> *Phlegethon* with swelling Waters burns  
 The Banks, on ev'ry side, and, Roaring, turns  
 The flaming Quarries up, with Storms of Fire.  
 Then, in another Quarter, with as Dire  
 A Rage, <sup>(\*)</sup> *Cocytus* rolls black Waves of Blood,  
 And runs, a Torrent, with a foaming Flood.  
 But *Styx*, which *Jove* himself, and all the rest  
 Of the Immortal Gods, do still Attest,

(\*) The Rivers of Hell.

Dreadful

Dreadful with Pitch, and Sulphur, smoaking Mud  
 Drives through his Chanel. But (then These a Flood  
 More dismal, froathing with Corruption, and  
 Thick Poison, Belching up the gelid Sand,  
 With horrid Murmurs) *Acheron*, through all  
 The Pools, with a black Stream, doth slowly fall.  
 This Venom'd Three-mouth *Cerberus* desires,  
 This for her Drink *Tisiphone* requires:  
 This dire *Megara* craves; nor yet can they,  
 With all their Drink, their raging Thirst allay.  
 But the last River breaketh out before  
 The Entrance, and inexorable Door  
 Of *Pluto's* Palace, from a Fount of Tears.  
 There a fourth Tribe, in sev'ral Paths, appears  
 Of Monsters, still to Watch, and Terrifie  
 The trembling Ghosts with their confuled Cry.  
 Devouring Grief, and Leannels, that on ill  
 Diseases waits; with Sadness, feeding still  
 On Tears; and Paleness without Blood; with Cares,  
 Base Treachery, old Age, that nothing bares  
 Without Complaint; Envy, with both her Hands  
 Crushing her Throat; and Poverty, that stands  
 Deform'd, and Prone to any thing that's Bad;  
 With wandring Error, and Dissension, glad  
 To mingle Seas with Heav'n; Then *Briareus*,  
 That with his hundred Hands the Gates doth use  
 Of Hell to open; Cruel *Sphinx*, with Blood  
 Her Virgin-mouth Besmear'd; the furious Brood  
 Of two-formed *Centaurs*; with fierce *Scylla* there,  
 And the Rebellious Giants Ghosts, appear:  
 Here the three-headed Dog, when he hath broke  
 His Chains, and off a thousand Fetters shook,  
 And up and down, through Hell, doth Wandring go,  
 Neither *Aleto*, nor *Megara*, though

With.

With Fury swell'd, come near; while 'bout his Loins  
 His Vip'rous Tail, he fiercely Barking, twines.  
 On the Right Hand, a Yew, that like a Wood  
 Its Branches spreads, and, by *Cocytus* Flood  
 Water'd, more Leavy grown, there stands: here dire,  
 And fatal Birds, Vultures, that rav'ning tire  
 On Carcases; and num'rous Owls reside: (dy'd,  
 Schreech-Owls, with Specks of Blood their Pinions  
 And greedy Harpyes build their Nests, and thick  
 Among the Leaves on all the Branches stick,  
 And make the Tree with dolefull Cries to nod.  
 Among these dreadfull Shapes, th' Infernal God  
 Sits on a Throne, examining the Crimes  
 Of Kings, and what they did in former Times.  
 Enchain'd they stand, and 'fore the Judge repent  
 Too late, while all the Forms of Punishment,  
 And Furies, round about them fly: and now  
 How glad would they their Scepters disavow!  
 Those Souls, which, when on Earth, unworthy, and  
 Unequal things endur'd, with harsh Command  
 Insult, and what they living, did not dare  
 To utter, now Complain of, freely, there.  
 Then <sup>(1)</sup> One in cruel Chains is bound upon  
 A Rock, <sup>(2)</sup> another rowls a restless Stone;  
 While, with her Snaky Whip, *Megara* still  
 Pursues him, lab'ring up the lofty Hill.  
 Such bloody Tyrant's Punishments shall be:  
 But now the Time's arriv'd, that We to Thee  
 Must shew thy Mother's Face, whose Shade in Place  
 The first appears, and hither comes apace.  
<sup>(\*)</sup> *Pomponia*, pregnant by *Jove's* Stealth, drew nigh.  
 For, when the *Libyan* War, in *Italy*,  
 Fair *Venus* knew, endeavoring to prevent  
 All *Juno's* Plots, a silent Flame She sent

E e e

Into

<sup>(1)</sup> *Prometheus*.<sup>(2)</sup> *Sisyphus*.

<sup>(\*)</sup> This Opinion (saith *Valerius Maximus*) arose from his Custom of going to the *Capitol*, and spending some hours in the *Chapel of Jupiter*, before he enterprized any thing publicque, or private. Whence a Report went current; that, before his Mother was with Child, a Serpent frequented her Chamber, and, as soon as any man appeared, vanished. This they fancied to be the God, who, in that shape, begot *Scipio*, whom some Authors affirm to have been the first *Cæsar* (that is, cut out of his Mother's Womb) though *Polybius* writes the contrary.

Into her Father's Breast: which had not She  
 Foreknown, the conquer'd *Romane* Altars We  
 By *Tyrian* Virgins kindled now had seen.  
 But, when the off' red Blood had tasted been,  
 ( As the old Prophets advis'd ) and both  
 Each other's Faces knew, thus first the Youth  
 Began: My dearest Mother, who to Me,  
 Like some great Deity, appear'st; that Thee  
 I might have seen, how willingly would I  
 Have dy'd! Oh! what was our sad Destiny,  
 When that first Day, that gave Me vital Breath,  
 Thee, without Honour, snatch'd away in Death.  
 As thus He spoke, his Mother thus again  
 Replies: O Son, my Death was free from Pain:  
 For when the Burthen of my Womb was lay'd,  
 By *Jove's* Command, Me *Mercury* convey'd  
 To the *Elysian* Fields, and gave Me there  
 An equal Place, where *Leda* now, and where  
*Almena* by his Sacred Bounty dwell.  
 But, since We now have time ( my Son ) to tell  
 Whence thou didst spring ( that thou no Wars maist  
 Nor doubt to Heav'n by Deeds thy self to rear: ( fear,  
 Know this; when I, by Chance, in mid'st of Day,  
 Retired to repose, and Sleeping lay,  
 A sudden close Embrace my Members bound,  
 Not such, as I before my Husband's found,  
 Nor easy unto Me, and then I clear  
 ( Although my heavy Eys in Slumber were  
 Involv'd ) great *Jove* beheld ( You may believe  
 This Truth ) nor could his borrow'd Shape deceive  
 Me then, though, turn'd into a scaly Snake,  
 He, coiling, did a thousand Circles make.  
 But, soon as Thou wert born, that I should dy  
 It was Decreed, and then how much did I

Lament,

Lament, that I to Thee could not declare  
 These things, before my Soul resolv'd to Air.  
 At this, t' embrace her Neck he thrice Essay'd  
 In vain, and lost as oft the fleeting Shade.  
 This done, two Ghosts of Men, that well agreed,  
 His Father's, and his Uncle's, strait succeed.  
 While, through the Shadows pressing on, he there  
 Vain Kisses sought, and strove those Ghosts, that were  
 Like flying Smoak, and Clouds, to apprehend:  
 Oh Thou! on whom our Empire did depend  
 ( My dearest Sire ) what God, an Enemy  
 To the *Ansonian* Land, did us of Thee  
 Deprive ( said he ) Oh Wo to Me! for why,  
 Was there the least of Time, that, Cruel, I  
 Should absent be from Thee? thy Death I might  
 Have chang'd, by this my Brest, oppos'd in Fight.  
 What Groans th' *Italian* People, ev'ry where,  
 Give at your Funerals! The *Senate* rear,  
 In *Mars's* Field, to each of you a Tomb.  
 Amidst his Speech, the hasty Ghosts assume  
 The Word: and first his Father's *Manes* barr'd  
 His farther Language thus; A fair Reward  
 Is Virtue to her self; yet it descends  
 Sweet to the Shades below, when 'mong our Friends  
 The Glory of our Lives survives: nor our  
 Due Praises dark Oblivion can devour.  
 But say, how great a War doth Thee molest?  
 ( Our dear Renown! ) how oft doth Fear my Brest  
 Invade, when I but think how fiercely Thou  
 Go'st on, when Dangers meet thee! but I now  
 Conjure thee, by the Cause of our sad Fate,  
 ( Most valiant Youth ) thy Rage to moderate,  
 And thy Desire to Fight; sufficient be  
 Th' Examples of our Family for Thee.

E c c 2

For

For the eighth Summer then had reap'd the dry,  
 And rusling Sheavs of Corn, when conqu'ring I  
 Had all suppress'd, and the *Tartessiac* Land  
 The Yoak accepted from my Brother's Hand.  
 Her then reviving Walls, and Houses, we  
 To poor *Saguntus* gave. They *Betis*, free  
 From Foes, then Drunk: oft *Hasdrubal* to Us  
 His Back had turn'd. But, oh their barbarous,  
 And still corrupted Faith! When Victour I  
 Advanc'd gainst *Hasdrubal*, with Misery  
 Almost Destroy'd (a sudden Change) Behold!  
 The *Spanish* Troops, which with his *Libyan* Gold  
 (A Mercenary People) *Hasdrubal*  
 Had made, breaking their Ranks, their Ensigns all  
 Forfook: then straitway Us, deserted by  
 Our Auxiliary Bands, the Enemy  
 With a thick Ring (more numerous in Men)  
 Encompas'd round; nor did we Poorly then,  
 Or Un-reveng'd, the last of all our Days  
 On Earth conclude, but ended it with Praise.

To this his Brother thus began to joyn  
 His own Mishaps, and said; In the Decline  
 Of our Affairs, a lofty Castle I  
 For a Retreat desir'd, and thereto try  
 Our last Attempt: a thousand Torches they  
 With Lamps, and smoaking Fire-brands, ev'ry way  
 Into it threw. For what concerns my Fall,  
 I of the Gods make no Complaint at all:  
 For they my Body <sup>(c)</sup> burn'd, and to a Grave  
 Of large Extent, my Arms fix'd on it, gave.  
 But I am griev'd, left, since We both are slain,  
 The *Libyans* should o'er-run oppress'd *Spain*.  
 To which the Youth, his Face with Tears o'erspread,  
 Replies. Ye Gods! as She hath merited,

May

(b) These *scipios*, who command-  
 ed in *Spain*, dividing their forces were  
 there, with their Arms, both destroy-  
 ed, by *Isidrus*, *Magonius*, and *Haf-*  
*drubal*. *scipios* for the *Carthagin-*  
*ians*. See *Liv. lib. 25*.

(c) The *Carthaginians*, after they  
 had destroyed the two *Scipios*, secure,  
 and negligent; *Lucius Martius*, col-  
 lecting the scattered *Romans*, fell upon  
 them in the night, slew 17000 of them,  
 took 80 thousand prisoners, and reco-  
 vered what was lately lost. See *Liv.*  
*lib. 26*.

May *Carthage* all just Punishment endure  
 For these foul Deeds! But He, who under your  
 Command was try'd, brave *Martius*, hath restrain'd  
 The fierce *Pyrenean* Troops, and entertain'd  
 Our weary Friends, and with known Arms the War  
 Maintains: and, it is fam'd, the <sup>(d)</sup> Conquerour  
 In Battel lately was o'rethrown, and all  
 Due *Piacles* exacted for your Fall.  
 Much joy'd at this, the *Generals* went again  
 To those sweet Places, where the Bless'd remain.  
 The Youth, adoring them, with eager Eys  
 Pursues them: and now *Paulus* Ghost supplies  
 Their Room, scarce to be known, as then he stood,  
 'Mong many Ghosts. But, having drunk the Blood,  
 He thus began: Thou Light of *Italy*,  
 Whose *Martial* Deeds, then one Man's greater, I  
 Have seen. Who now hath instigated Thee  
 These Kingdoms, where once All must dwell, to see?  
 To whom again sad *Scipio* thus replies;  
 Great *General*, how long, with weeping Eys,  
 Did *Rome* thy Fate lament: how near with Thee,  
 Falling to *Syagian* Darkness, did we see  
*Oenotrian* Palaces! The *Tyrian* Fo  
 Did on Thee Dea da Sepulcher bestow,  
 And in thy Honour sought for Praise. With Tears  
 While *Paulus* thus his Hostile Burial hears,  
 Before their Eys *Flaminius*, *Gracchus*, and,  
 With a sad Countenance, *Servilius* stand,  
 At *Cannæ* slain. A great Desire he had  
 To speak to them, and farther Language add:  
 But stronger Inclinations to know  
 More ancient Ghosts made him desist, and now  
<sup>(e)</sup> *Brutus*, that merited immortal Fame  
 By's cruel Ax; *Camillus* then, that came

Near

(d) *Brutus*, the first *Cosul*, whose  
 Sons, conspiring with other young No-  
 ble Men to restore the *Tarquins*, were  
 by him put to Death. See *Liv. lib. 2*.

(f) *Marcus Curius*, refusing a great sum of money offered him by the *Sannites*, to *Pyrrhus* his name, replied, I had rather Command over the Wealthy, than be Rich. He first Triumphed over the *Sannites*, and forced *Pyrrhus* out of Italy.

(g) *Appius Claudius Cocles*, who would never hearken to any terms of Peace with *Pyrrhus*; but still persuaded him, not to rely upon his force, and friends in Italy, but to return home, and then by *Embassy* treat of Peace with the *Romans*.

(h) *Horatius Coclès*, who, with two others, defending the Gates, at the Bridge over *Tyber*, stopped *Pyrrhus's* men, who then pursued the *Romans*, till the Bridge behind him was broken down so, that the Enemy could pass no farther: which done, He leapt armed into the River, and returned safe into the City.

Near to the Gods in Praise, and, hating Gold,  
 (f) *Curius* he fees, ( their Names the *Sibyl* told,  
 And shew'd their Faces, as they came ) That's He,  
 That, though of Sight depriv'd, the Treacherie  
 (g) Of Peace, and *Pyrrhus* from the Gates repell'd:  
 And that, the Bridg behind him broken, held  
 (h) His Station valiantly, and did exclude  
 Returning Scepters, when the King pursu'd  
 To *Tyber's* Banks. If you desire to see  
 The Man, that in the former War (said She)  
 The League with *Libya* made, *Lutatus* there  
 Behold, with *Naval* Arms, a Conquerer.  
 But, if *Amilcar's* cruel Shade you'd know,  
 See! That is it, that stands far off; his Brow  
 ( Not smooth'd by Death ) as yet his rabid Ire  
 Retains: to talk with him if you desire,  
 Tasting the Blood, with your permission, He  
 May speak; which granted, and when Greedily  
 The thirsty Shade had drunk; first *Scipio* thus  
 With angry Looks upbraids him: Such with Us  
 ( Thou Sire of Fraud ) are then thy Leagues? with  
 Captiv'd, on the *Sicanian* Coast, did We (Thee,  
 This Contract make? Against all Leagues, thy Son  
*Aufonia*, with War, doth over-run,  
 And comes upon Us, breaking through the Bars  
 O' th' *Alpes*. All Italy with barb'rous Wars  
 Is now inflam'd, and back, obstructed by  
 Sad Slaughters, to their Springs our Rivers fly.  
 To this the Shade reply'd: So soon, as He  
 Was ten Years old, the *Latine* War, by Me  
 Commanded, He espous'd. Nor must He now  
 Deceive those Gods, attested to the Vow  
 Made to his Father. But, if now with Fire  
 He *Italy* destroy, and still aspire

To

To overthrow that State, deriv'd from *Troy*.  
 O Piety! O holy Faith! O Boy,  
 Indeed mine Own! and would to Heav'n He might  
 Repair that Honour, We have lost in Fight!  
 Seeming to swell, with Speed (as this he said)  
 He vanish'd, and retir'd a greater Shade.

Next these, the Prophetess those Ghosts disclos'd,  
 That, Arm'd, to conquer'd Nations dispos'd  
 Their Laws: with those, that first the *Romans* taught  
 (i) Those Sacred Laws, from *Pallas* City brought.

*Scipio*, well-pleas'd, with an insatiate Ey  
 Views all their Faces, and would willingly  
 Have talk'd with all, had not the Prophetess  
 Inform'd him, that their Troops were numberless.

What Myriads in all the World dost Thou  
 Believe descend to Hell, since here you now  
 All these behold? A boundless Torrent there  
 Of Shades continually run down, and are  
 In *Charon's* spacious Vessel wasted ore;  
 And that base Boat's sufficient, were they more.

Many past by, the Virgin to his View  
 Presents a Youth. This is that (k) Wand'rer, who  
 His Ensigns, where He march'd, did Conquering bare,  
 By whom the *Bactrii*, and the *Dace* were  
 Subdu'd; who *Ganges* drunk on conquer'd Ground;  
 With a *Pellæan* Bridg *Niphate* bound,  
 Whose (l) Walls now stand where sacred *Nile* doth  
 To him *Æneades*: Thou certain Son (run.  
 Of *Libya's* horned *Hammon*! Oh, how far  
 Doth thy indubitable Fame, in War,  
 All *Generals* excel! The like Desire  
 (Renowned Shade) hath set my Brest on Fire,  
 To know which Way thou took'st thy self to raise  
 To that proud Honour, and great Height of Praise.

To

(i) The *Romans*, having changed the Government of *Conguls* to that of the *Decemviri*, sent three *Embassadors*; viz. *Sp. Posthumius*, *Serv. Sulpicius*, and *An. Manlius*, to *Alban*, to take an Extract of their *Laws*. Which they performed, and those *Laws*, digested (with such of their own, as the *Romans* esteemed wholesome) into twelve *Tables*, ten of Brass, and two of Stone, were ever after their *Rules of Justice*.

(k) *Alexander the Great*.

(l) *Alexandria in Egypt*.

To whom the Ghost: A dull Sedulity,  
In War, is safe. Thou by Activity,  
And Daring, may'st accomplish greatest Wars.  
Slow Valour never yet unto the Stars  
Her self hath rais'd. Do Thou precipitate  
The time of thy great Deeds. Black Death doth wait  
Upon the Active Man. Thus having said,  
He vanish'd. Strait succeeded *Cæsus* Shade,  
Rich, when alive; now, level'd with the Poor.  
But when, arising from th' *Elysian* Shore,  
The *Manes* of a Beautiful Youth he spy'd,  
Whose Tresses, with a Purple Fillet ty'd,  
Flow'd on his radiant Neck: Divinest Maid,  
Tell me (said He) who is that glorious Shade,  
Whose sacred Fore-head with a Light's indu'd,  
To him peculiar, and a Multitude  
Of Souls, admiring, follow, and, about  
Him thronging, seem to give a joyful Shout:  
Oh, what a Face! did I not see him here  
I th' *Stygian* Shade, I easily should swear  
He were a God. Nor art deceiv'd (quoth She)  
He hath deserv'd to seem a Deity:  
Nor in so great a Breast was there a small  
Divinity. For He in Verses all  
The Seas, and Earth, with Heav'n, and Hell compris'd,  
And in his Song the *Muses* equaliz'd,

(m) In Honour *Phæbus*: when he could not see,  
All this unto the World, in order, he  
Divulg'd, and rais'd your *Troy* unto the Skies.  
*Scipio*, the sacred Shade with joyful Eys  
Beholding, said; Would but the Fates allow,  
That through the Universe this Prophet now  
Might sing the *Roman* Deeds; how much more great  
Would the same Things, with his Certificate,

Pafs

(m) The most eminent of all *Poets*, who, of very mean Birth, was constrained to shift for his Livelihood by teaching a Schole, till by a Dis-ease in his Eys, while yet a Young-man, he was made Blind, wandering through several Cities of *Greece*. He sometimes subtilty by repeating *Verses*, casually compos'd, to the People: and at length entertained by several Persons, that admired his Learning, he compos'd those Immortal Works of his *Iliads*, and *Odyssey*. He dyed in *Ire*, (in his Voyage to *Athena*) where the Inhabitants built him a Tomb. Vide *Hierodotus*. de *Homero*

Pafs to succeeding Times: Thrice happy You,  
(n) *Æacides*, to whom it happ'n'd, to  
The World by such a Tongue to be express'd:  
For by his Verse thy Valour still increas'd.  
But what's that Troop, that such Applauses give,  
Seeking the Ghosts of *Heroes*, and receive  
The Greater Shades? With that *Achilles* He,  
And mighty *Hector*, is amaz'd to see.  
And then the Valiant *Ajax* stately Pace  
Admires, and *Nestor*'s venerable Face.  
But he was pleas'd, when he beheld the Two  
Renown'd (o) *Atrides*, and *Ulysses*, who,  
In Prudence, equal'd great *Achilles* Deeds.  
To these *Ledæan* *Castor*'s Shade succeeds,  
About to live; for then Alternate Light  
*Pollux* in Heav'n maintain'd. But, to his Sight  
Presented, strait *Lavinia*'s Shade withdrew  
His Face: for then the Maid advis'd him to  
Consider Womens Shades, lest rising Day  
Should summon Her (protracting Time) away.  
This *Venus* happy (p) Daughter is (said She)  
That *Trojans* long-deriv'd Posterity,  
Joyn'd to the *Latines*. Would you see the Bold  
*Quirinus* Bride? *Hersilia* there behold,  
Once by Her Sheepherd Husband ravish'd, when  
(q) Their Neighbours scorn'd such rough, unpleasant  
Yet She, well-pleas'd, his homely Cottage saw, (Men,  
And lay with him on Pallets made of Straw,  
And angry Sires, from vengeful Arms, withdrew.  
But now (r) *Carmenta*'s Godlike Gesture view;  
She was *Evander*'s Mother, and Divin'd  
Your present Labours. If you have a minde  
To see the Face of (s) *Tanaquil*: that's She,  
Whose Chaster minde prevail'd in *Augury*,

F f f

And

(n) *Achilles*.(o) *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*.(p) Being Wife to *Antenor*, Son to *Venus* and *Anchises*.(q) When *Romulus* had built his City, and the Inhabitants so increas'd, that it was now time to form a civil Society: He sent Embassadors to his Neighbours to demand of them *Wives*, which they then wanted. But his Embassies every where rejected. He, precluding the Celebration of *Games* to *Nepesine*, the *Scabians* coming with their Wives and Children, invited as well by Curiosity to see the News, as Devotion, while they were intent on the Celebration of the Festival, the *Romans*, seeing all the *Virgins* that came with them, forced the rest out of the City. The *Scabians* returning, armed to revenge this Violence, these *Virgins*, now their *Wives*, became *Mediators* between their *Husbands* and *Parsons*, and made the *Romans* and *Scabians* one People.(r) *Carmenta* was a Prophetess, in whose honour the *Roman Matrons* (as to a Goddess) celebrated an Annual Feast called *Carmentis*.(s) *Tanaquil*, who married her Husband *Evander* (a Stranger at *Rome*) to repair himself, to offer himself after the Death of *Numa* *Pompilius* to be their King, and as they came to the Gates, sitting with his Wife in their Cart, an Eagle gently took off his Cap, and, hovering awhile over his head, put it on again: by which *Numa* encouraged, *Tanaquil* persuaded him to enter the City, and, not long after *Numa* dying, he was elected King.

And to her Husband did his Throne foreshew,  
 And in the Bird the Gods propitious knew.  
 There see, of *Romane* Chastity the Grace,  
*Lucretia*, glorious in her Death, her Face,  
 And Eys fix'd on the Ground still bears. Thou (*Rome*)  
 Must not, alas! nor doth it Thee become  
 To wish the long Fruition of so great  
 A Praise. Near Her, *Virginia* see; who, yet  
 The Wound retaining, in her bleeding Breast,  
 (Sad Monument, that Chastity exprest  
 Defended by the Sword!) <sup>(1)</sup> her Father's hand  
 Applauds, in that dire stroke. Next her doth stand  
 The famous *Clelia*, who to fly thy Yoak  
 (*Porfenna*) her Weak Sex condemn'd, and broke  
 The *Lidian* War, and *Tyber*: such, as She  
 (A Virgin) *Rome* once Wish'd her Men to be,  
 This sudden Apparition much Dismaid  
 Yong *Scipio*, who, more enquiring, said;  
 What may those guilty *Manes* be, and why  
 Are they Tormented? She gave this reply.

(1) *Virginia*, the Daughter of *Tullius*, who being vitiated by *Appius* *Clavellus*, her Father to provoke the people against him, bringing her in to a publick Assembly, stab'd her, and, shewing the Knife all bloody to the people, declared, he rather chofe, that his Daughter should so dy, then not be free from the violence of *Appius*. See *Liv. lib. 1.*

(2) *Tullia*, the Wife of *Tarquinius* *Superbus*, who drove her Chariot over the body of her Father *Servius* *Tullius*, whom she had murdered, to raise her Husband to his Throne.

(3) An Eagle.

(4) *Tarpeia*, the Daughter of *Tarpine* Keeper of the *Capitol*, who contracted with the *Sabines* to betray to them the *Capitol*, on Condition, she might have all that they wore on their left Arms (meaning their Brocetts) the *Sabines* entering, as she opened the Gates, threw upon her so many Shields from their left Arms, that she was press'd to death with the weight of them.

That <sup>(2)</sup> *Tullia*, who with her Chariot tore,  
 And broke her Father's Members, and stood o're  
 His trembling Face with her contracted Reins,  
 That She may ne'er be free from lasting Pains,  
 Swims in hot *Phegethon*, that, rapid, springs  
 From smoking Furnaces, and upward flings  
 Burn'd Rocks, made harder by the River's Heat,  
 And still with Flaming Flints her Face doth beat.  
 But She, whose Lungs a Bird's sharp Bill destroys,  
 (Hark! with his beating Wings how great a Noise,  
 Returning to his Food, the <sup>(3)</sup> Bird of *Jove*  
 Now makes!) Oh horrid Wickedness! for Love  
 Of Gold, the *Capitol*, that Treach'rous Maid  
 (<sup>(4)</sup> *Tarpeia*) to the *Sabine* Troops betray'd.

Then

Then dost not see? (for lighter Crimes our Laws  
 Scarce touch) dire *Orcus* still with hungry Jaws  
 Doth bark? Of old the monstrous *Guardian* He  
 Of the *Iberian* <sup>(1)</sup> heard, and eagerly  
 Assaulteth with his Teeth, and fiercely Trails  
 The Entrails out with his polluted Nails.  
 Yet is the Punishment inferiour to  
 The Sin, that <sup>(2)</sup> *Vesta* voluntary threw  
 Her Virgin *Zone* away, and sacred Rites  
 Of *Vesta* stain'd. But now these sev'ral Sights,  
 Which you have seen, sufficient are, I strait  
 To Thee (concluding) will enumerate  
 Some Souls, that now Oblivion drink (they are  
 But few) and so again to Night repair.

(1) *Gerion*.

(2) Those *Vestal Nuns* were chosen into that Order at sixteen years of age, and were to continue so thirty years, after which they might marry (though few did) but if, while Devotes, any chanced to violate their Vow, they were buried alive.

That <sup>(3)</sup> *Marinus* (for the Time's not long when he  
 Shall go into *Ethereal* Light) shall be  
 Your *Consul*, and shall long Command procure  
 From humble Birth. Nor shall *Sylla* endure  
 Long to drink drowsy *Lethe*, or Obey.  
 Fate, which no God can Change, and Life away  
 Him call. He first shall Seize, as by Assault,  
 The Empire, but the glory of his Fault

(3) The *Sibyl*, having shewed him the Souls of such as had lived on Earth, now following the opinion of *Plato* (in *Phaedo*) that Souls created must have some place of abode before they entered Bodies, shews him the Souls, which after they had drunk of *Lethe* (that is Folly, and Forgetfulness of their Original) were to live on Earth. Among other, *Marinus*, who of a mean Person came to be *General* in the War against the *Cimbri*, over whom he triumphed, and, after strange variety of Fortune, dyed in his seventh *Consulship*.

<sup>(4)</sup> Shall be, that he shall it restore alone,  
 And in so great a Name there shall be none,  
 That shall desire to second *Sylla*. He,  
 Whose Hair erect on's rugged Front, you see  
 Is *Pompey*, a most glorious Head on Earth,  
 And by the World belov'd. But He, that Birth  
 O'th' Gods, who lifts his Starry Head so high,  
 As *Cæsar*, of *Ju's* Progeny,  
 When these break from their dark Abodes, by Sea,  
 And Land, how great, how mighty things will they  
 Attempt? Alas, how oft will they Contend  
 In Fight through all the World? nor in the End,

(4) *Sylla*, who, after he had cruelly afflicted the Common-wealth, and assumed to himself absolute Authority over the Lives, and Estates of the *Romans*, voluntary laid down his *Diktatorship*, and retired to *Peiredi*, where he lived privately, and restored them to their Liberty.

F f f 2

Shalt

Shalt thou (the Conquerour) less Guilty dy,  
Then He, o're whom thou gain'st the Victory.

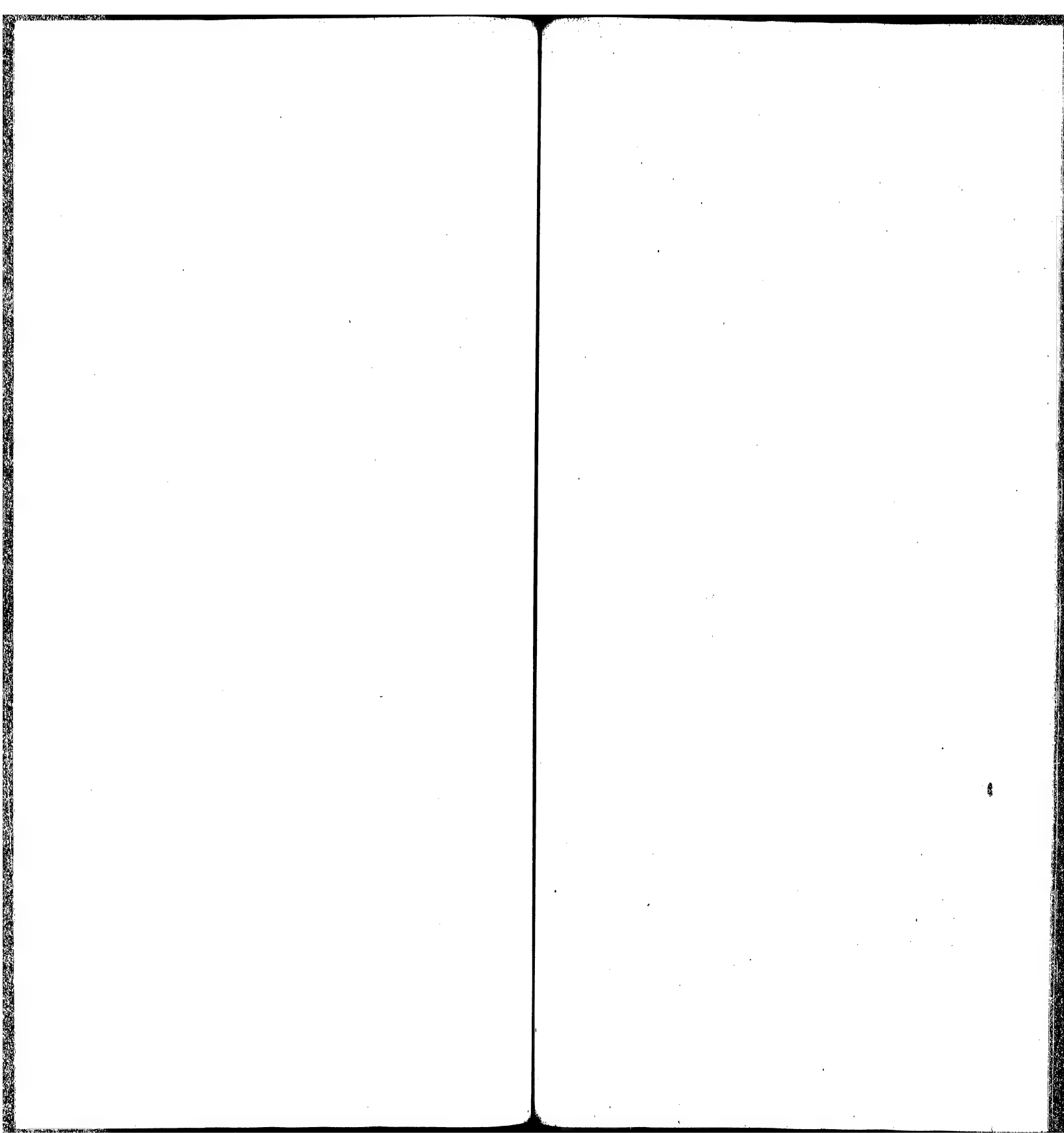
Then *Scipio*, Weeping, said: It grieves me much,  
That the sad Order of Affairs is such  
For *Italy*. But if, when Life is done,  
There be no Pardon, and ev'n Death must run  
The hazard of Desert; say, in what part  
Of *Phlegethon*, his Sins still burning smart  
Shall *Hannibal* endure? or, tell me, where  
Shall a fit rav'nous Fowl for ever tare  
His Limbs, which for her Food shall still encrease?  
Oh! fear not that, exclaims the Prophetess,  
A Life inviolate he shall not lead,  
Nor in his Country shall his Bones, when Dead,  
Be lay'd to rest. For when he shall in Fight  
Be Vanquish'd, and all his Forces quite  
Dispers'd, he shall endure to be O'rethrown,  
And beg inglorious Safety. *Macedon*,  
For War, shall give him Hopes again to rise  
In Arms; and then (condemn'd for Treacheries)  
His constant Wife, and Son forsaken, He  
Shall *Carthage* quit, and through the *Ocean* flee  
In a small Ship. *Cilician Taurus* then  
Hee'l visit. But (alafs!) how foolish Men  
Will rather choose hard Servitude to bare,  
The Hot, and Cold Excesses of the Air,  
With Hunger, Flight, and Seas; then once to Dy.  
He, after these great Wars, in *Italy*,  
A Servant to th' *Affryan* King shall be,  
And thence, depriv'd of his Desire to see  
*Ausonia* embroil'd, with doubtful Sails  
Shall put to Sea, until, with lazy Gales,  
Brought to the *Prusack* Coast, grown weak with Age,  
He in another Service shall engage,

And,

And, through that Kingdom's Aid, a Shelter finde:  
Till, that their Enemy may be resign'd  
The *Romanes* urging, secret Poison there  
In Haste he drinks, and from continual Fear  
Absolve the doubtful World. Thus having said,  
To hollow Shades of *Erebus* the Maid  
Again withdraws; and *Scipio* strait ascends  
Unto the Port, and his rejoicing Friends.

*The End of the Thirteenth Book.*







# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Fourteenth Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sicilia describ'd: the wanton King  
Is slain. The Libyans, and the Romanes bring,  
Into that Land, their Arms. What Victories  
Marcellus gain'd. Both sides have their supplies  
From the divided Land. By Land, and Sea,  
To Syracusa's Walls the Romanes lay  
Close Siege. What Arts by Archimedes were  
Found out, for their repulse. New Aids appear  
From Libya by Sea. A Naval Fight,  
Wherein some Libyan Ships are put to flight,  
Some Captive made, some sunk. Both Armies are  
Infected by a Plague: which ceas'd, the War  
The Romanes strait renew. To one Assault  
Rich Syracusa yields: the Souldier's Fault,  
Who Archimedes, as He Figures drew,  
Sendious, upon the Sand, not knowing, slue,  
The General deplores. What praises I-se  
Defer'd, whose Mercy crown'd his Victory.*

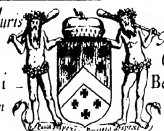


*EE Pow'rs of Helicon, now turn  
your Lays  
To Sicily, and the Ortygian Seas:  
Sometimes to Dauidian King-  
doms your Reforts  
To make; sometimes to the Si-  
canian Ports,*

Or



*Pluviantem Lusu, & miscentem turpia duris  
Muneri obtruncant. Juncum. —*  
*Nec iam Molus Ensis addunt:  
Femineum Cilem, atq; modicum rupis Sacerum  
Corpora proferunt Ferro. —*  
*Secretissimus Dno Domino Joanni  
Cornubus. Tabula Summa cum*



Or Macedonian Palaces to see,  
And the *Achaïck* Land, your Task must be :  
Or wandering, where *Sarddan* Floods enfold  
Your Steps; or, where in Cottages, of old,  
The *Tyrians* reign'd, to go; and farthest Day  
To visit; and where Earth's vast Globe by Sea  
Is Limited: all this the *Scenes* of War,  
That, in their sev'ral Quarters, Acted are  
By *Mars*, require. This therefore We must do,  
And, where the War, and Trumpets call, pursue.  
Of large extent, a Port of *Italy*,

(a) *Sicilia* was anciently called *Trinacria* from her three *Straites*, *Pachynus*, *Pelorus*, and *Lilybaeum*. It was an old *Opinion*, that it was once joyned to *Italy* by that Neck of Land, where *St. Paul* now *Recess* stands; but to be torn from it, by the violence of the sea.

(a) *Trinacria* was, till once Assaulted by  
*Neotus*, and raging Waves, against it heav'd  
By the Cœrulean *Trident*, it receiv'd  
The Ocean in: for, by an hidden way,  
The Earth's torn Entrails the impacted Sea  
Aunder threw, and, breaking through the Land  
With a full Tide, at once the People, and  
The Cities, by the Tempest's secret Force  
Bore quite away. Since, keeping that Divorce,  
By an impetuous Flood, th' unruly Main  
Permits not the Disjoyn'd to meet again.

But yet the space, that the two Lands divides,  
As Fame reports (so narrow are the Tides,  
That run between) Barking of Dogs, and Lays  
Of early Birds, to either Side conveys.  
So rich the Soil, that it the Garners fills  
Of Husband-men: with Olives shades the Hills,  
Titles creats to *Bacchus*, and swift Steeds,  
That will endure the sound of Trumpets, breeds.  
*Cœcropsian* Tapers *Hybla*, ev'ry where  
Renown'd, from her sweet *Nectar*, kindles: there  
*Pæonian* Streams with secret Sulphur spring;  
There, by the *Muses* grac'd, fam'd *Poets* Sing

Worthy

Worthy *Apollo*, who their Lays diffuse  
Through Sacred Groves: whose *Syracusan* (b) *Muse*  
Makes *Helicon* resound. The People are  
In Language prompt; but, when employ'd in War,  
Their Ports are Crown'd with Trophies, from the Seas.  
After the Reign of dire (c) *Antiphates*,  
And *Cyclops* Rule, *Sicanian* Plows began  
First to turn up the untill'd Ground, and then  
From high *Pyrene* thither People came;  
Who on the vacant Land impos'd the Name  
Of an *Iberian* River. After these,  
There soon arriv'd stout Bands of *Ligures*,  
By (d) *Siculus* Commanded, who by War  
Possess'd the Land, that still his Name doth bare.  
Nor was it Loss of Fame, or held a Shame  
For *Siculus* to change *Sicania*'s Name.  
Next Neighbouring *Minos*, making his Demands  
Of *Dadalus*, his *Eteocretian* Bands  
Led to the hapless War: and, after He  
A Judg of Hell, through cruel Treachery,  
And Plots of the *Cocalides*, was made,  
Weary of making War, his (e) People lay'd  
Their Arms aside, and dwelt in *Sicily*.  
*Trojan Aæstes*, then, his Progeny  
Had mix'd with *Trojan Helymus*, who there  
(Some Bands of Youth soon following) first did rear  
Those Walls, that since from Them retain the Name.  
Neither are *Zancle*'s Walls obscure in Fame,  
Which *Saturn*, laying down his Sickle there,  
(f) Renown'd. But in th' *Ennean* Land none are  
More fam'd, then those were Founded by the Name,  
That thither from (g) *Sisyphian Istmus* came,  
And, in the (h) *Ephyraean* Offspring, all  
Doth much Excel. Here doth *Alpheus* fall  
G g g Into

(b) *Thucydides*, born in *Syracuse*, whom *Virgil* imitated in his *Buc-*  
*lick*.

(c) *Antiphates* was King of the  
*Laftrigians*, who were *Antitrop-*  
*ophagi*, *Man-Eaters*.

(d) The *Ligurians*, vexed by their  
Neighbours the *Syracusans*, and other peo-  
ple of *Calabria*, under the Conduct  
of *Siculus*, pass'd over into *Sicilia* (then  
called *Sicania*, from the *Spermatids*  
that had planted themselves, and called  
it so from a River, or rather from their  
Leader *Siculus*) and, feeling there,  
changed the former Name to that,  
which now it bears. See *Dionysius*. *Hali-*  
*car. lib. 4.*

(e) *Minos* (reign'd by the *Patri-*  
to be one of the *Judges* of Hell) pur-  
suing *Dadalus* into *Sicily*, the King  
*Cocalus* treated with him, and pro-  
mised to perform all he desired, invited  
him to his Palace, and distill'd him in  
a Bath; (as *Diogenes Siculus* affirms)  
though the *Patri* follows the Report,  
that he was murdered by the Daugh-  
ters of *Cocalus*. After his Death his  
People, wanting their King, and their  
*Slopt*, all burned by the *Sicilians*,  
laid down their Arms, became *Sicili-*  
*ans*, and built a City, in Memory of  
their King, called *Minoa*.

(f) The Land about that City  
being very fertile, the *Patri* reign'd  
*Saturn* to have dropt his Sickle there.

(g) *Sisyphus* was King of *Coriath*,  
whence *Archeus* came with a Colony,  
and built *Syracusa*.  
(h) *Cosmopolitan*.

Into his *Aretusa's* fishy Springs,  
 And of a Sacred Crown the Figure brings.  
 But in *Trinacrian* Caves the <sup>(1)</sup> *Lemnian* God  
 Delights, and there hath settled his Abode.  
 For feeding, under ground, in Forges vast,  
*Lipare* from her hollow Head doth cast  
 A sulph'rous Smoak. But her continual Fires  
*Aetna*, inflam'd, from trembling Rocks expires;  
 While, with included Groans, the raging Sea  
 She imitates, and restless, Night, and Day,  
 Through secret Ruptures murmuring Thunders. So  
 From *Pblegethon* the flaming Billows flow,  
 And from the melting Caverns rolls (among  
 Those pitchy Tempests) half-burnt Rocks along.  
 But though, within, it boileth with so Dire  
 A Storm of Flames, and still-encreasing Fire:  
 Yet White upon the Top, 'tis strange to tell,  
 How near those very Flames the Snow doth dwell;  
 How th' burning Rocks are with Eternal Cold  
 Congeal'd, and horrid; and how they behold  
 Perpetual Winter on the Mountain's Head,  
 And Snow with glowing Ashes overspread.  
 What should I say of the *Æolian* Land?  
 That Dwelling of the Winds, and Bars ordain'd  
 'Gainst Storms? Here, wash'd by the *Ionian* Main,  
 Turn'd to that Land where <sup>(2)</sup> *Pelops* once did Reign,  
<sup>(3)</sup> *Pachynus* Cliffs appear: There opposite  
 To *Libya*, and the raging <sup>(4)</sup> *Cauri's* Spite,  
 The noble *Lilybeum* hath in view  
 The bending <sup>(5)</sup> *Chele*. A third Frontier to  
 The Shore extended, and to *Italy*  
 Oppos'd, upon the other Side, the high  
<sup>(6)</sup> *Pelorus* riseth, with an Hill of Sand.  
 Here long in Peace did *Hieron* command

His People, with a milde, and easy Sway,  
 And ne're the Hearts of those, that did Obey,  
 With cruel Fears perplex'd! nor could He be  
 Induc'd to violate that Faith, which he  
 Had at the Altars sworn. For many Years  
 His Social League, with the *Ansonian* Peers,  
 Entire he kept. But, when the Fates dissolv'd  
 His aged Life, the Fatal Crown devolv'd  
 To's eldest Nephew, and unto that Court  
 (Of late so Good) unruly Minds resort.  
<sup>(1)</sup> Not sixteen Years of Age the King had known,  
 When he Eclip'd the Glory of his Throne;  
 Unable to sustain his Kingdom's Weight,  
 Too Confident of his too fickle State.  
 In a short time all Crime's protected by  
 The Force of Arms; there all Impiety  
 Familiarly was known: the very Name  
 Of Justice banish'd, and a modest Shame  
 Was in the King held Vile. His Mother's high  
 Descent from *Pyrhus*, the great Family  
 Of antient *Æacus*, and *Thetis* Son,  
 (In Verse Eternal) spurr'd this Fury on  
 To that so great a Precipice. And strait  
 His Breast's invaded by a sudden Heat,  
 To favour the Designs of *Libya*,  
 And, this his Sin admitting no Delay,  
 He makes new Leagues; by which it was agreed,  
 That the *Sidonian* Army should recede  
 From *Sicily*, if they the Conquest gain'd.  
 But yet his Punishment for this remain'd  
 Still fix'd, and dire *Eirmys* him a Tomb  
 Ev'n in that Land deny'd, where he no room  
 Would yield to his Ally. For some, whom Ire,  
 And dayly Fears, invited to Conspire,  
 His

(1) This young King, given over to *Luxury*, which soon after drew him into *Tyranny*, fell into such a Dislike with his People, that they rebelled against him, at a time when they were divided among themselves: some resolving on Defection from the *Romans*, others to adhere to them. But his Death gave the *Romans* the Advantage, of which *Marcellus* made Use, to the subduing of all *Sicily*, in taking *Syracuse*.

(Refolv'd his Youth no longer to abide,  
 Inflam'd with cruel Lusts, and bloody Pride,  
 And adding to his Tyranny abhorr'd,  
 And vilest Acts) him flew. And then the Sword  
 No measure knew. To this the Slaughter they  
 Of Women add, and seizing, as a Prey,  
 His guiltless <sup>(p)</sup> Sisters, kill them. Thus rag'd new-  
 Recover'd Liberty in Arms, and threw  
 The Yoak away. Some *Punic* Camps require;  
 Some the *Italian*, and known Friends desire:  
 Nor was there wanting some, that, full of Rage,  
 Refus'd in League with either to engage.

Such were *Trinacria's* Broils, such was the State  
 Of *Sicily*, by the young Tyran's Fate;  
 When high in Honour ( for, as 'twice before,  
 Then, a third Time, He *Latian Fates* bore)

<sup>(q)</sup> *Marcellus* with his Fleet arriv'd upon  
*Zanclean* Coasts: and, when all things were known,  
 The Murder of the King; th' ambiguous Minde  
 O'th' People; and what Places Arms had join'd  
 With *Carthage*, what their Strength, who firmly stood  
 In Amity with *Rome*; what vain, and proud  
 Conceits then <sup>(r)</sup> *Arethusa* entertain'd,  
 Who at the Gates his Entrance did withstand;  
 Close to the War he falls, and, with an high  
 Incens'd Breast, lets the whole Fury fly  
 O'f Arms, through all the Neighb'ring places. So  
 Himself, from *Rhodope*, doth *Boreas* throw,  
 And with Tenth Waves against the Earth doth raise  
 The Main, and, following th' ejected Seas,  
 Raves with his roaring Wings. By the first War  
*Leontine* Territories waisted are;  
 A Land, where once the cruel *Lestrygon*  
 Did reign. The *General* went, Furious, on;

To

To whom it seem'd all one, if slowly He  
 Subdu'd the *Græcian* Forces, as to be  
 O'recome. Through all the Plain they, Frighted, fly  
 So, as you'd think they were a Company  
 Of Women, that his Men at first withstood,  
 And *Ceres* Fields made Fertile with their Blood.  
 In ev'ry Place they're slain: nor, as they run,  
 Would furious *Mars* permit them Death to shun.  
 Such, as hop'd Flight some Safety might afford,  
 The *General* prevented with his Sword:  
 And, urging on his Troops, that seem'd too slow,  
 With his Shield's Point, exclaims: Go, quickly Mow  
 With your keen Swords that coward People down;  
 That in their Wraftling Exercise, alone,  
 Are Skill'd; whose lazy Youth with Joy affect  
 The slender Praise, to be with Olive deckt;  
 When they those easy Conflicts, in a Shade,  
 Have undergon, and a poor Conquest made.  
 This must your onely Honour be, if You  
 The Enemy, as soon as Seen, subdue.  
 This from the *General* heard, the Army, strait,  
 More furiously fall on, and press on Fate:  
 Now the sole Contest 'mong themselves remain'd,  
 Who should the Foremost be; what valiant Hand  
 The rest Excel in noblest Spoils. Not more  
 Enrag'd, the Billows of *Enripus* roar,  
 Broken 'gainst *Caphareus*: *Propontis* so  
 The bellowing Sea, with Violence, doth throw  
 From its strait Mouth: nor near the farthest Sun,  
 With greater Tumult, doth the *Ocean* run,  
 And strike th' *Herculean* Pillars. Yet in Heat  
 Of Blood, and Fury of a Fight so great,  
 Was the milde Grace of Noble Valour fam'd.  
 A *Tyrrhene* Souldier, *Afyllus* Nam'd,

At

(p) Such was the Rage, and Fury of the People, that, after they had slain the King, they fought out all of the Royal Family; and murdered them likewise. His two Sisters; and a Daughter of *Herc* (his Circumlocution) with her Daughters. *Liv.* 24.

(q) At the very time that *Marcellus* came into the Harbour of *Zancle* (which was capable of six hundred Ships, such of the *Syracusans* as desired Peace with the *Romans*, sent their Ambassadors to *Agrippa* (the *Prætor*) but before he had dispatched to the Consul *Marcellus*, Tidings came, that the *Carthaginian* Fleet arriv'd near *Pachynum*, which encouraged their Party within the City to break off the Treaty.

(r) *Syracusæ*, so called from the River.

At *Thrasimenus* Lake once Captive made,  
 The milde Commands, and easy Bondage, had  
 Of *Berra* undergone, and Home agen,  
 With his kinde Master's leave, return'd: and then,  
 Resuming Arms, his former Misery  
 Reveng'd in the *Sicilian* War: while He  
 Was mingled, in the midst of all the Fight,  
 And did by Chance on's Master *Berra* light,  
 (Who, to the League from *Carthage* sent, did there,  
 Entering the *Social* War, an Helmet wear  
 Of Brass, that, shutting close, secur'd his Face)  
 The Youth He with his Sword invades, and as,  
 Fainting with feeble Steps, he left his Stand,  
 And Backward went, o'rethrew him on the Sand.  
 Hearing the Conqu'rou's Voice, poor *Berra*, strait  
 His fearful, lingring Soul from instant Fate  
 Recov'ring, from his Chin the Fastning tares  
 Of his then treach'rous Helmet; and to Pray's  
 Had farther Language added: but, amaz'd  
 At that so sudden Sight, *Aylus* gaz'd  
 On his known Face, and, as his Sword he staid  
 With's Hand, with Groans, and Tears obortive said;  
 Oh! beg not Life; I pray, or Doubtful so  
 Entreat: 'tis just, that I defend my Fo.  
 He the best Souldier is, who first, and last  
 In War, defends his Faith. Me, first, Thou hast  
 Rescu'd from Death, and, not preserv'd by  
 Thy Fo, didst him preserve. I de not Deny  
 My Self (who have endur'd so much of Ill)  
 To be Unworthy, and deserving still  
 To fall into things Worse, should this my Hand  
 Not make thy Way where Fire, and Sword withstand.  
 And kindly raising him, as this he said,  
 With Life the Benefits of Life repay'd.

His

His first Attempts in *Sicily* thus blest  
 With Quiet; Troops *Marcellus* forward preft,  
 And his Victorious Eagles turning to  
 The *Ephyreian* Walls, he straitway drew  
 About the *Syracusan* Towr's a Line:  
 Yet did his love of Fighting now decline.  
 With grave Advice he strives to take away  
 Their blind Resolves, and Fury to allay.  
 But (lest perhaps they might refuse, or fear  
 To credit Officers, that so Gentle were)  
 The Siege with strictest Guards still forward went,  
 And He, with cautious Arms, then more intent,  
 Watch'd, fearless, in the Front, with secret Care  
 Designing Dangers, not expected there.  
 So in the *Po*, or in *Cayster*'s Streams,  
 Swims the White Swan, and, while her Body seems  
 Unmov'd, with the prone River forward goes,  
 And with her Feet through silent Surges rows.  
 But, while the Town, Besieg'd, still doubtful stands,  
 What to resolve; their Arms, and Social Bands,  
 Th' excited People, and the Cities sent  
 T'enforce the Camp. Thithert *Messana* went,  
 That lies upon the Sea, from *Latian* Ground  
 Too far disjoyn'd, by *Oscan* Tribes renown'd:  
 Then *Catinè*, too near *Typhæus* Flame,  
 And for two pious <sup>(1)</sup> Brothers known to Fame;  
 And *Camerina*, not by <sup>(1)</sup> Fates to be  
 Once mov'd: then *Hybla*, that presumes with Thee  
 (*Hymettus*) Hives of *Nectar* to compare.  
*Selinis*, that so many Palms doth bear;  
 And *Myle*, once a Port secure, but now  
 The Shore alone a Refuge doth allow,  
 And dangerous to such as scape the Sea.  
 Then lofty *Eryx* and *Centuripe*,

From

(1) *Catinè*, lying just at the foot of *Ætna*, was thence fired. When two Brothers (*Amphimachus*, and *Anapirus*) took their aged Father, and Mother, and carried them, through the flames, into Safety. Their Statues were after honour'd with an *Epigram* (more lasting, than the Brass, or Marble) by the Excellent *Clandian*, too long to insert here.  
 (2) Forbidden to be burned by the *Syracusan* Oracles.

From her high Mountain, with *Entella*, came,  
*Entella* plentiful in Wine, a Name  
 To *Troy's Aescles* dear. Then *Tapfos*, and  
*Aera*, that high on Icy Hills doth stand.  
 With these an *Agathyrnian* Band was there,  
 And *Tyndaris*, that glories in her Pair  
 Of *Leda's* (\*) Sons, and *Agragas*, that breeds,  
 And brings her numerous Troops of Warlike Steeds,  
 That all the Air inflame with Neighing loud,  
 And roll unto the Walls a dusty Cloud.  
 Their Leader *Grospbus* was, whose carved Shield  
 The Monument of antient Torture held;  
 A fierce Bull's Image; which, while Bodies, burn'd  
 By Flames put underneath, to bellowings turn'd  
 Sad Groans, and you'd believe some Oxen goar'd,  
 And driven from their Stalls, then truly roar'd.  
 But, this reveng'd, (\*) th' Inventaer of so Dire  
 An Art; did, bellowing, in his Bull expire.  
 Thither came *Hefa*, thither *Gela* came,  
*Gela*, that from the River takes her Name:  
 And the (x) *Pasici*, where the Perjur'd are  
 Tortur'd by present Punishment: and there  
*Trojan Aescles* was, and (m) *Acys*, who  
 Through *Ætna's* Vales into the Sea doth flow,  
 His dear *Nymph* washing with a pleasant Stream,  
 Once in thy Flame a Rival, *Polypheme*:  
 But, while He fled thy Barb'rous Rage, into  
 Small Streams dissolv'd, at once, he scap'd his Fo,  
 And his victorious Waters mix'd among  
 His *Galathea's* Waves. With These, along  
 Came Those, that murmur'ing *Alabii*; and those,  
 That *Hyspa* drink, and the perspicuous Flows  
 Of clear *Achates*: *Vagedrysa* too,  
 And *Hypates*, whose Chanel runs so low:

*Pantagya*

(\*) *Casper*, and *Pollux*.

(\*) *Perillus*, who invented for *Phalaris* (the Tyrant of the *Agragynian*) a Bull of Brass, into which when the Condemned were put, and fire plac'd underneath, their Cries imitated the bellowing of a Bull. Of this Torture *Perillus*, the Inventaer, made the first Experiment, condemn'd to by the Tyrant.

(x) Near *Palica* (now called *Palicena*) was a Temple (dedicated to the Gods *Palici*) in which were certain Springs called *Caps*, not very large, but extraordinary Deep, the Water of a fiery Colour, perpetually boiling up, but never encreasing, or diminishing. The Religion of the Place was, that, when any eminent Controvercie happened, that could not be decided, but by the Oath of the Parties, they were brought by the Priests to the *Caps*, into which they cast Tablets, on which they writ what they asserted by Oath. The Tablets of such, as swore Truth, swim: the other sink: and, before the perjur'd got out of the Temple, they were miraculously punished by Blindness, Lameness, or some other Judgment of Heaven upon them. See *Diadem Siculus*, Bk. 11.

*Pantagya* likewise, easy to be past,  
 Through his small Current; and, which runs so fast,  
 The Yellow-Stream'd *Simetbus*. *Therma* then,  
 Of old enrich'd with *Muses*, Arm'd her Men,  
 Where (1) *Hymera* descends into the Seas:  
 For it divides it self two sever'al Ways,  
 And runs to *East*, and *West*, with equal Force.  
 Two-Crown'd *Xebrodes* keepeth this Divorce;  
 Then which, no Hill with a *Sicanian* Shade  
 Doth rise more Rich: this lofty *Enna* made  
 A sacred Fortrefs to the Groves of Gods.  
 Here a dark Path to *Stygian* Abodes  
 A Cave, that opens wide the gaping Ground,  
 Detects, through which a strange new Lover found  
 A Way to unknown Coasts. *Pluto* this way,  
 Inflam'd with Lust, durst venture up to *Day*,  
 And, leaving doleful *Acheron*, above,  
 On the forbidden Earth, his Chariot drove.  
 Then, having Ravish'd the (2) *Ennean* Maid;  
 In Haste, retiring, his black Steeds, affrai'd  
 To view the Face of Heav'n, and flying *Day*,  
 Drove back to *Styx*, and hid in Shades his Prey.  
*Petreia Romane* Leaders then desir'd:  
 And *Romane* Leagues *Callipolis* requir'd;  
 And *Engion*, arch'd with Stone: and there they see  
*Hadranum*, and *Hergentum*, *Melite*,  
 Proud of her stately Webs, and wealthy Store  
 Of Wool: *Melaitè*, with a Fishy Shore:  
 And *Cephaladisa*, near the stormy Main;  
 Whose boist'rous Coast, in the *Cœrulean* Plain,  
 Feeds the vast Whales: the *Tawromenians* too,  
 Where Ships by dire *Carybdia*, in their view,  
 In quick-devouring Gulphs are swallow'd down,  
 And from the Bottom strait again are thrown

(1) *Hymera*, rising out of the Mountain *Xebrodes* (now called *Madeira*) runs *North*, and *South*, the Branches differing in their Nature. That, which runs *Northward*, and falls into the *Libye* Sea, is Salt: and the other, which falls into the *Tyrrhen*, is Fresh Water.

(2) *Persephone*. Of which see the excellent *Clamdon*.

H h h

Up

Up to the Stars. These *Latine* Arms approv'd,  
And under the *Laurentine* Ensigns mov'd.

The rest of the *Sicilian* People there,  
With <sup>(a)</sup> *Elysian* Vows, in Arms appear.  
A thousand were the *Agathyrsian* Bands;  
As many *Strongylos*, that South-ward stands:  
A thousand sent *Fajcellina*, the Seat  
Of the *Thoantean* <sup>(b)</sup> Goddesses: Thrice as great  
A Number gave *Panormos*; some, that kill'd  
Wilde Beasts in Chase; and some in Fishing skill'd;  
And some, that could the Birds from Heav'n allure.  
*Herbejos* then, nor *Naulochum* secure  
Of Danger fate: nor, with her Shady Plains,  
*Morgentia* from this treach'rous War abstains.  
Joyn'd with *Nemean* Forces, thither came  
*Anastra*; thither *Thipse* small in Name;  
*Netum* with these, and *Micidè* combin'd;  
With these *Achetum*, and *Sidonia* joyn'd;  
And *Depane*; and, vex'd with roaring Waves,

(a) This Defection of the Slaves in *Sicily* came to that height, that (with an Army of more than twenty Thousand) having war'd many Towns, and Cities in that Country, and among others *Trischala* (or *Tricula*) eminent for its Strength: they made one *Salentin* (to whom they gave the Name of *Tripho*) their King, and under his Conduct defeated *Lucius Lucullus*. *Tripho* dying, one *Athenian* succeeded, and proceeded against *Lucullus* his Successor, *C. Scervilius*, and continued thus in Arms four years, till *C. Actian*, who was Consul with *C. Marius*, subdued, and totally suppressed them. See *Pind.* *Sic.* 36.

(b) The Bird called the King-Fisher.

*Helorus*; and <sup>(c)</sup> *Triochala*, by Slaves  
Soon after Wafted; *Arabeia* fierce;  
*Ietas* high; and *Tabas*, to converse  
With Arms most ready; and *Cosysra* small,  
And *Mute*, which not *Megara* at all  
Exceeds in Bigness, came, with joynt consent,  
To *Libya's* Aid; with *Caulon* eminent  
For her calm Sea; when She the <sup>(d)</sup> *Halcyon* hears  
Singing; and the scarce-moving Water bears  
The swimming Nests on Surges strangely still'd.

But the fam'd City (*Syracusa*) fill'd  
Her spacious Walls with various Arms, and Men,  
Collected from all parts. The People, then  
Facile, and ready Tumults to desire,  
Their Leaders with this boasting Language Fire;

That

That their four Tow'rs, and Walls, no Fo, as yet,  
Had entred; That their Fathers saw how great  
A Cloud, so inaccessible a Town,  
Through situation of her Port, had thrown  
Upon the <sup>(e)</sup> *Salaminian*, Victories,  
And *Eastern* Trophies; when, before their Eyes,  
Three hundred Ships, and *Athens*, in whose Aid  
The Ruins of the *Persian* King were made  
To serve, in one great Wrack, while they sustain  
No Loss at all, were swallow'd in the Main.  
Two <sup>(f)</sup> Brothers (born in *Carthage*, and ally'd  
To *Carthaginians*, by the Mother's side,  
Whose Father, a *Sicilian*, banished  
From *Syracuse*, had them in *Libya* bred;  
In whom *Sicanian* Levity conspir'd,  
With *Tyrian* Fraud, the giddy People fir'd.  
Which when *Marcellus* saw, and that no Cure  
The Wounds of their Sedition would endure,  
(The War still growing, from the Fo, more high)  
He freight attests the Gods of *Sicily*,  
Thy Fountains, *Arethusa*, and the Lakes,  
And Rivers; That unwillingly he takes  
The War in hand, and that those Arms (which He  
Ne're of himself assum'd) the Enemy  
Forc'd him to bear. With that, the Wall he storms,  
And Thunders on the City with his Arms.  
An equal Fury them together all  
Draws on: on either side they Fight, and Fall.  
<sup>(g)</sup> With many Cov'nings seeming to invade  
The Stars in height, and by a <sup>(h)</sup> *Grecian* made  
Ten Stories high, which Shades of many a Grove  
Consum'd, a Tow'r there was, from whence they strove  
To roll down mighty Stones, and Engines, which  
With Fire were Arm'd, and pow'r down scalding Pitch.

H h h 2

Here

(e) The *Athenians*, after the vain Expedition of *Xerxes*, became so powerful, that they freed all *Greece* from the *Persian* Yoke, and, after, invaded *Sicily*: where, after several Conflicts in a Naval Fight before *Syracusa*, under the Conduct of *Nicias*, they were overthrown, and their whole Force repulsed, and beaten out of *Sicily*. See *Diodor. lib.* 13.

(f) *Hippocrates*, and *Epicydes*, whose Grand-father was banished from *Syracuse*, and fled to *Carthage*, where they were born, their Mother being a *Carthaginian*. See *Livy*, *lib.* 24.

(g) Of this, and other Engines, made by *Archimedes*, in opposition to *Marcellus*, see *Plutarch* in the *Life* of *Marcellus*.

(h) *Archimedes*.



Here *Imber*, at a distance having thrown  
 A burning Lamp, the Fatal Weapon on  
 The side had fix'd: The Fire, assisted by  
 The Force of Wind, quite through the Tow'r doth fly,  
 And through the lofty *Machine's* sev'ral Floors,  
 Increasing, climbs, and trembling Beams devours  
 With rapid Flames, which (Smoak, like Billows, thick  
 To Heav'n ascending) soon Victorious, lick  
 The shining Top. All places, fill'd with Smoak,  
 And Clouds of Darkness, with a fierce Stroak  
 Of Thunder dash'd, none escaping it, they all,  
 In one vast ruin, into Ashes fall.

Like Fortune on the other Side, by Sea,  
 The Ships attended. For, when nearer they  
 Unto the City, and the Houses, drew,  
 Where the Port brings the calmed Waters to  
 The Walls, a Mischief Unexpected there  
 Fills (by a new Device) their Hearts with Fear.  
 A Beam (exactly Smooth, and ev'ry where  
 Like a Ship's Mast, the Knots shav'd off) did bear  
 Strong Grapples, firmly fix'd, and seizing all  
 That Fought, from the high Rampart of the Wall,  
 Caught them aloft with Hooks of Ir'n, and to  
 The midst of all the City, backward, threw.  
 Nor did this Force thus to Is the Men alone,  
 But, when the Steel, impuls'd, was downward thrown  
 Upon a Ship, and the impetuous Stroak  
 Fix'd the tenacious Teeth within the Oak,  
 Aloft the Vessel's toft, and suddenly  
 The Chains, with Art, let loose (most Sad to see)  
 With such a Force into the Sea agen  
 Is thrown, that it there sinks with all the Men.  
 Beside these Stratagems, the Wall, by Art  
 Made hollow, narrow Loop-holes did impart;

Through

Through which, upon the Fo they might, secure,  
 Discharge their Weapons, from the Counter-Mure:  
 And this so cunningly Contriv'd, the Fo,  
 Through the same Way, no Shafts again could throw.

Thus <sup>(b)</sup> *Græcian* Policy, and Art excell'd  
 Their Arms, and both by Sea, and Land, repell'd  
*Marcellus*, with his mighty Threatnings, and  
 Before the Walls a dreadful War doth stand.  
 The Man (th' *Ithmick* Swains Immortal Fame)  
 In Wit, with ease, all other overcame,  
 That then the World produc'd. Not rich; but One,  
 To whom the Heavens, and all the Earth was known.  
 He, by the Sun's obscured Rays, at Birth  
 Of Day, could tell what Storms would fall: if Earth  
 Were Fix'd, or did Instable hang: why, bound  
 By certain Leagues, this Globe's encompass'd round  
 By *Tethis* Waves: the Labours of the Sea,  
 And Moon, what Laws the *Ocean's* Tides obey.  
 Nor is it vain to think, that He the Sand  
 Of the vast World could Count; who, by the Hand  
 Of a weak Woman, could, with so much Skill,

<sup>(c)</sup> Draw Ships, and heaps of Stones against an Hill.

While thus, with Stratagems, He wearied all  
 The *Teucric*, and the *Romane* General;  
 An hundred Sail of *Tyrian* Ships their Way  
 Made towards their Relief, and plow'd the Sea.  
 Erected now with sudden Hopes, their Fleet  
 Launch'd from the Port, the *Syracusans* meet,  
 And joyn with them: nor, on the other Side,  
 Was the *Aufonian* backward to provide  
 His Navy; but, with drowned Oars, apace  
 Cuts through the *Ocean*, whose beaten Face (cleave  
 With frequent Stroaks grows White, and, where they  
 The Billows, a broad Path of Foam they leave.

Both,

<sup>(b)</sup> *Archimedes.*

<sup>(c)</sup> *Archimedes*, to shew an Experiment of his Art to King *Hieron*, caus'd a very great Ship to be sink with its ordinary Burden: and, sitting on the Shore with a small *Engine*, which himself once moved, drew it out of the Water upon the Land. See *Plutarch*, *ibid.*

Both, equally, insult upon the Main ;  
 And *Neptune's* Empire with new Storms again  
 Trembles, through which their Shouts, and Clamours  
 And Echoes, full as loud, from Rocks rebound. (found;  
 And now, drawn out for Fight, the Warriours stood,  
 And compass with their Wings the spacious Flood,  
 And with their Naval Toils the War'ry Plain  
 Include. Both Navies, in like Form amain,  
 Came on, and with their Moon-like Circles crow'd  
 The foaming Waves. Now, no Delay's allow'd;  
 The dreadful Murmurs of the cruel Brals,  
 Sounding the Charge, through all the *Ocean* pass:  
 Which rousing <sup>(k)</sup> *Triton*, frighted him; their Yell,  
 And Noise, contending with his crooked Shell.  
 Scarce they the Sea rememb'ed, with so prone  
 A Fury to the Battel they go on,  
 And, standing on the Gallie's Margents, throw  
 Uncertain Darts, still nodding to and fro:  
 The Sea between them is with Weapons strew'd;  
 While the tall Vessel rising, as they row'd  
 With lab'ring Stroaks, the foaming Billows cleaves  
 With the black Keel, and so their Aim deceives.  
 But some in Fight were torn, and with the stroke  
 Of the Assaulting Ship their Oars were broke;  
 Some swiftly through the Bulk of others strike  
 With their sharpe Prows, and in the Breach alike  
 Are stop'd, and stop. But then, amidst them all,  
 A Gally (terrible to Sight, and Tall  
 Above the rest, then which none had before  
 More large been Lanch'd from the *Sidonian* Shore)  
 Strikes with four hundred Oars, at once, the Main,  
 And, Proud of her large Sails, that could retain  
 Strong *Boreas*, and gather ev'ry Blast  
 With her wide Yards, but very slowly past,

(k) is said to be *Neptune's* *Trident*.

If

If onely driv'n with Oars, She put to Sea.  
 The *Latine* Ships, more ready to obey  
 The Pilot's hand, and charg'd with fighting Men,  
 Made Way with more Celerity. Which when  
*Himilco*, through the calmed *Ocean*, spy'd,  
 Advancing, and commanded on his Side  
 To give the Charge, obliquely with their Prows,  
 All the Sea-Gods invoking to his Vows,  
 (As was his Custom) strait an Arrow to  
 Th' extended Nerve he fits, and gainst a Fo  
 Directs it with his Ey, and when, again  
 His Arms releas'd, he shew'd the flying Kain  
 Its Passage through the Air, his stedd' Look  
 Pursuing, brought it to a Wound; and strook,  
 Nailing it to the Helm, the Pilot's Hand;  
 Which, now, no more was able to command,  
 So maim'd, the yielding Stern, where he was plac'd:  
 And, while unto his Aid the Sea-Men haste,  
 As if the Ship were taken, midst them all,  
 With the like Fate, and Nerve, a Shaft doth fall  
 Again, which *Taurus*, as he undertook  
 The vacant Helm, quite through the Body strook.

But now, at length, a *Cuman* Ship broke in,  
 Which *Corbulo* commanded, and had been  
 With chearful Youths at *Stabia* fill'd, of late.  
 The <sup>(l)</sup> *Guardian* Goddess (neighb'ring *Venus*) late  
 On the high Poop. This charging very near,  
 The Object of all Shafts, amidst them there  
 Sinking, the yielding Waters doth divide;  
 And their Mouths foaming *Neereus* (as they cry'd  
 For Aid) fills with his Brine, and, as they strove  
 In vain, the Sea them sucking in, above  
 The Waves their Hands appear. But here, behold!  
 With an huge Leap, quite cros the Billows, bold

With

(l) It was antiently their Custom,  
 to have their *Tudlar* *Devices* at the  
 Poop of their Ships.

With Rage, leap'd *Corbulo* upon the Decks  
 (For now the Gallies, which strong Bands connex  
 Of Ir'n, a Tow'r of Oak brought up) and there,  
 Like a dire Comet, shaking, in the Air,  
 On the high Top, a flaming Pine, the Fires  
 With Brimstone fed, with which the Winde conspires,  
 Throws 'mong the *Libyan* Flags. The *Lemnian* God  
 Soon enters, and their Hatches, all abroad  
 Diffus'd, strait fills: the Rowers, full of Fear,  
 Forsake their Benches; yet, although they were  
 So hard Befet, the Noise of that so great,  
 And fatal Mischief, did not Penetrate  
 To those below, till running fiercely down,  
 By unctuous Lamps, and Torches thither thrown,  
 Victorious Flames whizz through the Hold. Yet where  
 From *Dardan* Fire, and Smoak, as yet, they were  
 Untouch'd, and Free, the dire *Himilco* held  
 His Gallie's Fate, and them with Stones repell'd.  
 And here poor *Cidnus*, while a flaming Brand  
 I'th' Air He brandish'd, from *Licheus* Hand  
 Into the Ocean, by a Mural Stone,  
 From the Decks, slippery with Blood, was thrown.  
 Then, with a filthy Stink, a Lamp the Air  
 Pollutes, and Hisseth on the Waves: and there  
 A missile Weapon *Sabrata* lets fly,  
 From the adored Poop: the Deity  
 O'th' *Libyan* Ship was *Hammon*, who survey'd  
 With his Horn'd Brow the Sea. Now, Father, Aid,  
 And graunt (Thou *Garamantick* God) that We  
 May 'gainst the *Romanes* sling sure Darts (said He.)  
 Then from the trembling Throng, as this he spoke,  
 A Cornel came, that through the Visage broke  
 Of *Neptune's* Neighbour, *Telon*: nev'rtheless  
 He, in the Gate of Death, doth forward press

On

On those, who Flying, in a Crowd, retir'd  
 Into a part o'th' Ship as yet not fir'd.  
 But, when th' inevitable Fire had past,  
 Like Lightning, through what'e're was next, at last,  
 The whole Ship to victorious Flames was made  
 A Prey: but first *Himilco*, by the Aid  
 Of a Sea-Rope (where *Vulcan* had not yet  
 Rais'd to extreamest height his *Stygian* Heat)  
 A little scorch'd, slips down into the Sea,  
 And, by the Oars of Friends, is born away.  
 Next, wretched *Batbo*, did thy Fate deprive  
 A Ship of a good Pilot, who couldst strive  
 With roughest Seas, and Weather by thy skill  
 The highest Storms; He could prevent what chill  
*Boreas* next day, or *Auster* did intend:  
 Nor, *Cynosura*, couldst thou, though thou bend  
 Thy Course obscurely, his still-watchful Eye  
 Deceive. When he perceiv'd their Misery  
 No Measure had; Thou, *Hammon*, who dost see  
 This our unequal Fate, receive (said He)  
 My Blood. With that, into his Breast he drives  
 His Sword, and in's Right-Hand the Blood receives,  
 Which largely, 'twixt his Sacred Horns, he pours.  
*Daphnis*, 'mong these, unhappy Fate devours,  
 (An antient Name) who chose to leave the Woods,  
 And chang'd his Farms for the perfidious Floods.  
 But how much more, under a Shepherd's Name,  
 Did the first of that Race excel in Fame?  
 To *Daphnis* the <sup>(m)</sup> *Sicelides* inclin'd,  
 And a *Castalian* Pipe to him the kind  
*Apollo* gave; commanding, when he lay'd  
 Himself along upon the Grass, and play'd,  
 To *Daphnis* the joy'd Flocks, through Medows, and  
 Through Fields, should haste, and Rivers Silent stand.  
 I i i When

(m) The *Auster* of Sicily.

When on his seven-fold Reeds he play'd, the Woods  
 He charm'd, the *Syrens*, in their briny Floods,  
 Forgot to Sing, and *Scylla's* Dogs no more  
 Would bark, a quiet Face *Charybdis* bore,  
 And 'mong the Rocks, the *Cyclops*, overjoy'd,  
 Would hear his Lays. But here, by War destroy'd,  
 Fell the whole Progeny, and that great Name,  
 So Amiable for his sacred Flame.  
 On smooching Planks fierce *Ornytos* away  
 Then swum, and lingred out a Death by Sea.  
 So *Ajax*, when her Thunder *Pallas* threw,  
 Did rising Waves with burning Arms subdue.  
*Marmarick Scyron*, wounded by a Stem's  
 Sharp Point quite through the Belly, part of's Limbs  
 Swum under Water, part above, and so  
 Through all the *Ocean*, on the Fatal Prow,  
 Is born away. The Ships the Fight pursue  
 Close, on both sides, and with a bloody Dew  
 From lab'ring Oars the Faces dash of those  
 That fought. With such fierce strokes *Marcellus* goes,  
 That his stout Gally overcame the Wind,  
 Which, as *Libeus* seizing fast behind,  
 Witheager Hands, endeavour'd to have stop'd  
 With a sharp Ax his Members off were lop'd,  
 And, sticking to their Hold, were born away  
 By the swift Vessel. In this bloody Fray  
*Æolides Podetus* did engage,  
 In a *Sicanian* Ship, although his Age  
 Not yet arriv'd to Man. He, whether by  
 Sinister Gods drawn thither, or his high  
 Hot spirit, and desire of War, not yet  
 Full ripe for Honour, painted Arms did fit  
 To his white Shoulders, proud so, with his tall  
*Chimera*, to disturb the Sea. Now all

Rutulian

*Rutulian* Ships, now all the *Libyan*, He  
 Better in Oars, and Darts Triumphantly  
 Outtrip'd, and *Aëolus* had already drown'd  
 In cruel Waves; *Aëolus* with Turrets crown'd:  
 Alas! vain Glory! that did then so ill  
 Persuade a Boy to Fight, which wanted skill,  
 While for *Marcellus* Crest, which then he wore  
 On's dreadful Caske, and Spoils, he doth implore  
 The Gods, as he, too rashly, did advance,  
 A deadly Wound by a returned Lance  
 He took. Oh how much prais'd, whither he threw  
 The <sup>(a)</sup> *Discus*, shining near the Stars; or drew  
 His Bow, and to the Clouds his Arrows sent:  
 Or run with winged Feet, and as he went  
 Scarce touch'd the Ground: or o're the measur'd Plains  
 By leaping past, taught by continual pains:  
 Enough of praise (fond Youth) didst thou acquire,  
 In such safe Conflicts, why didst thou aspire  
 To greater Deeds? When he was beaten down  
 And sunk, through num'rous Darts against him thrown,  
 Under the Waves, his shipwreck'd Corps, the while,  
 Deprived of his *Syracusan* Pile,  
*Cyclopean* Rocks bemoan, with *Cyane*,  
*Anapus*, *Arcthusa*, and the Sea.

But *Tiberinus*, in another place,  
 Where then the *Libyan* Admiral did pass,  
 Drives on his Ship, and freight they *Ido* cry'd,  
 And cast their Grapples in on either side:  
 The Ships stand bound unto the Combat; nor  
 With Shafts, and Darts, at distance thrown, the War,  
 Do they pursue; but Fight it near at hand,  
 And with the Sword, as in a Fight at Land.  
 Where the first slaughter open'd, and did shew  
 A passage, the *Italian* Ships broke through;

I i i 2

While

(a) *Discus* was a round *Quadratus* as  
 Lead, Stone, or the like: which was  
 used for Exercise, much like the *Shag*  
 among our Country People.

While the vast Chains, and Iron Bands his Friends  
*Mela* advis'd to break, and fointends  
 Such, as had Boarded him, to bear away  
 Farther, from their then equal Arms, to Sea:

Yong *Polypheme* in an *Ætnean* Cave  
 Was bred, and thence affected still to have  
 The Name of antient *Hercules*, nurtur'd by  
 A She-Wolf, when a Child; his Stature high,  
 And terrible of Bulk; a cruel Mind;  
 Rage ever in his Face; his Heart inclin'd  
 To Blood, as all the *Cyclops*: He, at length,  
 The Chains got loose, with all his Bodie's Strength,  
 Had driven on the Ship, and, in the Sea  
 Drowning his Oars, had born her quite away,  
 Had not *Laronius*, with a sudden Blow  
 Of's Lance, as he his Body rais'd to row,  
 Nail'd him to's Seat. Scarce he, in Death, forlook  
 What he begun: for, as its wonted Stroke  
 His Hand, then languishing, did still pursue  
 Upon the surface of the Sea, he drew  
 The lazy Oar; struck with the adverse Prow,  
 On one side, to the other, from the Fo  
 The *Libyans* throng'd; when with their sudden Weight  
 Oppress'd, Waves leaping in, on that side, strait  
 The Vessel under Water sinks, and there  
 Targets, and Creks, and useles Darts, that were  
 Pointed with Steel, with *Guardian* Gods, upon  
 The *Ocean* float. All Weapons lost: here One  
 Fights with a broken Plank, and so agen,  
 By Shipwrack, Arms himself for Fight; and then  
 Another, whom blinde Rage too rashly heats,  
 Spoils of her Oars the Ship, teras up the Seats  
 Oth' Seamen, and with no Distinction throws.  
 Neither from breaking Sterns, nor yet from Prows,

To

To deal intended Wounds, do they abstain,  
 And snatch up Weapons swimming on the Main.  
 The Waves at gaping Wounds break in, which strait  
 Their fleeting Souls with Sighs regurgitate,  
 Into the Sea. Some in a strict Embrace  
 Are drown'd, and, where no Weapons else have Place,  
 Kill, in their Death, their Foes. The Rage of those,  
 That from the Bottom rise, more Cruel grows,  
 And they resolve, for Swords, the briny Flood  
 To use, while Whit-l-pits, cover'd o're with Blood,  
 The turning Corps devour. Loud Clamours here  
 Are heard: sad Deaths, and Flight, and Groanings there,  
 With cracks of breaking Oars, and Stems, that beat  
 The Air with dreadful Ecchoes, as they meet.  
 Thus chaf'd, and overspread with War, the Sea  
 Grew hot; when, in a little Bark, away  
*Himico* stealing, weary of the Fight,  
 Towards the Coast of *Libya*, takes his Flight.

At length, both *Greeks*, and *Libyans* quit the Sea,  
 And now the captiv'd Ships are born away,  
 In a long Train, together link'd, to Land,  
 While some amidst the Deep still burning stand.  
 The *Lemnian* God shines o're the glitt'ring Seas,  
 Which brandish up, and down his trembling Rays.  
 There known at Sea burns <sup>(\*)</sup> *Cyané*, and here  
 The winged *Siren* burns, *Europa* there,  
 Who, in a white Bull's Shape, by *Jove* was born,  
 And cross'd the *Ocean*, holding by his Horn.  
 And *Xerëis*, who, with Hair dishevel'd, rides  
 A crooked Fish, and through the *Ocean* guides  
 The wat'ry Reins: there *Phyton* wand'ring o're  
 The Waves, and *Hammon* burns; with That, which  
*Elizæ's* Image, and, on either Side, (bore  
 With twice three Oars, did o're the Billows ride.

But

(\*) Names of Ships.

But chain'd *Anapus* to his Native Shore  
 Is drag'd, with nimble *Pegasus*, that bore  
 His *Gorgon* Wings up to the Stars; and that  
 Tall Ship, where Carved *Lybia's* Image fate,  
 And *Triton* Captivate, and *Ætna* high  
 With Rocks (where buried, deep in Flames, doth ly  
 Panting *Enceladus*) is drag'd away,  
 With their *Cadmæan Sidon*. Nor had they  
 To break into their trembling Walls delay'd,  
 Nor from the Temples of the Gods had stay'd  
 Their Conqu'ring Engins then, if suddenly  
 Rais'd by the Envy of the Gods, and by  
 Their Toils at Sea, a dire Contagion, and  
 Devouring Sicknes, had not set a stand  
 To all their Joys. For *Sol* with flaming Hair,  
 And influence of Fiery Stars, the *Air*  
 And *Gane*, that open lyes, and swells  
 With Fenny Waters, round, with noisom smells  
 Of dire *Cocytus* fills, and so pollutes  
*Autumn*, then Flourishing with store of Fruits,  
 And it inflames with Lightning: the thick Air  
 With Clouds of Darknes smoaks. Earth, ev'ry where,  
 Parch'd, with a vitiated Face appears,  
 Affords no Food, nor any Shadows bears  
 For fainting Man, and in the Pitchy Air,  
 Black Vapours move. Dogs are the first, that bear  
 The fury of this Plague; next, as they Flie,  
 Birds fall with flagging Pinions from the Skie;  
 Then Beasts within the Forests dy; at last  
 It creeps into the Camp, and there doth waft  
 Th' infected Troops: their tongues dry'd up, cold sweat  
 Creeps through their Entrails, or e their Limbs: the  
 Appointed for their sustenance, their dry, (Meat  
 And parched Jaws refuse to swallow: by

Sharp

Sharp Coughs their Lungs are torn, and, Thirsty, from  
 Their panting Throats, a fiery Breath doth come.  
 Their Eys, scarce able to endure the Light,  
 Sink from their crooked Noses, while they spit  
 Corruption mix'd with Blood; a shrivel'd Skin  
 Covers their Bones, the Flesh consum'd within.  
 Oh Greif! in their known Arms renowned, by  
 A lazy Death, the valiant Souldiers Dy:  
 Their stately Trophies, gain'd in many a War,  
 Are thrown into the Fire, no Med'cines are  
 Of Pow'r, but all too weak for the Disease.  
 Heap'd up, the Ashes of the Dead Encrease  
 To a vast Hill, though Bodies ev'ry where  
 Forfaken, and Unburied ly, through Fear  
 To touch infected Limbs. Thus sadly fed,  
 The *Acherusian* Plague doth farther spread,  
 And shakes with no less Grief *Trinacrian* Walls,  
 And on the *Libyan* Camp as fiercely falls.  
 Now, equal in their Ruin, ev'ry Place  
 The common Wrath of Heav'n, and the same Face  
 Of Death frequents: and yet no Force of all  
 These Ills could vanquish (while their *General*  
 Was safe) the *Romanes*: He, alone, secure,  
 Doth balance all the Woes, which they endure.

Soon, therefore, as the burning (p) Dog allay'd  
 His deadly Heat, and the Contagion stay'd  
 The greedy Hand of Death, (as when the Seas,  
 The *South-Winds* ceasing, their rude Waves appease.)  
 The Fisher drives his Bark into the Main.  
 So his Youth, waisted by the Plague, again  
 At length *Marcellus* Arms, and ev'ry Band,  
 Purg'd with due Sacrifice, now Cheerful stand  
 About their Ensigns, and o'rejoy'd appear,  
 That they then liv'd the Trumpet's Sound to hear.  
 Against

(p) The Dog-Star.

Against the Foe they March, well-pleas'd, that they  
 (If Fates determine so) in Battel may  
 Dy by the Sword; it grieves them for their Friends,  
 Who, like to Beasts, by such Inglorious Ends,  
 Their un-commended Souls expired in  
 Their Fatal Beds. Then to their Tombs agen,  
 And worthless Fun'ral Piles, they turn their Eys,  
 And rather wish, then see by Maladies  
 To be o'recome, to have no Graves at all.

The first, whose lofty Ensigns to the Wall  
 Advanc'd, the *Gen'ral* was. Their Faces in  
 Their Helmets hide that Leannefs, which had bin  
 Contracted by their lying still: and so  
 That Palenefs, which might animate the Fo,  
 Is from their Sight conceal'd. Then on they fall,  
 And in thick Bodies scale the batter'd Wall.  
 So many Houses, and strong Tow'rs by War,  
 Before unenter'd, by the Soldier,

(7) See *Plutarch*.

(7) At one Assault, are now surpriz'd. The Sun,  
 Where'er his Chariot through the World doth run,  
 Could not behold a Town, that might compare

(8) No City in the world was held  
 to be more Wealthy, having, till that  
 time, never suffered under the Fury of  
 a Foreign Enemy, but enriched by many  
 Victories.

(8) With *Syracusa* then: so many were  
 The Temples of the Gods, within the Wall  
 So numerous their Havens, and withall  
 Their Market-places, and their Theatres,  
 On lofty Columns rais'd, and mighty Bars  
 Contending with the Sea. Then add to these  
 Innumerable stately Palaces,  
 That, in long Rows, most spacious, appear  
 Like Countries; with the Groves, which Sacred were  
 To Sports of Youth, which Limits large enclose  
 With ample Galleries: then captiv'd Prows,  
 And Stems of Ships adorn the Temples, mix'd  
 With numerous Arms, that to the Gods were fix'd;  
 Which

Which or the *Marathonian* Fo had lost,  
 Or else were brought from Conquer'd *Libya's* Coast.  
 And there *Agathoclean* Trophies shin'd;  
 There *Hieron's* great Riches: there they finde  
 Antiquity by Artists Sacred made.  
 Not any Place, in any Age, ('tis said)  
 More glorious was in Pictures: there they take  
 All Works of Brals, that (1) *Ephyre* could make;  
 Garments with Yellow Gold contending, where  
 The Images in Texture breath'd: and, there,  
 What *Babylon* could boast engrav'd, or *Tyre*,  
 Proud in embroider'd Purple, could admire;  
 What in *Attalick* Arras Needles wrought,  
 And varied with Art, or could be bought  
 From *Pharian* Looms, with Silver Goblets, rich  
 With Gems, and Images of Gods, the which  
 The Deity, first giv'n by Art, retain:  
 Beside the Spoils o'th' *Erythraean* Main  
 Was made their Prey, with Fleeces, which from Trees  
 The *Serian* Women card. This Wealth, and these  
 Rich Houses, when the *Romane* General  
 Had taken; standing High, upon the Wall,  
 The City ('Trembling with their Shouts) he views,  
 And, when he found it left to his Refuse,  
 Whether the Fabricks, there, of Kings should be  
 Left standing, or the following Day should see  
 No Walls at all, he sadly Groans: and then,  
 (1) Griev'd, that so much was left to cruel Men,  
 He speedily recalls the Souldiers Ire;  
 Commanding, that the Houses stand entire,  
 And that the Antient Gods their Temples there  
 Inhabit still. The Conquer'd thus to spare  
 Was better worth then Spoil, and Victory stood  
 Content, and clap'd her Wings unstain'd with Blood.

(1) *Corinth*.

K k k Tears,

(1) *Marcellus* wept, both in de-  
 testation of the Fury of the Souldiers,  
 and in Commemoration of the Death  
 of *Archimedes*, who, notwithstanding  
 the great Tumults, at the Entrance of  
 the *Romans* into the City, was so in-  
 tent in drawing some *Mathematical*  
 Lines on the Sands; that, not mind-  
 ing a Souldier, who asked him, *who*  
*he was*, (for *Marcellus* commanded  
*Archimedes* should be saved) he was  
 slain by him.

(u) *Archimed.*

Tears, for Thee, likewise, from the *General*  
 (Thou fam'd <sup>(u)</sup> Defender of thy Country) fall,  
 Whom, drawing Lines, and Figures in the Sand,  
 (While in so great a Ruin thou dost stand  
 Untouched, and *Idæus* dost pursue)  
 By Chance an Ign'rant Common Souldier slew.

(v) *Marcellin.*

But now again their minds the People give  
 To Mirth, in which the Conquer'd seem to strive  
 Ev'n with the Conquerours. <sup>(x)</sup> He, emulous  
 O'th' nature of the Gods, preserving, thus,  
 The City, built it: which still stands to be  
 Aglorious Trophy to Posterity,  
 And shall continue, that the Manners, so  
 Of antient *Generals* the World may know:  
 Happy the People, if, as Antiently  
 In War, our Towns could now preserved be  
 From Spoils in Peace! for if his Care, by whom  
 (y) We now, enjoy our Peace had not o'recome  
 That boundless Rage of Plundering all: the Hand  
 Of Rapine had quite bar'd both Sea, and Land.

(y) The Poet here flatters *Domitius*.

*The End of the Fourteenth Book.*





# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF  
The Second Punick VVar.

*The Fifteenth Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Scipio (his Father, and his Uncle, slain)  
Made Consul, undertakes the War of Spain;  
Though but (\*) five Lustra old. The vain Delights  
Of Youth, to which fond Pleasure him invites,  
He flies, and Virtue follows. Then by Sea  
To Spain he hasts: and, in one happy Day,  
An Omen to his future Conquests makes  
New Carthage, which he, sudden, storms, and takes.  
His Chastity: that to her Princely Sponse  
A Captiv'd Feauteous Maid, untouch'd, allows.  
The Macedonian King incursions makes  
Upon the Græcian Coasts. Old Fabius takes  
Tarentum. The Numidian Troops surprize  
Marcellus by an Ambush, where he dies.  
His Obsequies by Hannibal perform'd.  
The Libyan Camp, in Spain, by Scipio storm'd.  
Young Hasdrubal over Pyrene flies:  
Persuades the Gauls with him, in Arms, to rise,  
And Italy invades, where he again  
Is by the Romans overthrown, and slain  
By Neco, who his Head upon a Spear,  
In Triumph, to the Roman Camp doth bear.

(\*) Twenty five years.



U T a new Care Rome's Senate  
now perplex

(The Nations trembling at their  
Loss) who next  
Should Rule, and undertake the  
War of Spain.

By a proud Fo both (a) Scipioes  
were slain

K k k 2

(Two

(a) After the two Scipioes were  
overthrown in Spain, (though Mar-  
tius had recovered very much) yet  
was the Terror of the Libyan Arms  
(joyned with the Infidelity of the  
Natives) so great, that all Men at  
Rome wav'd the undertaking of that  
War.



Non Subito assistunt dextrae Lenae  
Vincit. Illinc Virtuti Summa Voluptas  
Honoratissimo Viro Edoardo Nicholas  
Magna Britanniae Re: Regibus Secretario.  
Tabula Summa cum



Occupat inde prior Promissis Fisa voluptas.  
Cum Virtus, quas nam Inveniem Florentibus, agunt  
Pellicis in Frondes Annus?  
Equiti Auratae Serenissimus Carolo 3<sup>o</sup> & 4<sup>o</sup>  
& e Sanctoribus Consiliis.  
Observantia D.D.D.

( Two Warlike, Valiant Brothers ) hence a Fear,  
 Left the *Tartesiack* People should adhere  
 To *Tyrian* Laws, and dread the War, at Hand.  
 The State thus shaken, sad the *Senate* stand:  
 Looking about for Remedies, and pray  
 Th' Immortal Gods to give them One, that may,  
 With Courage, in the shatter'd Camp succeed,  
 As *General*. The Noble Youth, indeed,  
 Eager his Father's, and his Uncle's Shade  
 To vindicate, sad Troops of Friends diswade,  
 And, adding by their Sorrows to their Fears,  
 Sadly recount the Number of his Years :  
 Should he into that Fatal Country go,  
 Amidst the Ashes of his Friends ; that Fo'  
 He there must Fight, who had the Counsels foil'd,  
 And Arms of two great *Generals*, and boild  
 With Pride of his Success. Nor was it for  
 His tender Arms to Manage such a War ;  
 Or that Command, at such Unskilful Years,  
 To undertake. The Youth these Cares, and Fears,  
 ( Alone, retiring to the farthest Part  
 Of all his House ) revolved in his Heart,  
 Under a *Laurel* Shade. When suddenly,  
 Here *Virtue*, *Pleasure* there, ( her Enemy )  
 Descending through the Air, on either hand,  
 Exceeding Humane Stature, by him stand.  
 The One breath'd *Persian* Odours from her Head ;  
 Her Amber-Hair upon her Shoulders spread ;  
 Shining with Yellow Gold, a *Tyrian* Vest  
 She wore ; the Beauty of her Front express  
 The Bodkin's Art ; and from her Wanton Ey  
 The frequent Flames, with dubious Motion, fly :  
 A different Habit did the Other wear ;  
 Her Forehead rough, and never chang'd by Hair

Compos'd

Compos'd ; a studdy Look ; her Gesture nigh  
 To Man's, and such her Face ; with Modesty  
 Cheerful ; upon her lofty Shoulders shin'd  
 A Snow-white Robe. Then *Pleasure* first ( inclin'd  
 To promise Much ) thus seizeth him. What Rage,  
 What Fury's this ( brave Youth ) thy Flow'r of Age  
 Thus to Consume in Fighting ? Art thou so  
 Unmindful of dire *Camæ*, and the *Po* ?  
 Or *Troasmen*, then *Syx* more grievous far ?  
 To what end do you Thust the Fates, by War,  
 Provoke ? Th' *Atlantick* Kingdoms you prepare  
 To try, and *Tyrian* Houses. But forbear  
 ( Let me advise ) to strive with Dangers so,  
 Or thy Self rashly, as before, to throw  
 Into those Storms of Arms ; unless you shun  
 Those Rites, sad *Virtue*, here, will bid you run  
 Into the midst of Armies, and through Fire.  
 'Tis She, that ( Prodigal ) thy noble Sire,  
 Thy Uncle ( *Paulus* ) and the *Decii*, down  
 Into the Lakes of *Erebus* hath thrown ;  
 While Titles to their Ashes She proclaims,  
 And gilds their Tombs with Memorable Names.  
 Yet are their Souls Insensible what She  
 Performs. But, Youth, if Thou wilt go with Me,  
 In a smooth Path thy Days ( allow'd by Fate )  
 Shall pass. No Trumpet's Sound shall violate  
 Thy troubled Sleeps : nor *Northern* Frosts, nor Heat  
 Of burning *Cancer* shalt thou Feel. Nor eat  
 On Tables, oft compos'd of bloody Grails.  
 Dire Thirst, Dust, swallow'd under Casks, shall pass  
 By Thee, and Labours, undergone with Fear.  
 But bright thy Days, and all thy Minutes clear  
 Shall run. Thou may'st grow Old with dainty Fare.  
 What mighty things by God provided are,

For

For Man's more chearful Use? what Joys hath He,  
With a fall Hand, bestow'd? and Him to be  
Th' Example of a Quiet Life we finde,  
Living at Ease, with an untroubled Minde.  
I'me She, that *Venus*, near to <sup>(b)</sup> *Simois* Stream,  
Joyn'd to *Anchises*, whence the Authour came  
Of your Great Race. Ev'n I am She, for whom  
*Jove* sometimes hath been willing to become  
A Bird, sometimes a Bull; and this Advice  
Observe. Life swift from Mortals runs; nor twice  
Can any Man be born: away Time flies;  
And Hell's swift Torrent, swallowing all, denies,  
That You, if any thing hath pleas'd you here,  
It to the Shades below, from hence, shall bear.  
And who is He, that grieves not, at the last  
(Too late alas!) that all my Hours are past?

When She was silent, and an End had made  
Of Speaking. In what Darknes (*Virtue* said)  
What Cheats of Life, this Youth, in's prime of Age,  
Dost thou endeavour (flatt'ring) to Engage?  
Unto whom Reason, by the will of Heav'n,  
And a great Mind's celestial Seeds are giv'n.  
As much as Gods above do Men exceed,  
So They all other Creatures. For, indeed,  
Such Nature to the Earth, as lesfer Gods,  
Hath giv'n: and hath Condemn'd to Hell's Abodes,  
By fix'd Decree, degenerate Souls. But All,  
That keep their Heav'nly Seed's Original  
Entire, shall enter Heav'n. What should I tell  
Of great *Alcides*, who did all debel?  
Or *Bacchus*; whose Triumphal Chariot, through  
The Cities, fierce *Caucasian* Tigers drew;  
After the *Seres*, and the *Indians* He  
Had Conquer'd, and brought Home, with Victory,

His

His Ensigns from the *East*? What should I say  
Of those fam'd <sup>(c)</sup> Twins, to whom the Sea-men pray  
In Danger? or of your *Quirinus*? See  
How God to Heav'n hath rais'd Man's Face, which he  
Erect hath made! While Birds, and Beasts, with all  
Of baser Kinde, upon their Bellies fall.  
Thrice Happy and (if they the Gifts Embrace  
O'th' Gods) to Hon our born is Humane Race.  
Do but consider this; (I'll not repeat  
Too many things) by Valour, now, how Great  
Is *Rome* become? once, much Inferiour to  
<sup>(d)</sup> Threatning *Fidene*, and Content to grow  
In a poor Sanctuary. Then behold,  
What wealthy Cities Luxury, of Old,  
Hath overthrow'n! For not so much the Ira  
Of all the Gods, nor Swords, nor Foes conspire,  
To Ruin; as when Pleasure seizeth on  
The Minde alone. Thy sure Companion  
Is Drunkenness, with Riot: and on Thee  
Sill, with black Wings, waits Infamy. With Me  
Is Honour, Praise, and, with a chearful Ey,  
Glory, with fair Renown, and Victory,  
Unstain'd, as are her Snow-white Wings. His Head  
With Lawrel compas'd, Me doth Triumph lead  
Up to the very Stars. My House is Chast,  
And on a lofty Hill my Dwelling's plac'd.  
The Way, that up the stony Cliff doth go,  
At first is rough (I'm not Accustom'd to  
Deceive) and they must Labour, that intend  
To enter there. Nor doth that Wealth ascend  
With them, which faithless Chance hath giv'n, and can  
Force back again. Strait the whole Race of Man,  
(Standing above) beneath Thee, thou shalt see,  
And all things contrary to that, which She

Doth,

(c) *Caster*, and *Pollux*.

(d) The *Tidens* were a Colony of the *Fidenses*, seated on the other side *Tiber*, near the old *Territories* of the City of *Rome*. In the time of *Tullius*, King of the *Fidenses*, they (having been before subdued by the *Romans*) revolted to the *Fidenses*, and slew four *Roman* *Embassadors*, then joyned with the *Falisci*, and *Fidenses*, threatened the Ruin of the *Romans*: who, notwithstanding, under the Conduct of *Alamerus Amulius*, defeated them, and *Tullius* was slain by *Coratius Censor*; who, by that Victory, gained the next *Optimus* Spoils after *Romulus*.

Doth, flatter, promise, must be undergone.  
 You sleepless Nights, under the Stars, (upon  
 The hard Ground lying) must Endure. You must  
 Hunger, and Cold subdue: so strictly Just,  
 That, whatsoever things you take in Hand,  
 Think that the Gods as Witnesses shall stand  
 Of all your Deeds. Then, when your Country's, or  
 The Dangers of the State require, for War  
 Be you first ready, Hostile Ramparts scale  
 The first: let neither Gold, nor Swords prevail  
 Upon your Minde. Robes stain'd with *Tyrian Dye*,  
 And sweet Perfumes (in Men unbanesome) fly;  
 He bring to pass, that He, who now the Land  
 Infests with cruel War, shall by thy Hand  
 Be vanquish'd, and, the *Libyans* quite Destroy'd,  
 Thy Lawrel in <sup>(c)</sup> *Jove's* Bosom shall be lay'd.

(c) By an Ancient Custom, after the happy finishing of a dangerous War, and Continuation of Peace, the Lawrel of the General was deposited in the Capitol, in the Lap of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

This sung by *Virtue*, from her Sacred Breast:  
 The Youth, whose Looks approv'd what She express,  
 With these Examples joy'd, She turns: but yet  
*Pleasure* holds not her Tongue, but, in a Heat,  
 Exclaims. I weigh You not at all, 'twill come,  
 My Time (I'm sure) will come, when easy *Rome*,  
 With all her Might, my Empire will obey,  
 And unto Me alone will Honour pay.  
 Thus having said, shaking her wanton Head,  
 Into dark Clouds, from them, away she fled.

But the Youth, full of Precepts, and inflam'd  
 With Love of *Virtue*, so appearing, aim'd  
 At Mighty things, within his Heart: and then  
 Ascends the *Rosstra*, and, while other Men  
 So hot a Service shun'd, desires to bear  
 The heavy Charge of that ambiguous War.  
 The Minds of all intent upon him were:  
 Some thinke his Father's Eys, some thinke they there  
 Behold

Behold again his Uncle's furious Look.  
 But yet (though, with deep Silence, Terror strook  
 Their Hearts) sad with great Dangers: with their Fears  
 That War's great Weight they ponder; then his Year,  
 Their anxious Favour numbers. But, while they  
 These things, with their confused Murmurs, weigh;  
 From a cross Quarter of the Heav'n, behold!  
 A Serpent, shining Bright with Spots of Gold,  
 Seems 'mong the Clouds to pass, and, through the Air  
 Rays from the flaming Tract diffusing, where  
 The Clime to Heav'n-supporting *Atlas* tends,  
 The Pole resounding with the Noise, descends.  
 D *Jove* to the *Augury* adding twice, or thrice,  
 A shining Bolt, the scatter'd Thunder flies  
 Through all the shaken World. Then they command,  
 That, instantly, he take his Arms in hand;  
 And, humbly prostrate on their Knees, full low  
 Salute the Omen, and now bid him go  
 Whither (as it appear'd) the Gods did lead,  
 And the Path, shew'd him by his Father, tread.

And, now, with Emulation, such as are  
 Joyn'd in Affairs, and Ministers of War,  
 Together flock, and Earnest are to share  
 The hardest Labours: the same Arms to bear  
 With him, is Honour held. Then strait to Sea  
 Goes a new Fleet: on him *Ausonia*  
 Attends, and is transported into *Spain*.  
 As when dire Wars on the Cœrulean Plain  
 Fierce *Corus* makes, with hollow Floods, he heaves  
 The lofty <sup>(e)</sup> *Isthmos* up, and with rude Waves  
 Forcing, at length, through groaning Rocks, his Way,  
 Mingleth th' *Ionian* with *Ægean* Sea.

Stately, in Arms, shines *Scipio*, and, within  
 The foremost Ship, to *Neptune* doth begin.

L 11

Thou,

(f) As the *Romans* never enter, prized any thing of Moment without consulting their *Augurs*, so (the *Ob-lata Auguria*) the *Augur*, that happened of themselves (Good, or Bad) were more observed by them. And therefore (though not mentioned in *History*) the *Pœi* makes the Gods concerned to give *Scipio* an Omen both of *Thunder*, and the Appearance of a Snake, before mentioned, as the Shape, wherein *Jupiter* begot him.

(g) There are many *Isthmi*, but here, by way of Excellence, that of *Pe-loponnesus* (as the most eminent of Europe, separating the *Ægean*, and *Ionian* Seas) is intended.

Thou, God of Seas! through whose deep Empire We  
Are ready now to pass; if just it be,  
Which I intend, grant that this Navy may  
Go forward (Father!) and vouchsafe, (We pray).  
Our Labours to Assist! an Holy War  
It is, which now, I through the Ocean bear.  
This said, strait gentle, and propitious Gales  
Breath out, and forward drive the swelling Sails.  
And now the Fleet, where *Tyrrhene* Billows roar,  
Had Nimble pass'd from the *Ausonian* Shore,  
And by the Coast of the *Ligurians* ply'd  
With speedy Prows. When, far at Sea, they spy'd  
Earth (the high *Alpes*) the Stars invading: then

(b) *Masilia*, now *Marseille* (in *Provence*) first built by a Colony of *Greeks*, from *Phocæa*, (a small Region near the *Crisæan-Bay*) Commended by *Tully* (whom our *Poet* follows) for their strict Observation of their Ancient Civility of *Al. muni*, kept entire, notwithstanding they were encompass'd by *Barbarous Nations*, till they fell under the Government of the *Romans*.

(b) *Masilia's* Walls, built by the *Græcian*,  
With Nations proud begirt, and whom, with Rites,  
That Cruel are, her barbarous Neighbour, frights.  
But Hospitable, She, among those bold  
And Warlike Nations, still retains the old  
Rites, Manners, Habit, of *Phœcean* Greeks.  
Hence *Scipio*, by the Ocean's winding Creeks,  
Coast's on: at length, a lofty Hill appears,  
Where, on her Woody Top, *Pyrene* bears  
Thick Forests, in the Clouds, and then he sees

(c) *Emporie*, a City of *Hispania Tarraconensis* (Cataluña).

(c) The *Emporie*, that, by ancient Pedigrees,  
A *Græcian* People are: Then *Tarracho*,  
Where the (k) *Nysæan* Fruits in plenty grow.  
Then in a Port his Fleet, secure; he layes,  
And quits the Toils, and Terror of the Seas.

(k) Vines.

Now welcome Night, did Sleep, like Death, bestow  
On Men, when standing before *Scipio*.  
His Father's Ghost appear'd, and thus begun.  
Dear Son, thy Father's safety once: dear Son  
(Thy Father's Glory, after Death; by Thee  
The Land, that to these Wars gave Birth, shall be  
(Subdu'd; if they desire to Fight with Thee,

And

And all the Troops for Battel Muster'd are:  
Who is it, that the Triple Force can bare  
Of Furious Men? All dubious Acts by you  
Must be forborn: but Better things pursue  
With Diligence. There is a City Wall'd,  
And built of old by *Tæncer*, (*Carthage* call'd,  
By *Tyrrians* now possess'd; and, as there is  
Of *Libya* one, so of *Iberia* this  
Is the *Metropolis*: in Wealth excell'd  
By none, or Port, or Situation; held  
As Rich, as any, in her fertile Fields,  
And, with as active Vigour, Weapons yields.  
(1) This, while the *Generals* are turn'd away,  
Invade; no Fight so much of Fame, or Prey,  
Can give. These Counsels by his Father were  
Declar'd, and still he seem'd to advise more near;  
When strait the vanish'd Shade, and Sleep forsook  
The Youth, who, rising, humbly doth invoke  
His Father's *Manes*, and the Pow'rs, that be  
In *Stygian* Groves, by Name. Be You (said He)  
Our Captains in this War, and lead us to  
The City you have mention'd. I for you  
Will seek Revenge, and, when *Iberia*  
I have subdu'd, due Sacrifice I'll pay  
To You, in *Sarrane* Purple richly clad,  
And Sacred Games unto your Tombs will add.  
Then hastening on, with a swift March, his Bands  
He leads away, and over-runs the Lands.  
So from *Pisæan* Stables, once got loose,  
A Metled Courser, as a Conqu'rou, goes  
Before his Fellows, and (as if by Winde  
Begot) runs through the Air, and leaves behind  
The rest so far, that not the quickest Sight  
Is able to o'retake him in his Flight:  
L 11 2 Now

(1) The absence of the *Carthaginian Generals* (employed in reducing other parts of Spain, having placed here a strong Garrison, and, more [as by nature almost inexpugnable] much of their Wealth, with the Hostages of the *Spaniards* gave *Scipio*, both Time, and Courage to attempt it. The latter so much prevailing, that he spent only a Day of the former. The Governor *Arrio* (some call him *Mago*) yielding at a second Attack. It was first built by *Tæncer*, and much decayed in the time of *Hannibal* (Hannibal's Father) whose Successor *Heldrebal* so well repaired it, that he was by him held to be the *Fœnder*, and called it *Nov Carthago*.

Now th' seventh Day, by bright *Hyperion's* Flame,  
 Arose, when sensibly they nearer came  
 To the Town's Towers; whose Tops encreas'd, as they  
 Approach'd, and <sup>(m)</sup> *Laelius*, at his Time, by Sea  
 Arriving (as before the *General*  
 Appointed had) his Navy to the Wall  
 Draws up, and with his num'rous Ships, behinde,  
 The Town invests, *Carthage*, by Nature's kinde  
 Assistance, hath high Walls, which by the Sea  
 Encompass'd are, and, tow'rd the rising Day,  
 A little Isle, its narrow Mouth doth close.  
 But, where it looks to *Phœbus* fall, it throws  
 Up standing Pools, into a muddy Plain,  
 Which coming Tides encrease, and Ebbs again  
 Abate. But, where it Fronts the *Northern* Bear,  
 Standing upon a lofty Hill, it there,  
 Steep, to the Neighb'ring *Ocean* descends,  
 And with Eternal Floods her Wall defends.  
 But the bold Soldiers, as if, marching in  
 A Plain, they Conqu'ring Ensigns brought, begin  
 To climb the Hill. *Arris* Commanded there  
 In Chief, and, had against them, through a Fear  
 Of some Distress, himself with Aids supply'd,  
 And all the Hill, and Cattle fortifi'd.  
 A Fo the nature of the Place doth prove,  
 And with small Force, of those that fought above,  
 Th' Assaults tott'ring, through the places High,  
 And Steep, are tumbled down, and maimed Dy.  
 But, when the turning Tide retir'd again,  
 And, with a rapid Fall into the Main,  
 The Billows fled; where tall Ships, lately, Plough'd  
 The Waves, safe Passage *Xerxes* there allow'd  
 A Foot. And this Way noble *Scipio*,  
 Consulting with his Thoughts, resolv'd to go,

Draws

(m) *Laelius*, who then Commanded *Scipio's* Fleet, was appointed, with the Tide, to approach the City on this Side. But, his *Scallop Ladders* not well reaching the extraordinary height of the Wall, he was constrain'd, with some Loss, to retire. See *Livy lib. 16.*

Draws through the Sea his Men, and suddenly  
 Up to the Walls doth through the Waters fly.  
 And, when with Speed, behinde, they halt on,  
 Where *Arris*, trusting to the Sea, the Town  
 Had left without a Guard; strait (sad to tell)  
 His Neck in Chains, the *Libyan* Prostrate fell,  
 And bade the People all, disarm'd, to yield.  
 This City *Titan*, when he rose, beheld  
 Circled with Camps; and captiv'd saw the same,  
<sup>(n)</sup> Before in *Western* Seas he hid his Flame.  
 Th' ensuing Morn from Earth had chas'd away  
 Night's Shades, when first they Altars raise: then Slay  
 Unto the God of Seas, for Sacrifice,  
 A Bull; and so to *Jove*. Then equalize  
 Rewards to all Deferts: and, gain'd with Blood,  
 Valour her Crown receives. Here, shining, stood  
 One with rich Trappings on his Breast; and there  
 Another, on his Warlike Neck, did wear  
 A golden Snake: this with a Mural Crown  
 Was honour'd. But then, *Laelius* (in renown  
 Both of his Family, and Valour, all  
 Excelling) is created *Admiral*.  
 Besides a Gift of thirty Oxen, and  
 The *Libyan's* Arms that did, in Chief, command,  
 Then Spears to some, and *Martial* Ensigns are  
 To others giv'n (as they deserv'd) and share  
 Of Spoils. And when the Praise of Gods, and Men,  
 Was perfected, their Captive Riches then  
 Survey'd, and Prey lay'd up; this Gold was for  
 The *Senate*, and those Talents for the War.  
 This Kingdom they for Donatives Design;  
 That for the Temples of the Pow'rs Divine  
 Is Chiefly kept: whatever else remains  
 Rewards the Souldiers Valour, and their Pains.

Then

(n) They began the Assault in the Morning; and, about Noon, when the Tide was gone, *Scipio* Commanded longer *Ladders* to be brought (while the Enemy, fearing little on that Side, was wholly intent on the *Land*); and entering the City there, had it, before *Snefer*, in his possession.

(o) Among the *Cypriotes* a *Virgin* of irreconcilable Beauty, was brought to *Scipio*; who, finding her betrothed, to *Luccius* (a Prince of the Country) not only restored her Inviolate into his Hands; but gave with her a very large sum of Money (presented to him by her Parents in token of their Gratitude) as a Dowry from him. See *Life*, *ibid.*

(p) *Agamemnon*.

(q) The small City *Lyncestis*, taken by *Achilles*, in the Expedition against *Troy*, *Thetis* (*Deia* (or *Brieto*) the King's Daughter became *Achilles* Prize; but *Agamemnon*, who was *Generalissimo*, enamoured of her, took her from him.

(r) *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, entering League with the *Carthaginians*, fell upon the *Allies* of the *Romans*, and wasted all the *Grecian* Coast; till at length, recalled by Broils at Home, and the ill Success of the *Carthaginians*, he was constrained to accept a dishonourable Peace from the *Romans*.

(s) *Achilles*, from whom he descended.

Then the *Iberian* King, whose <sup>(o)</sup> Sponsal Flame  
Was fix'd deep in his Bones, as summon'd, came;  
To whom, much joy'd, his Spouse, a Virgin Fair,  
And Pure, he chearful gave. Then, free from Care,  
Their Tables spread upon the Neighb'ring Shore,  
And feasting High, with solemn Sports, before  
The rest, thus *Laelius*. Brave *General*,  
Go on, ador'd, for thy Chast Minde, through all  
The World! To Thee the Glory, and the Praise,  
And (celebrated in Immortal Lays)  
The Valour of great *Heroes* shall give Way.  
That <sup>(p)</sup> Captain, who a thousand Ships by Sea  
From the *Mycenæ* drew, and *Argive* Arms  
Joyn'd with *Theſſalian*, through a Woman's Charms,  
Infring'd his <sup>(q)</sup> Social League, and they beheld  
All Tents, within the *Phrygian* Army, fill'd  
With Captive Beds. A Barb'rous Maid by Thee  
Alone, more spotless, in Virginity  
Is kept, then *Troy's* *Cassandra*. Thus the Day,  
In Talk, they spent, till Night in dark Aray  
Rais'd her black Steeds, inviting all to Rest.  
In the mean Time, *Æmathan* Broils infest  
Th' *Ætolian* Land, invaded suddenly  
By <sup>(r)</sup> *Macedonian* Ships: an Enemy,  
With whom the *Acarnanian* quickly joyn'd.  
For then King *Philip*, in a League combin'd  
With *Libya*, against the *Romane* Name  
Those new Commotions had rais'd. The Fame  
Of his Descent, his Antient Crowns, and Throne  
From the *Æacides*, and <sup>(s)</sup> *Thetis* Son,  
(His Grand-Sire) puff'd him up. Now, He with Fear  
Of's Arms, by Night, fill'd *Oricon*: and where,  
On the *Illyrick* Coast, *Taulentians* dwell,  
In small, and nameless Walls, upon them fell.

With

With furious War. Thence passing on by Sea,  
*Tesprotian* Borders, and *Phœnicia*  
Alarm'd: with vain Attempts, he *Epire* view'd,  
Then on the Coast of *Anastorium* shew'd  
His Ensigns: then th' *Ambracian* Bay, and Shores  
Of *Pellascour'd* with rapid War, his Oars  
Beating *Leucate's* chafing Waves, he streight  
At *Adium* saw *Apollo's* sacred Seat.  
Nor left he *Ithaca* (*Laertes* Throne)  
Untri'd: nor *Samos*; nor those Rocks whereon  
White-foaming Floods, the *Cephalenians* sea.  
And *Xeriton* with Rocky Fields: then He  
To *Pelops* Countrey went, glad to behold  
*Achaian* Walls, and *Calydon* of old  
Affected by *Diana*. After these  
To the *Caretes*, and *Oeniades*,  
With promise, to the Greeks, 'gainst *Italie*,  
To use his Arms, he went: then *Ephyre*,  
*Patra*, and Princely *Pleuron* he survey'd:  
Two-crown'd *Parnassus*, and (by *Phœbus* made  
To speak) Prophetick Rocks; and, though agen,  
Often by War call'd homeward: sometimes when

<sup>(t)</sup> *Sarmatian* *Orestes*, did infest  
His Kingdoms, or fierce *Dolopes* oppress  
His Countrey, yet unwilling to forbear  
His vain Designs, the shadow of a War  
He carried up, and down, the *Grecian* Coast;  
Till all his hopes, plac'd in the *Libyans*, lost  
By Sea, and Land, a Suppliant, he sign'd  
A League, with the <sup>(u)</sup> *Dardanians*, nor declin'd  
From them in his own Kingdom, to receive  
<sup>(x)</sup> The Law: But then *Tarentum's* Fortune gave  
To *Italy*, encrease both of Renown,  
And Riches. For, at length, that treach'rous Town,

Was

(t) In his absence both *Sarmatians*, and *Theſſalians* (*Dolops*) invaded his Country.

(u) *Romans*.

(x) The Governour of *Tarentum*, was a *Brutian* (a Nation formerly observed to be of an Inconstant Faith) who, enamoured of a *Tarentine* Woman (whose Brother was a Soldier under *Fabius*) was induced by her to betray the City to *Fabius*. See *Plutarch*, in the *Life* of *Fabius*.

Was by old *Fabius* conquer'd, and of all  
 His Titles, of a *Wary General*,  
 The last became. For then his Industry  
 Gain'd that safe Honour, that the City He  
 Had taken without Blood. And, when 'twas known,  
 That a *Sidonian* Captain, in the Town,  
 Burn'd with a Woman's Love: and that, through Ease,  
 A silent Treason thence might Valour please:  
 To his lov'd Sister, strait, her Brother (who  
 Then bore *Rutulian* Arms) is forc'd to go,  
 Instructed to subdue the Woman's Minde  
 With ample Promises, if She inclin'd  
 The *Libyan* to betray the Gates. And, thus  
 The *Libyan* overcome, old *Fabius*  
 His Wish enjoy'd, and, through th' unguarded Walls  
 By Night, into the Town the Army falls.

But who, that heard *Marcellus* then was slain  
 In Fight, would think, that *Sol* should joyn again  
 His flaming Steeds, so turn'd away from *Rome*:  
 That noble Person, that brave Breast, in whom  
 The God of War inhabited, who nev'r,  
 In its most horrid Shape, did Danger fear,  
 In Combat fell: in his renowned Fall,  
 (Alas!) how great a Blow to *Hannibal*!  
 In him thy Terror *Carthage* prostrate lay,  
 Who had perhaps from *Scipio* born away  
 (Had but the Gods been pleas'd awhile to spare  
 His Life) the Name of finishing the War.  
 Which seated, then, within the *Damian* Land,  
 Between both Camps, a little Hill did stand.  
*Crispinus* with *Marcellus* bore like Share  
 In Cares, and Honours, and the Common War  
 Pursu'd: to whom *Marcellus* thus began.

I have a Minde to view those Woods, and on

The

The Hill to lodge our Men; left first it be  
 Possess'd, in Ambush, by the Enemy.  
 I would *Crispinus* (if you please) that you  
 Would share in this Design; for seldom two  
 In Counsel fail. When this they had Decreed,  
 Each Man contends to mount his eager Steed.  
*Marcellus*, when he saw his Son, among  
 The rest, put on his Arms, and in the Throng  
 Joyful, and Brisk: Thou dost appear more Great  
 (Said He) then Me, by thy admired Heat.  
 May this thy early Labour Happy be!  
 Such, as, at *Syracusa* once, I Thee  
 Beheld, before thine Age would Thee allow  
 As fit for War, engaging with a Brow,  
 Like mine. Oh! hither come (my Glory) stand  
 Close to thy Father's side, and by my Hand  
 Learn a new Way of Fighting. Then he lay'd  
 His Arms about his Neck, and briefly pray'd.  
 Grant, from the *Libyan* Gen'l (Oh! thou King  
 Of Gods) that on these Shoulders I may bring  
 Opimous Spoils to Thee! As here he ends;  
 From the clear Sky a bloody Dew descends,  
 And *Jove* the Fatal Drops had sprinkled on  
 His (then successless) Arms. Scarce had he done  
 His Speech, when through the Straits, advancing up  
 The Fatal Mountain, strait a nimble Troop  
 Of *Nomades* upon them fly, and pour  
 Their Darts, as thick, as an *Ethereal* Show'r:  
 While, from their secret Ambush, they supply'd  
 The Fight, with armed Troops. On ev'ry side,  
 When Valour found her self thus close beset;  
 And nothing, now, remaining, as a Debt  
 Unto the Gods: He onely sought to go,  
 With a great Name, unto the Shades below.

M m m

Then



Then, at a distance, his contorted Spear  
 With all his Force he throws: now fights, more near  
 At Hand, with's Sword; and had escap'd, perchance,  
 That cruel Storm of Danger, if a Lance  
 Had not transfix'd the Body of his Son.  
 But then (alafs!) the Father's Hands begun  
 To shake, and, weak through Sorrow, loosely bare  
 His hapless Arms, untill an obvious Spear  
 Pierc'd through his naked Breast; by which sad Wound  
 He falls, his Face imprinting on the Ground.  
 When *Hannibal* perceiv'd (amidst the Fight)  
 The Fatal Lance within his Bosom light,  
 Aloud he cries: now *Carthage*, cease to fear  
 The *Roman* Laws; the Name of Terror here  
 Lyes prostrate, and the<sup>(1)</sup> Column of their State.  
 But that brave Hand (so like mine own of late)  
 Shall not obscurely to the Shades be sent.  
 True Valour's void of Envy. Strait they went  
 About to build his Pyle, which to the Skies  
 By mighty Oaks, brought from the Woods, doth rise.  
 You might believe the *Libyan General*  
 Had dy'd! then Incense, Cates, his Shield, withall,  
 And Fases (his last Pomp) are brought, and while,  
 With his own Hand, the Taper to the Pyle  
 The Prince applies; Eternal Praise (said He)  
 We have acquir'd. For of *Marcellus* We  
 Have *Italy* depriv'd. Perhaps they may  
 At length, now, lay down Arms. Go then, and pay  
 To that great Soul, and to his Dust, all Dues  
 Of Funeral. I never will refuse  
 Thee this (O *Rome*) that thou the Sepulcher  
 Of one, whose Valour made him Great, in War,  
 With Titles may'st adorn: and lasting Fame,  
 Among *Romulan* Nephews, crown his Name.

Such

(1) though, in the time of *Marcellus*, there were in *Rome* many eminent Captains, yet none did exceed him, in Conduct, Strength, or Courage. For which, his Fortune made him particularly Renowned; having fought many single Combats, and in all been a conquerour. *Plutarch* observes, that he was called *Marcellus* (quasi *Marcellus*) as a never-failing Warriour. *Hannibal* so much honoured him for his Valour, that he burned his Body (after the *Roman* Manner) and sent his Ashes to *Rome*.

Such is your other *Consul's* Fate, whose Steed  
 Him, breathless, to your Camp convey'd, with Speed.

Such, then, Affairs did in *Aufonia* stand,  
 But not the same, in the *Iberian* Land,  
 Was the Event of Arms. The quick Surprise,  
 And Conquest of *New-Carthage*, terrifies  
 The Nations round about. The *Generals* there,  
 Unless they joyn with *Social Aids*, despair  
 Of Safety: since Young *Scipio* had fought  
 (As if He Thunder in his Arms had brought  
 From *Italy*) with so great *Auspices*,  
 That he a fenced Town (whose Height their Eys  
 Could hardly reach, as on an Hill it stood)  
 Had taken in one Day, and fill'd with Blood,  
 While, ev'n their Warlike *Hannibal*, before  
 He overthrew *Saguntus*, that for Store  
 Of People, and for Wealth might not appear  
 As Equal unto that, had spent a Year.

To his great Brother's Deeds aspiring still,  
 The next was<sup>(2)</sup> *Hafdrubal*; who on a Hill  
 Encamp'd, encompass'd with a rocky Wood.  
 Here, his chief Strength, fierce *Cantabrians* stood;  
 Mix'd with rebellious *Africans*: and there,  
 Then the swift *Moor* more swift, *Asturians* were.  
 And with as much of Majesty did he  
*Iberia* rule, as then in *Italy*  
 His Brother *Hannibal* with Terror liv'd.

It chanc'd, a *Tyrian* Solemn Day reviv'd  
 Their antient Honour, and the Time, wherein  
 The Walls of *Carthage* they did first begin,  
 And a new City of small Houses rais'd.  
 His Nations Rise the *General* much pleas'd  
 Thus to commemorate, his Ensigns all  
 Adorn'd with Laurel, kept the Festival;

M m 2

And

(2) *Hafdrubal*, Brother to *Hannibal*, was by him left sole Governour of *Spain*, (when he began his March towards *Italy*) with two thousand Horse, twelve thousand Foot, and fifty Ships.

And th' Gods appeas'd. Loose from his Shoulders  
 His Brother's Gift ( a Mantle ) which, among (hung  
 Some other Presents, as a Complement  
 Of their strict League, *Trinacria's* Prince had sent,  
 A stately Robe, among *Æolian* Kings.  
 An Eagle, through the Clouds, with golden Wings,  
 Snatch'd up (in Texture hovering) to the Sky  
 A Boy. A spacious Cave there was hard by,  
 Which, in the Purple, there, the Needle made,  
 The *Cyclops* House: here *Polypheme* was lay'd  
 Along, and swallow'd Bodies, dropping Gore,  
 Between his Deadly Jaws. About him store  
 Of broken Bones; which, chewing, forth he threw.  
 Then for his Drink, his Hand extended to  
*Læertes*<sup>(a)</sup> Son, he calls: and, belching up  
 Crude Blood, with Wine commix'd it in the Cup.  
 Conspicuous in this Robe, at Altars made  
 Of Grass, the Peace o'th' Gods the *Tyrian* pray'd.  
 When riding in, amidst them all, behold  
 A Scout, that Hostile Arms approach'd them, told.  
 The Worship of the Gods unfinished,  
 With troubled Minds, they from the Altars fled.  
 All Sacred Rites broke off, all Night they lay  
 Encamp'd. But, when the dewy Morn the Day  
 First rais'd, a furious Fight began, and there  
 Stout *Sabbura* first felt the thrilling Spear  
 Of *Scipio*. Both Armies seem'd to be  
 Mov'd with the Omen. The first Victim We  
 I'th Field (Ye sacred Shades!) to you have slain,  
 (Exclaims the *Romane Gen'ral*) Now again  
 Into the Fight, and Slaughter (Souldiers) go,  
 As with best Captains you were wont to do.  
 This said; they all fall on: by *Lena's* Hand  
 Falls *Myconus*; *Latinus*, *Cirta*: and

Stout

Stout *Maro Thydrus* kills: and *Catilina*  
 Incestuous *Næalces* doth disjoyn  
 From his own Sister's Bed. Then *Cartulo*  
 (A *Libyack* Prince) is sent to Shades below,  
 By fierce *Næfidius*. Thee (likewise) Thee  
*Lælius* (thou great Renown of *Italy*)  
 Things, scarce to be believ'd, performing there,  
 Amidst the *Carthaginians*, full of Fear,  
*Pyrene's* Land beheld. Nature bestow'd  
 On him all Happy things, which were allow'd  
 By all the Gods. When he was heard to plead  
 At th' Bar, not *Næstor* could in Speech exceed:  
 Or when the Fathers, and the Court did stand  
 In Doubt, and his Opinion did demand,  
 He led the *Senat's* Hearts, as with a Charm.  
 But, when the Noise of Trumpets did Alarm  
 His Ears, within the Field, with such an Heat,  
 He rush'd into the Fight, and Armies, that  
 You'd think, he had been born for War alone;  
 And nothing, without Praise, by him was done.  
 From a stolen Life the *Gala* fighting threw:  
 (b) Whom's Mother once, by changing him withdrew  
 From *Byssa's* cruel Rites. But quickly all  
 Such Joys, as rise from Gods, so cheated fall.  
 Then *Murus*, *Alebis*, and *Draces*, who,  
 With an Effeminate Cry, for Life did sue,  
 By him were slain. Poor *Draces*, as he pray'd,  
 And beg'd; his Head cut off, the Murmurs stay'd  
 In his dis sever'd Throat. But *Hafdrubal*  
 Had not the like desire to Fight. Not all  
 The extream Loss, and Slaughter of his Men  
 Him mov'd. But to the Woody Hills agen,  
 And lurking Holes of pathless Rocks, he flies,  
 And to the *Alpes*, and *Italy* his Eys

Are

(b) He was designed to be Sacrificed at *Carthage*; but his Mother gave another Child in his stead.

Are turn'd: the great Advantage of his Flight.  
 The Signal silently is giv'n, and Fight  
 Quite lay'd aside, they are Commanded through  
 The Woods, and Hills to fly dispers'd, and who-  
 Soe're escap'd should to *Pyrene's* Top  
 Ascend, their Chief, and sole remaining Hope.  
 All Marks of Honour, as a *General*,  
 Then laid aside, disguised, with a small  
*Iberian* Targe, first *Hafdrubal* ascends  
 The Hills, and, flying, quits his wandring Friends.  
 To the forsaken Camp the *Romanes* strait  
 Their Ensigns send. No City captivate  
 Could yield more Spoils; and did their Rage withdraw  
 From Slaughter, as the *Libyan* forelaw.  
 So in some Brook surpriz'd, when he despairs  
 Of Safety, from his Groin the <sup>(c)</sup> *Beaver* tares

(c) This is very well be taken.  
 of some *Beaver* Frogs. The *Liby-  
 an* on the *Beaver* being in no way to  
 be taken, as his voice. Besides that they  
 are not only out of his reach, lying  
 in the water, but not at all at-  
 tending to him when hunted.

The parts, that caus'd his Danger, and away  
 Swims from his Fo. Intent upon his Prey  
 When thus the *Libyan* had with Speedy Flight,  
 Trustring to Rocky Woods, in Shades, like Night,  
 Himself conceal'd: strait back again they go  
 Unto a greater War, to meet a Fo  
 More sure to be subdu'd. But first upon  
*Pyrene's* Hill, with this Inscription,

(d) When the *Romanes* had utter-  
 ly prevail'd on him, they *Triumph'd*:  
 who, to show, put him to flight, they in  
 the Place erected a *Trophaeum*, which was  
 a trophy (as out of *Laurels* made  
 which may be observ'd) of heaps  
 of Arms, taken in the field, with an  
 inscription on a Table (as here *Scipio*)  
 to be set up thereon.

A Shield they fix, <sup>(d)</sup> *SCIPIO A CONQUEROUR,*  
*HASDRUBAL'S SPOILS UNTO THE GOD OF WAR.*

In the mean time, beyond the Hills (all Fear  
 Now lay'd aside) *Bebrycian* People were  
 By *Hafdrubal* soon arm'd: who Prodigal  
 To purchase Hands for Aid, and ready all  
 Prepar'd to thrust into the War, with Store  
 Of Gold, and Silver, thither sent before  
 And with long Labours gain'd, in Wealthy Lands  
 Had rais'd their Warlike Minds. Hence active Bands  
 Fill'd

<sup>(e)</sup> Fill'd the new Camp. All Mercenary Souls:  
 Those, that where <sup>(f)</sup> *Rhodanus* swift Billows rowls  
 Delight to dwell; with those, where *Arar* flows  
 Most softly through the Fields. And, now, the Snows  
 Of Winter all resolv'd, the Year retains  
 A milder Face. Then through the *Celtick* Plains,  
 Entering a speedy March, he goes: admires  
 The Conquer'd *Alps*, and pervious Heights: enquire,  
 The very Foot-steps, where *Aleides* trod:  
 Compares with th' Adventures of the God  
 His Brother's Ways. When to the Top of all  
 He came, and in the Camp of *Hannibal*  
 Sate down: What higher Walls (said He) do *Rome*  
 Invest? which, after these once overcome  
 By my great Brother, stand yet safe? Oh, may  
 The Glory of so brave a Hand (I pray)  
 Prove Happy! nor, let it the Envy be  
 Of any angry Deity, that We  
 The Stars approach'd! Then, where a safe Descent  
 The Hill declining shew'd, strait down he went,  
 With hasty Arms. Through all, so great a Dread  
 Not the Beginnings of the War had spread.  
 Two *Hannibals* they now report: and two  
 Strong Camps, on either side: and glutted, through  
 Success, with *Romane* Blood, the Chiefs the War  
 Joyntly pursue. The Armies doubled are,  
 And to the Walls the Fo would quickly haste,  
 And, sticking on the Gates, they Javelins, cast  
 From *Elysian* Hands, should shortly see.  
 Much vex'd at this, the Land of *Italy*  
 Thus with her self. Alas! ye Gods, must I  
 With so great Fury of the *Libyan* Army  
 Despis'd: who *Saturn*, when the pow'ful Hand  
 Of *Jove* he fear'd, conceal'd: and in my Land

(e) *Hafdrubal* took the Field with  
 such Forces, as, at first, he hired of the  
*Lygians* (about eight thousand Men)  
 and soon after the *Aoverni*, and other  
*Gauls*, with the people of the *Alps*,  
 join'd with him: so that he became  
 no less formidable, at *Rome*, at that  
 time, than *Hannibal*.  
 (f) *Rhodanus*.

An\*

An Empire gave! Now the tenth Summer's Corn  
Appears, since thus I have been sadly torn.  
And, now, a Youth, who wanteth nothing more,  
But to invade the Gods, the farthest Shore  
O'th' World hath left, and 's Arms against me bends,  
And, the high *Alps* prophand, with Rage descends  
Into my Land. How many Corps have I  
Of slain entomb'd? Alas! how often by  
My slaughter'd Sons deform'd? I have no Trees  
With pregnant Buds: his Corn the Peasant sees,  
Yet Green, cut down with Swords: the Tow'rs of all  
My Villages into my Bosom fall,  
And by their Ruins is my Land defact.  
Yet, now, must I endure this Youth at last,  
By whom my wasted Coasts invaded are,  
Who seeks the ruthless Reliques of the War  
To burn. Then wandring *Africans* may rend  
My Bowels with their Ploughs, and *Moors* commend  
The Crops, which the *Ausonian* Furrows yield.  
Unless their Troops, insulting through the Field,  
I, in one Grave, interr. As, thus, She then  
Her Woes revolv'd, and Night both Gods, and Men  
Compos'd to Rest; to *Nero's* Camp She went.  
He, with a Neighb'ring Trench, was then intent  
The *Libyan* from *Lucanian* Coasts to keep.  
The Youth, here, *Latinus's* Image, in his Sleep,  
Accosts. O *Nero*! Thou, who art become  
(*Marcellus* lost) the greatest Hope of *Rome*!  
Thee (<sup>(2)</sup>) *Claulus's* Glory! shake off Sleep; by Thee  
Something of Moment must attempted be,  
(If thou wilt add unto thy Country's Fates)  
Which ev'n the Conquerours (when from the Gates  
The Foe's repuls'd) shall wonder to be done.  
With shining Arms (behold!) (<sup>(b)</sup>) *Amilcar's* Son,  
Like

(2) *Claulus* was a General of the *Sabines*, who, after Peace was made between *Romulus*, and the *Sabines*, came with five thousand *Citizens*, and incorporated them with the *Romans*; with whom they they equally enjoyed all Privileges of Citizens; but suffrage in Creating *Magistrates*. From this, *Claulus* came both the *Claudian* Tribe, and Family.

(b) *Aspidochel*, Brother to *Hamul*.

Like a dire Deluge, overruns the Plains,  
Where *Sena* still her *Gallick* Name retains:  
Unless thy winged Troops Thou thither strait  
Draw out to Fight, thine Aid will come too late  
To ruin'd *Rome* hereafter. Rise; be gone:  
I have condemn'd *Metaurus* Region,  
And all those spacious Fields, to *Libyan* Bones,  
And Graves. This said: She vanishing, at once  
Appears to draw him after Her, and through  
The broken Gates to drive his Troops into  
The Field. With that he wakes, and Troubled stands  
With an enflamed Heart, and then, with Hands  
Lifted to Heav'n, He prays the Earth, and Night,  
The scatter'd Stars, and Moon, with silent Light  
To be his Guides. Then, choosing proper Hands  
For such a Work, through (<sup>(1)</sup>) *Lavinian* Lands  
(Coasting upon the Upper-Sea) and where,  
Hardy in War, (<sup>(1)</sup>) *Marrucine* People were,  
And the strict (<sup>(1)</sup>) *Frentane*, that his Faith maintains  
In Social Arms: where the *Præne* Swains  
(Pleas'd with their Labour) dress their Vines, he flies,  
Swift as a Bird; as Lightning from the Skies;  
As Torrents with Hybernal Billows flow;  
Or Arrows, from an (<sup>(k)</sup>) *Achemenian* Bow.  
Each Man himself exhorts. Go on, and haste;  
For in thy Feet the doubtful Gods have plac'd  
*Rome's* Safety: whether She shall stand, or fall.  
Thus crying, on they go; the General  
Best Exhortation, being Foremost, gives:  
While ev'ry one, his Speed encreasing, strives,  
By following, to equal him, and Day,  
And Night, un-wearied, nimbly March away.  
But the Report of those encreasing Ills,  
O'th' adverse War, all *Rome* with Terror fills.  
N n n That

(1) The *Lavinians*, *Frentani*, *Marrucini*: all Borderers on the Upper, or *Adriatick* Sea.

(k) *Parthian*.

That *Nero* hop'd too much, they now complain.  
 That by one Wound that Life, that did remain,  
 Might soon be lost. Nor Money, Arms, nor Men,  
 Nor Blood to lose, there now remain'd. And then,  
 Who had not strength to deal with *Hannibal*,  
 Alone, in Fight, should fall on *Hasdrubal*.  
 That now again (soon as the *Libyan* saw  
 His Arms diverted from the Camp) he'd draw  
 His Forces to their Gates. That he was come,  
 Who, in the Glory of destroying *Rome*,  
 Would strive with his Proud Brother. With one mind  
 Thus frets the Senate; yet in Counsel joyn'd,  
 To keep their Honour, and themselves to Free  
 From threatned Chains, and angry Gods to flee.  
 Amidst these Sighs, *Nero*, protected by  
 An obscure Night, unto the Camp drew nigh;  
 Where, near to *Hasdrubal*, within the Field,  
 (1) Old *Liby* lay. He Warlike once, and skill'd  
 In Feats of Arms, flourish'd in former Times,  
 Famous in War; but, falsely charg'd with Crimes  
 By the Unequal Tribes, in Discontent,  
 His Days obscurely in the Countrey spent.  
 But, when a sadder Weight, and Fears began,  
 Through nearer Dangers, to require the Man,  
 After so many Valiant Captains slain;  
 Then, to his Countrey call'd, to Arms again  
 His aged Valour He had vow'd. But all  
 These Plots of new Supplies to *Hasdrubal*  
 Were known, and what the Wings of Night conceal'd  
 The Signs of Dust upon their Shields reveal'd.  
 Besides their hasty Running to, and fro:  
 Their Horse, and Men prepar'd, and Trumpets show  
 (As they the Signal found) the Camp to be  
 Commanded by two *Generals*. But (said He)

(1) *Marcus Livius* had formerly been unjustly Censured, and Banished by the People; who, now in want of such Captains, recalled him, and made him Consul with *Nero*, with whom he afterward Triumph'd for this Victory.

If yet my Brother live, how can they now  
 Their *Social Forces* joyn? Yet, till I know  
 The Truth, it only now remains, that I  
 The Time protract, and Chance of Fighting fly.  
 Nor, with base Fear, this poor resolve of Flight  
 Did he delay. But, when from Cares the Night  
 (Mother of Rest) had freed the Breasts of Men,  
 And Darkness dreadful Silence nourish'd, then  
 Forth from his Camp he breaks, and his mute Bands  
 To follow with a silent March commands;  
 Who, through the quiet Plain, protected by  
 The gloomy Night, all Noise avoiding, fly.  
 But shaken, by a Motion so great,  
 Th' *Italian Land*, perceiving their Deceit,  
 Involves them in dark Errours in the Place,  
 And (Night conspiring) in a narrow Space  
 Still leads them round. For, where, with winding  
 His crooked Banks the Flood obliquely laves, (Waves  
 And, through rough Creeks returning, falls again  
 Into it self, there toiling, all in vain  
 With fruitless Wandrings, a small Circuit they  
 Had made, and, in the Errours of their Way,  
 (The Benefit of Night now lost) the Light  
 Comes on, and to their Foes detects their Flight.  
 With that a furious Storm of Horse, the Gates  
 Thrown open, and a Show'r of Steel dilates  
 It self, or'e all the Field. Arms, yet, they none,  
 Nor Hands had mix'd: But Shafes, at distance thrown,  
 Drink Blood. To stop the flying *Libyans*, here  
*Distant* Arrows fly: and Lances there,  
 Like a black Tempest, and on whom they light  
 They Death inflict. And, now all thoughts of Flight  
 Quite laid aside, about they, frighted, Face,  
 And close drawn-up, their Hopes in Fighting place.  
 N n 2 Amidst

Amidst them all, the *Gen'ral*, mounted High  
 (For now He saw their sad Extremity)  
 On a tall Steed, his Hands, and Voice extends:  
 By all those Trophies gain'd by You (my Friends)  
 Under the farthest Pole; my Brother's Praise:  
 Make it appear, I You beseech (He says)  
 The Brother of Great *Hannibal* is come;  
 For Fortune labours, now, to give to *Rome*  
 Sad Documents, and shew how strong an Hand  
 You, that have conquer'd the *Iberian* Land,  
 And at *Aleides* Pillars us'd to War,  
 On the *Rutulians* turn. Perhaps, not far  
 From hence, my Brother to this Battel may  
 Arrive. Oh! hasten worthy him (I pray)  
 A Spectacle; with Bodies fill the Plain.  
 Each *General* is by my Brother slain,  
 That might be fear'd, in War: and now their sole  
 Remaining Hope, drawn from his skulking Hole.  
 Decrepit *Livy* (a condemned Head)  
 Is offer'd to you. Oh! go on, strike Dead  
 That *General*, cut off his Feeble Age,  
 'Gainst whom 'twere Shame my Brother should engage.  
 But *Nero* contrary exhorts: Why are  
 You slow, the Labours of this mighty War  
 To end? (m) Your Feet already Praise have gain'd,  
 Now crown these high Beginnings with the Hand;  
 The Camp you, rashly (all the Bars o'rethrown)  
 Have left, except you perfect what is done  
 By Victory. Your Glory hasten: show  
 That your Arrival overthrew the Fo.

But *Livy*, in another Quarter, where,  
 His Helmet taken off, his hoary Hair  
 Was seen to all, cries; Come (my Lads) and Me  
 Observe in Fight, and where'se'er you see

My

My Sword shall make your Way, there enter; so  
 The *Alps* (too open to the waitful Fo)  
 Shut with your Swords, at length. Unless we quite  
 Destroy this Army, by a sudden Flight,  
 That Thunder-bolt of *Carthage* (*Hannibal*)  
 Will soon be here. Then who is He of all  
 The Gods, that Us from *Stygian* Shades can free?  
 Then he resumes his Cask, and instantly  
 His Sword confirms his Words, and ('s Age from fight  
 Again conceal'd) He enters first the Fight.  
 Him through the thickest Bodies of the Field,  
 Breaking through closest Ranks: who, furious, kill'd  
 As many, as he Shafts discharg'd; with Dread  
 The *Maæ*, and fierce *Autololians* fled:  
 With Bands of *Rhodanus*, their Hair unshorn,  
 'Mong the Prophetick Sands of *Hammon* born,  
 Secure of Fate, there *Nabis* fiercely fought,  
 And mighty Trophies (as if then he thought  
 The Gods protected him) to fix at Home,  
 Had vainly promis'd. From the *Tyrian* Loom,  
 Flaming with *Garamantick* Gems a Vest  
 He wears (so shine the Stars in Heav'n) his Crest  
 With Gems, with radiant Gold his Shield enchain'd;  
 On's horned Cask the hanging Fillets cast  
 A sacred Dread, and Honour of the Gods:  
 A Bowe, and Quiver, which with Shafts he loads  
 In *Cerasts* steep'd, hang at his Back; and, so  
 With Poison Arm'd, to Battle doth he go  
 Then leaning, backward, on his Horse (as he  
 His Country's Custom us'd) upon his Knee  
 Resting the Weight of his *Sarmatick* Spear,  
 It, prone, upon his Foes he thrusts, and there  
 With that vast weapon, through his Arms, and through  
 His Body, wounded, in the *Consul's* view,

Sabellus

(m) *Nero*, having intercepted *Hannibal's* Letters to *Hannibal*, march'd very hard, for several Nights together, (while *Hannibal* waited the Country of the *Lavinates*, *Frisatæ*, &c.) to join with *Livy*, before *Hannibal* should enter further into *Italy*, or *Hannibal* have tidings of his *Arrival*.

*Sabellus*, with loud Shouts, he bears along  
 In Triumph, praising *Hammon* in his Song.  
 But the old *Consul*, who so great a Pride,  
 And Rage, in Barb'rous Breasts could not abide,  
 A Weapon lanc'd, and both his Life, and Prey  
 A Conqu'rour, from the Conqu'rour took away.  
 Hearing the Cries of his sad Fall, amain  
 The *Libyan* Prince came on, and from the Plain  
 As *Arabus* was then about to take  
 His Spoils, made Stiff with Gold, and Gems, at 's Back  
 A Weapon aim'd, and through the Chine him strook,  
 Just as, in both his Hands, in Haste he took  
 His Prize, and left his trembling Body bare.  
 He fell, and all the Sacred Garments, there,  
 And golden Threads restor'd (unhappy) to  
 The Dead, and dy'd upon his spoiled Fo.

But *Cantus*, Owner of much *Libyan* Sand,  
 Where their Unconquer'd Name unto the Land  
 The fam'd <sup>(\*)</sup> *Phileni* gave, Wealthy in Sheep,  
 Kill'd *Rutilus*, where lofty Folds did keep  
 A thousand bleating Lambs, spending his Days  
 In easy Care. Sometimes the Sun's hot Rays,  
 He from his Flocks would break, in some cool Flood:  
 Sometimes retiring to a shady Wood,  
 Shining, as white as Snow, their Fleeces shear'd.  
 Or when, at Night, they Home again repair'd  
 From Pasture, was much pleas'd to see the Lambs,  
 Within the Flood, distiguishing their Dams.  
 Deceiv'd He fell, through his bra's Target strook,  
 And griev'd too late, that he his Folds forsook.  
 At this the *Romanes* forward press'd, and came  
 More Furious on. Like Torrents, Storm, or Flame  
 Of Thunder: swift as Waves from *Boreas* fly,  
 Or hollow Clouds run on, when to the Sky

Eurus

(\*) The *Cyrenses*, and *Carthaginians* contended for Bounds between their two Cities, separated by a vast sandy Plain. After many sharp Conflicts it was agreed, that, on a certain Day, two from each City should set out at a certain hour, and where they met, that Place should be their Bounds. The *Phileni* were two *Carthaginian* Brothers, who got much Ground by their Speed, of the *Cyrenses*; who, caviling, that they came out before their time, it was at length agreed; that, if the *Phileni* would be content to be buried alive, where they met, that Place should be their Bounds. To which they consented, and to their Memory, besides other Honours at Home, the *Carthaginians* built Altars on the Place.

*Eurus* throws up the *Ocean's* briny Flood.  
 Tall Cohorts, with their *Celtick* Ensigns, stood  
 Ith' Van; which, with their wedg-like Files, their fierce  
 Impulse, and sudden Force they soon disperse:  
 And tyr'd with Wandring, and the scorching Sun,  
 And tedious Labours they had undergon,  
 A native Terror makes them all to fly.  
 The *Romanes*, at their Backs, their Weapons ply,  
 And with their following Shafts so instant are,  
 That they no Flight allow. Strait, *Tyrus* there  
 Fell with one Wound. By more fell *Rhodanus*,  
 With Arrows pierc'd. A Lance thrust *Morius*  
 Down to the Earth. Whom *Livy*, that full speed  
 Came on, as he was falling, strook, and 's Steed  
 Into the Troops, as they were flying, spur'd.  
 There *Moja's* swelling Neck he with his Sword  
 Cut off: his Head, within his Helmet bound,  
 Falling so high, shook with its Weight the Ground;  
 While the yet-setting Trunk his Steed convey'd,  
 Frighted, into the Fight. Here *Cato* said  
 (For he among the thickest fought) If He  
 Had first the *Tyrian* Youth oppos'd, when We  
 In Battel lost the *Alps*, alas! how great  
 An Hand from *Italy* had found Retreat:  
 How many Funerals to *Libyans*, slain,  
 Might the sad Suffrage of that Fatal Plain  
 Have giv'n? But, now, the Armies 'gan to yield.  
 An universal Terror, through the Field,  
 The *Celtic's* Fear had spread. The *Tyrian* Side  
 Declines, and Victory her selfe apply'd  
 To the *Rutulian* Arms. The *Consul* high  
 As in his prime of Years, Triumphantly  
 Went on, and still more great appear'd to all,  
 But now, behold, the *Libyan* General

Comes

Comes on, and with him brings a Troop, all White  
 With Dust: and, lancing Darts, exclaims; Your Flight  
 Forbear; who is this Fo, from whom you fly?  
 Do you not blush? Our Troops are routed by  
 An old Man's Feeble Arms. Am I (I pray)  
 Now grown Degenerate in War? or say  
 Are Ye grown Weary of Me? Me? who am  
 Of *Belus* Race, ally'd to *Dido's* Name.  
*Amilcar* was my Sire, in War to all  
 To be prefer'd; my Brother *Hannibal*,  
 To whom the Hills, Lakes, Plains, and Rivers yield.  
 I am the next to Him, at *Carthage*, held.  
 Me *Betis* in her Coasts, and Nations, where  
 My Arms have been, do, ev'n with Him, compare.  
 As this he spake, He rush'd into the Fight,  
 And soon, as with his shining Arms in Sight  
 The *Consul* came, too hastily, at Him  
 A Jav'lin threw; which, passing through the Brim  
 Of's brazen Shield, and, at the Top of all  
 His Breast-plate entering, lightly, in its Fall,  
 His Shoulder wounded, drawing little Blood;  
 Although the *Libyan* thought, it would make good  
 His vain Conceits. The *Romanes* were dismay'd  
 At this. When thus the *Consul*, to upbraid  
 His weak Attempt (You might believe that in  
 Some Womens Broils, or Boys, he scratch'd had been)  
 Cries; Go, my Lads, and let them understand,  
 How great the Wounds are, that a *Romane* Hand  
 Inflicts. Then suddenly a mighty Show'r  
 Of Darts, whose Shadow hides the Sun, they pour  
 Upon the Fo, and all the spacious Plain  
 Alternate Slaughter strews with Bodies slain:  
 Whose Heaps encreasing, in the River, join'd  
 The Banks. So, when *Diana* hath a Minde

To

To hunt in shady Groves, and Sport to shew  
 To her pleas'd Mother, and the Woody Brow  
 Of lofty *Pindus* shakes, or takes a View  
 Of *Mænalus*, with Arrows charg'd, a Crew  
 Of *Nymphs* about her flock, and strait surround  
 The Pathless Cop'ces. There the Quivers sound,  
 And loosely hanging, all the Shafts drawn out,  
 Leap at their Backs; while still they beat about  
 The Fields. Then on the Rocks, in Coverts, in  
 The Vallies, Rivers, and the Dens, (still Green  
 With Moss) the Slaughter'd Beasts in Plenty ly.  
 Then on some Mountain, with a joyful Eye,  
 The Prey collect'd, pleas'd, *Latona* views.  
 But furious *Nero*, when he heard the News  
 Of *Livy's* Wound, breaks through the thickest, and  
 Perceiving, that the Fight did Equal stand;  
 What now unto the Fates of *Italy*  
 Is left? (said He) If you this Enemy  
 Do not overcome; how will you *Hannibal*  
 Subdue? With that, as Mad, amidst them all  
 He rush'd: and, when he *Hafdrubal* beheld  
 Among the foremost Troops, with Fury swell'd.  
 Like a Sea-Monster, that hath long been tost  
 In the vast Deep, quite void of all repast,  
 When 'mong the Waves a Fish, far off, She spies;  
 She boils within, and then, with eager Eys,  
 Pursuing in the Flood her swimming Prey,  
 Swallows, with Fishes mix'd, the Briny Sea.  
 Now no delay of Darts, or Words. Thou Me  
 No more shalt 'scape; *Pyrene's* Woods (said He)  
 Shall not deceive Me here; nor yet, with vain,  
 And faithless Promises, shalt thou again  
 Delude; as, captiv'd in th' *Iberian* Land,  
 With a false League, thou once didst fly my Hand.

O o o

Thus

(\*) *Hafdrubal*, was formerly so stout up in his Camp by *Nero* (between *Illuvieris*, and *Adavissa*, in *Spain*) that he could no way be relieved, and therefore Treated with him for many Days, on Condition to draw all the *Carthaginians* out of *Spain*, and protracted that Treaty, till he had, by Degrees, in the Night, given his whole Army means to escape over the Hills, into places of security. See *Livy*, lib.



Thus *Nero* : and withall he threw a Dart,  
 And not in Vain. For in the lower Part  
 Of's Side it stuck. With that, on him he leaps  
 With's Sword: and, as with's Target-Point he keeps  
 His trembling Body down, If now (said He)  
 At the last Gasp, Thou dost desire it, We  
 Unto thy Brother thy Commands will bear.  
 To whom the *Libyan* replies; I fear  
 Not Death : make use of this thy Victory;  
 Till to my Shade a swift Revenger He  
 Arrive. But, if unto my Brother Thou  
 Wilt bear my last Desires, then say; that now  
 I bid him burn the *Capitol*, and there  
 Mix, with the Ashes of the Thunderer,  
 My Bones, and Dust. As more he did desire  
 To add, his Heart still boiling-up with Ire,  
 The Conqu'rouer pierc'd him with his Sword, and then  
 Cut off his Faithless Head. With that, his Men  
 (Their *General* slain) are routed, and the Fight  
 No more pursue : and now, at length, the Night  
 The Sun, and Day obscures : when they repair (bare  
 With moderate Food, and Sleep, their Strength, and  
 (The Way they came) their Conqu'ring Ensigns, &c  
 The Day return'd back to the Camp, for Fear  
 Shut up. Then *Nero* (as He did advance  
 The *Libyan's* Head, aloft, upon his Lance)  
 Said; *Cannæ, Trebia, Thrasimenus* We  
 With this thy Brother's Head have now to Thee  
 Repay'd (O *Hannibal*.) Thy Treach'rous War  
 Ingeminate, and hither call from far  
 Thy doubled Troops. Such their Reward shall be,  
 Who (the *Alps* cross'd) desire to joyn with Thee.  
 But *Hannibal*, who did his Tears suppress,  
 By Constant bearing, made his Sorrows less:

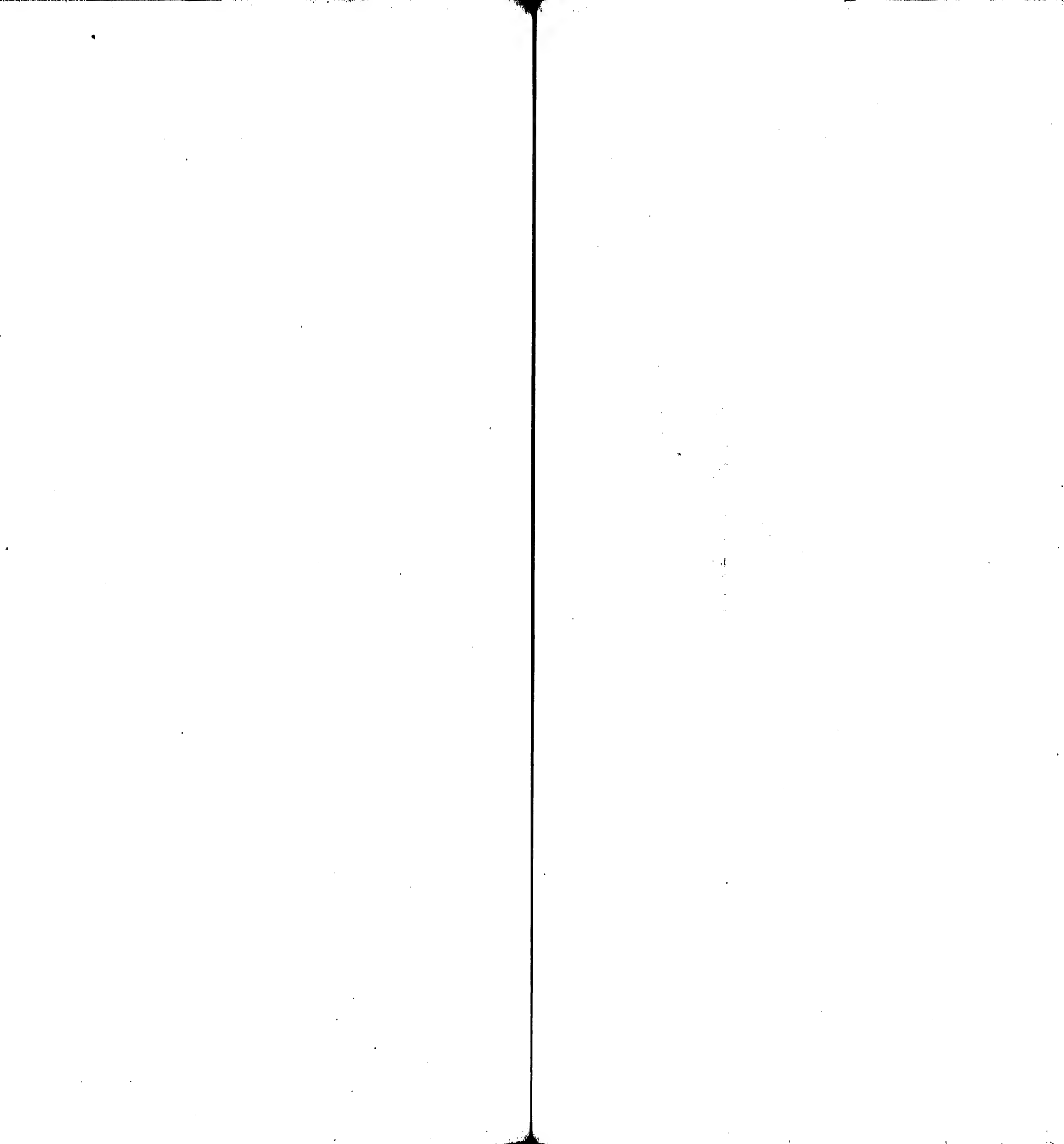
And

And vows, in time, fit Sacrifice to pay  
 Unto his Brother's Shade, Then, far away,  
 His Camp removes : and so, dissembling right,  
 His Griefs by Quiet, shuns a Dubious Fight.

*The End of the Fifteenth Book.*

O o o 2

SILIUS





Si tibi non sceus contra tua fulmina serge  
Dux stare nobis, dignum te (hate Tonantis)  
Affertur dextram tui dextra Scipio dextram  
Hic est, affertur: Dux: Edoardo Stanley, Amicus  
Verbis: qui Sub: Rebellibus: Martirium posuit  
Tabula: Descriptio: Antiqua



Amplexus fatus: magna fuisse premia claræ  
Dilectus: Masaniſſa puer: cultus, vel armis  
Quam strare Audio vincetur Scipio: Mentis  
Illustrissimo Domini Dñi Jacobi Comitis  
off: Filio nato Secundo.  
(D.D.D.)



# SILIUS ITALICUS

O F

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Sixteenth Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Libyan Army to the Brutian Land  
Retires. What full Obedience the Command  
Of Hannibal obtain'd. Two Generals  
In Spain or'ethrown: a Third, a Captive falls  
Into brave Scipio's Hands. Prodigious Flames  
Crown Masaniſſa's Head; who strait disclaims  
The Libyan Side, and with the Romane joyus.  
Both Haldrubal, and Scipio their Designs,  
In Syphax Court, pursue. The League again  
Confirm'd with Syphax; Scipio goes for Spain:  
Where, all subdu'd, with great Solemnities  
His Father's, and his Uncle's Obsequies  
He celebrates. Contending for Command,  
Two Brothers give a Combat Hand to Hand,  
And both are slain. To Rome the Consul goes,  
Where his Designs old Fabius doth oppose.  
But, by the Senate his Desire approv'd,  
The War is, into Libya, remov'd.*



U T Hannibal, who for his  
Country grieves,  
And's own Mishaps, the <sup>(a)</sup> Bru-  
tian Land receives.

Where, he, entrench'd, the Time  
considers, when

The War, suspended, he might raise agen.

As

(a) The Brutians first revolted to Hannibal. see before in the eleventh Book, page 296.

As, when a Bull the Stalls forsakes, and quits  
His Empire of the Heard, and Straying gets  
Into some Wood enclos'd ; on wandering Fights  
He ruminates, and, fiercely Bellowing, frights  
The Groves : then or'e the lofty Rocks he goes ;  
Tears them up with his Horns, and Trees or'ethrows.  
While Trembling Shepherds on high Hills, from far  
Behold him thus preparing a new War.  
But, now, that Vigour ( which had quite destroy'd  
*Ausonia*, had He other Helps employ'd )  
Through a base Envy ( lab'ring to retract  
Their Mindes at *Carthage* ) was constrain'd to Act  
Without their Aid ; and, through the length of Time  
In his Affairs to wax more Dull. Yet him  
The Fear, and Terrour, by his valiant Hand,  
And by so many former Slaughters, gain'd,  
As an Inviolable, Sacred Head  
In Battel, still preserv'd. So that, instead  
Of all their Arms ; their Aids of Camps, and all

(b) *Hannibal* had, nothing now left him, but the Reputation of his former Deeds, to keep his Army together ; which, though very much brui'd, and Hopelss of all Relief from *Carthage*, and all *Italy* ( the *Roman* excepted ) their Enemies, continued faithful, through a Veneration of his Worth, and Valour, till he was recalled to relieve his Country.

(c) *Phœnix* was one of the four *Generals*, who, after *Hannibal* ( the brother of *Hannibal* ) united *Spain*, maintained the War there : but was soon after forced to retire *Læmnia* into *Africa*.

(d) This *Mago* was Brother to *Hannibal*, who, as the former *Generals*, beaten out of *Spain*, retired to *Cádiz*, and there went with some few forces by *Scamio Italy*, to join with *Hannibal*.

(e) This *Harro* ( not that great Enemy to the *Læmnia* family ) after *Mago* left *Spain*, was sent thither by the *Carthagenians*, but, soon after, his Camp was invaded by *Vulturn*, one of *Scipio's* *Læmnia*, his whole Army destroyed, and himself, taken prisoner.

Advanc'd, and leading on a Barb'rous Train,

With

With rattling Shields, the Native *Spaniards* brought  
Too late. Yet ( had he not with *Scipio* fought )  
Nor Valour, Art, nor Policy, in War  
Was wanting in Him. But all Force so far,  
With greater Weight, the *Romane General*  
Depress'd, as *Phœbe's* Light surpasseth all  
The lesser Stars ; as *Sol* doth Her excell ;  
As *Atlas* other Hills ; as *Æole* doth swell  
'Bove other Rivers ; or the *Ocean*  
The *Narrow-Seas* exceeds. While he began  
T' encamp, as Ev'ning with Un-equal Shades  
*Olympus* veil'd, the *Romane* him invades ;  
And, in the sudden Tumult, ev'ry where  
Th' imperfect Works are overthrown, and there  
The weighty Turf, and Earth, oppressing those,  
That fell, the Honour of a Grave bestows.

But with a Courage, that might worthy be  
Of more than One, and which Posterity  
Deserves to know, and to commend to Fame  
Is worth our Pains, *Cantabrian Larus* came.  
Who, for his Minde, and Bodie's Bulk, might be  
A Terrour, though Unarm'd. Most fiercely He  
( After his Country's Custom ) his right-Hand,  
Arm'd with an Ax, the Combat still maintain'd :  
And ( though the routed Bands about him, round,  
And his one Country Troop destroy'd he found )  
The Place of those were slain supply'd Alone ;  
And, if he fought at hand, would oft upon  
The Forehead wound his Fo. And, when aside  
They him assail'd, with oblique Blows employ'd  
His Ax reflex'd ; If he assaulted were  
Behinde, a furious Conqu'rour, free from Fear,  
His Fatal Weapon, he could Backward throw :  
In ev'ry part o'th' Fight, a dreadful Fo.

At

At him with mighty Force (the Brother to  
The *General*) his Lance Young *Scipio* threw ;  
Which, with his Cap of Fence, his flowing Hair  
Cast down : For, driven strong, the Fatal Spear  
Sunk deep, and far the lifted Ax was thrown.  
At which the Youth, whose Anger now was grow'n  
A mighty Weapon, leaping on him, gives  
A Shout, and Home the Barb'rous Weapon drives.  
The Armies trembled, while his batter'd Shield  
Sounds, with that Warlike weight, through all the Field.  
Nor was't in vain : For with his Sword, as from  
His Stroak the *Spaniard* drew his Right-hand Home,  
Cut off, and Dead, with its lov'd Weapon, down  
It fell. Which Wall, when it was overthrown,  
The Trembling Troops an Universal Flight  
Scatters, through all the Plain. No shew of Fight ;  
But the sad Face of Punishment of those,  
That fell, on ev'ry side, by Conqu'ring Foes.

But now, behold! the *Libyan* Prince, his Hands  
Behinde him bound, through midst of all the Bands  
Is dragg'd along, and begg'd (Oh flatt'ring Light  
Of Heav'n !) that Captivate in Chains he might  
Have longer Life. To whom the *Romane* thus.  
See these are they, who once requir'd or'e Us  
So great a Pow'r ; to whom thy Sacred Race  
Must yield ( *Quirinus* ) and the Gown give Place!  
But, to submit to Bondage if you are  
So Easy, why did you begin the War?  
As this he spake, an Horfman Tidings brought,  
That ( *Hafdrubal* ), not knowing they had fought,  
Came on with Speed, to joyn his Arms, and Fate.  
*Scipio* snatch'd up his ready Ensigns strait,  
And when, or' enjoy'd, he saw the Fight (so much  
Desir'd) approach, and Troops to Death with such

(1) *Hafdrubal*, the Son of *Gisco*,  
the last of the *Carthaginian* Generals in  
*Spain*; and Father of *Sophontika*. See  
Livy.

A furious Speed advancing, to the Sky  
Lifting his Eyes; No more (Ye, Gods!) do I  
Of you this Day require, since now I see  
This Fugitive is drawn to Fight (said He)  
Our other Wishes by our Valour may  
Be gain'd. Then haste (Companions go,) I pray,  
Behold my Father here, my Uncle there  
With Rage, upon you call. Oh you, that are  
My Deities in War, our Leaders be.  
I'll follow you: Afsist! and you shall see  
(If my prefiging Minde deceive me not)  
A Slaughter worthy of your Name. For what  
Shall else give Period to our Fighting here,  
In the *Iberian* Land? When shall appear  
That glorious Day, when at the fierce Alarms  
Of the approaching War, and these mine Arms  
I ( *Carthage* ) thee shall trembling see: This said  
Hoarse Trumpets, with shrill Murmurs, strait invade  
The Stars, with Echo. With fierce Clamours then  
They meet, with such a Violence, as when  
*Noctus*, and *Boreas*, or fell *Auster* raves  
By Sea, and drown whole Fleets in swelling Waves.  
Or when his deadly Flames the Dog expires,  
And burns the fainting World with wasting Fires.  
Such Slaughters their fierce Fury by the Sword  
Commits, the gaping Earth could not afford  
A Space, the Ruins of the Fight to hide.  
No Rage of Salvage Beasts had ere destroy'd  
So many in their Fatal Dens. And, now,  
With Blood the Fields, and Vallies overflow ;  
Their Weapons all are dull'd: The *Libyans* are  
Cut off, and the *Iberi*, that in War  
Delight. And yet, though shatter'd much, a Band  
There was, that struggled still, and kept their Stand,  
P p p Where

Where *Hafdrubal* did with his Spear contend.  
Nor had their constant Valour made an End  
That Day; but that an Arrow chanc'd to fall  
Upon his Breast-plate's top. The Wound, though small  
Perswaded him to fly. Then strait he quits  
The Fight, and on his nimble Courser gets  
To Shelter, and along the Shore, by Night,  
To the *Tartessus* Ports directs his Flight.  
The next to him in Arms, and Valour, there,  
To th' Fight (He the *Massilian* Scepter bare,  
For's League, and Friendship to the *Romane* Name,  
Soon after famous) *Massinissa* came.

(.) *Massinissa*, after his defection  
to the *Romans*, maintained inviolable  
Friendship with them, during his whole  
Life. See more in the *Catastron*,  
second Bk.

Upon his radiant Head, as, tyr'd with Flight,  
By Night he slept, a sudden, shining Light  
Appear'd to compass, with a gentle Flame,  
His curled Hair, and to diffuse the same  
Upon his rugged Brow. His Servants strait  
Run in, and haste the Fire (that did dilate  
It self about his Breast) with Water to  
Suppress. But his old Mother, who foreknew  
The Omens of the Gods, Your Wonders (cries)  
Thus, thus still hide, propitious Deities!  
Long may that Light abide upon his Head!  
Neither do Thou, my *Massinissa*! dread  
Those happy Wonders of the Gods: nor fear,  
When 'bout thy Temples Sacred Flames appear;  
This Fire a League with the *Dardanian* Race,  
And Empire, greater then thy Father's was,  
Doth promise, and, at length, shall give to Thee;  
And with the *Latine* Fates thy Name shall be  
Involv'd. Thus spake the Prophetess. The Minde  
O' th' Youth, to these clear Prodigies inclin'd,  
Ner'e thought on Honours from the *Libyan* Side,  
For his great Valour. And, besides the Pride,

Of

Of *Hannibal* in Arms, now, less became,  
And, ev'ry Day, the War decreas'd in Fame.  
From the dark Heav'n's the Morn began to chace  
The Clouds, and scarce had Crimson-dy'd the Face  
Of the *Atlantic* Sisters; when he goes  
To the *Anjonian* Camp (as yet his Foes.)  
Where when he enter'd, and kinde Entertain  
Receiv'd from *Scipio*; thus the King began.  
Th' advice of Heav'n, my Mother's Prophecies,  
And thy great Valour, to the Deities  
So dear, (Bless *Romane*) me have hither brought  
(Most willingly) from those, for whom I fought.  
If 'gainst thy Thunder I've appear'd to stand  
With Courage, here I offer Thee an Hand,  
Worthy thy Name, thou Son of *Jove*! nor Me  
Do wav'ring Thoughts, or vain Inconstancy  
Of Minde, to this invite. I Treachery,  
And, perjur'd from their Birth, a People fly.  
And, when Thou at *Alcides* Bars hast made  
An End, the Mother of the War invade  
With Me. For Him, who *Italy* ten Years  
Hath now possess'd, and Scaling-Ladders bears  
Against the Walls of *Rome*, You back must bring  
With Fire, and Sword, to *Libya*. Thus the King.

To whom (their Right-Hands joyn'd) If glorious  
(The *General* replies) in Arms to Thee (We  
Appear; more glorious much We *Romans* are  
For keeping Faith. Then (*Massinissa*) far  
Thy double-Tongu'd Associates from thy Minde  
Remove. Thy famous Valour, hence, shall finde  
A great Reward: and sooner Me subdu'd  
By Arms, then overcome in Gratitude,  
Thou shalt confesse. But that, which you perswade,  
That We should *Libya* with Fire invade,

P p p 2

Time

Time shall effect. My Thoughts are oft inclin'd  
To that, and *Carthage* fatigates my Minde.  
Then to the Youth a rich embroider'd Cloak,  
And Horse, which he from conquer'd *Mago* took,  
And had himself his Mettle try'd, withall  
A Cask, and Golden Cup, which *Hafdrubal*  
Uls'd to the Altars of the Gods to bring  
With Sacrifice, He gives. Then, with the King  
A Social League confirm'd, He strait employ'd  
His Thoughts, that *Byrsa's* Tow'rs might be destroy'd.

The richest King in the *Maffylian* Land,  
And Valiant held, was <sup>(b)</sup> *Syphax*: whose command  
Un-number'd Nations, and the farthest Seas,  
Obey'd. His Territories vast; in these  
He Store of Horse, and Monstrous Beasts, that are  
In Fight a Terrour, and choice Youth for War,  
Possess'd. None Him surpass'd in Ivory,  
Or Gold, or Garments of *Getulian* Dy.  
Desirous, therefore, to his Side to bring (King  
This Strength (the Danger weighing, should that  
To *Carthage* turn) He puts to Sea, and in  
His Thoughts, already, doth that War begin.  
But when, at length, his Ship arriv'd before  
The Port; fled thither, by the nearest Shore,  
In a weak Bark, was *Hafdrubal*, who sought  
New Leagues, for his distress'd Affairs, and brought  
*Maffylian* Ensigns to the *Tyrian* Side.  
But, when to *Syphax* it was signifi'd,  
That the two *Generals* of two Nations (who  
With all their Might contended to subdue,  
Each, to their Laws, the World) into his Land  
Were come: big in his Thoughts, he gives Command,  
They should be strait conducted to his Court;  
Proud, that his Throne was Honour'd with Resort

So

(a) Of *Syphax*, see the *Continuation*, *libell. B. 2.*

So great. Then, as, with joyful Eys, he ran  
Or'e *Scipio's* Face, to him he first began.  
Brave *Dardan*, fam'd for thy clear Soul! how Thee  
I, willingly, Embrace! how gladly see!  
How much I me pleas'd old *Scipio's* Face to Minde  
To call! thy Father in thy Looks I finde.  
I speak of the *Herculean Gades* now;  
When, Curious to observe the *Ocean's* flow,  
And Ebb, to th' *Erythrean* Coast I came.  
With Kindness strange, at *Batis* neigb'ring Stream,  
Those two great Captains came to see Me; where  
They Presents of their Spoils (the Best that were)  
On Me bestow'd: as Arms, and (which within  
My Kingdom, untill then, unknown had been)  
Bridles for Horse, and Bows, with which we may  
Our Country's Darts compare. Besides these, they  
Masters of antient Discipline, that might  
In Order form our scatter'd Bands, in Fight,  
(<sup>(i)</sup> After your Country's Manner) to me gave.  
I Gold, and Ivory (of which We have  
Great Plenty in our Land) on them again  
Would have bestow'd. But all my Pray'rs were Vain:  
Onely two Swords, which carved Ivory  
Ensheath'd, they took. Now therefore chearfully  
My Palace enter; and since, hither now  
The *Libyan General* my Fortune, through  
The Seas, hath brought, consider what I say  
With Candid Thoughts: and Thou (whom all obey  
At *Carthage*) *Hafdrubal* thine Ears to me,  
And Senses turn: What Storms, through *Italy*,  
Of Arms, like Torrents, run, and spread the Fears  
Of Ruin through the Land? And how ten years,  
Sometimes *Sicanian* Earth, sometimes thy Shore  
(*Iberus*) hath been drunk with *Tyrian* Gore;

To

(i) For *Infantry*: of which the *Maffylian* knew nothing.

To all is known: Now, therefore, let the War  
 Be lay'd aside, and joyntly Arms forbare;  
 Be Thou content with *Italy*, and Thou  
 In *Libya* to contain thy Self. And now,  
 If to a League of Amity you please  
 To turn, no mean Procurer of your Peace  
 Will *Syphax* be. As more he would have said,  
*Scipio*, not suff'ring Him, before him lay'd  
 The Customs of his Country, and the Will  
 O'th' *Senate*: shew'd him, that the Fathers still  
 Determin'd such Affairs: wish'd him to lay  
 All Hopes of that Design aside. Thus they,  
 In arguing, the Day remaining spent,  
 And then unto their Cups, and Viands, went.  
 The Banquet ended, ev'ry Man repairs  
 To Rest, and the hard Fetters of his Cares  
 Throws off to Night. But, when the Morn gave Birth  
 To a new-Day, by her first Beams on Earth,  
 And *Sol* His Horses from their Stable drew  
 Unto their Yoak; Himself, not mounted to  
 His Seat, but onely, with his early Rays,  
 Then breaking forth, enchain'd th' *Eoan* Seas:  
*Scipio* leaps from his Bed, and, with a fair  
 Aspect, to *Syphax* Lodgings doth repair.  
 He (as the Custom of his Country) bred  
 Young Lions up; which lost, so Tamely fed,  
 Their Native Rage, and, at that very Time  
 Their Yellow-Necks, and Mains, while they with Him  
 Were Wanton, strok'd, and handled, without Fear,  
 Their dreadful Jaws. But, when he came to hear,  
 That *Scipio* was at Hand, he strait puts on  
 His Robe: and Royal Ensigns of his Throne,  
 In his Left Hand, assumes. White Fillets ty'd  
 About his Temples, and to his left Side

A

A Sword (as was their Custom) girt: He strait  
 Invites him in; where privately they fate,  
 The Scepter'd King, and the *Ausonian* Guest,  
 In equal State. when *Scipio* thus exprest  
 His Minde. It was my First, and Chiefest Care,  
 So soon as the *Pyrenean* Nations were  
 Subdu'd by Me, into thy Land to haste  
 (Most mighty *Syphax*) nor (which I have past)  
 Could me the cruel Seas, between, retard.  
 Now, what I shall demand is neither Hard,  
 Nor yet Dishonourable to thy Throne:  
 With the *Ausonians* let thy Heart be one;  
 A firm Ally to their Successes be:  
 Not the *Massylian* Nations can Thee,  
 Nor Territories stretch'd to Dang'rous Sands,  
 Nor Pow'r of thy great Ancestours in Lands  
 Of vast Extent, more Glory yield, then will  
 The *Romane* Valour, still Invincible  
 In Faith, and Honour of the *Latine* Name.  
 For (not to mention more) none, that can claim  
 Equality with the Immortal Gods,  
 Over the *Dardan* Arms can compass Odds.  
 The King this hearing, with a chearful Face,  
 Seems to assent, and, with a strict Embrace,  
 Let Us confirm this happy Omen (cries)  
 And our joynt Vows propitious Deities  
 Assist! Both Horned, and *Tarpeian* Jove,  
 Let us invoke. With that, they forward move  
 To Sacred Altars, built of Turfs of Grasse,  
 Where ready for the Ax the Victim was.  
 When suddenly the Bull the Altar flies,  
 Leaps from the broken Cords, and with loud Cries  
 Fills the whole Temple, and, his dismal Note  
 Ingeminating (from his bellowing Throat)  
 Through



Through all the trembling Palace Terror spreads.  
Then trait the Fillet, that adorn'd the Heads  
Of his great Ancestours, without the Touch  
Of any, falls from the King's Temples. Such  
Sad Signs by Heav'n of his declining State  
Were giv'n, and heavy Omens of his Fate.

This done: returning to the Port again,  
*Scipio*, with prosperous Gales, arrives in *Spain*.  
The greedy Nations met. *Pyrene* sent  
Her sev'ral People: all in Complement  
Salute, and call him King, which the Supreme  
Honour of Virtue was, in their Esteem.  
But with a middle Aspect their Offers were  
By Him rejected, and He did declare  
His Country's Customs, and (which well-became  
A Noble *Romane*) that the very Name  
Of Kings was Odious at *Rome*. Again  
Turn'd to that onely Care, that did remain  
(No Enemy now left) the *Latine* Bands,  
With those, which *Batis*, and which *Tagus* Sands  
Enrich, he convokes, and to them thus,  
Midst the Assemblies, speaks. Since Heav'n hath Us  
So blest'd, that, from the farthest Part of all  
The World thrown out, the *Libyan* should fall;  
Or in these Plains; or, from th' *Hesperian* Lands  
Exil'd, should fly to see his Native Sands.  
I now the Fun'ral of my Friends desire  
To celebrate, and Peace, which they require,  
To dearest Shades to give. Consent (I pray)  
With Me in this, and list to what I say.  
When the seventh Sun again the Skies shall gild,  
Whoer'e in Arms, or in the Sword is skill'd;  
Or can with Art the Chariot drive; or by  
Swiftness of Foot hopes Conquest; or lets fly

Darts

Darts, that impell the Windes: let such appear,  
And for the Crown contend with Honour here.  
I Rewards worthy, of the choice of all  
The *Tyrian* Spoils, will give. No Person shall  
Depart without Reward. Thus with Desires  
Of Gifts, and Praises, he the Vulgar fires.  
And now the Day arriv'd, when all the Plain  
With the vast Concourse sounds, and with a Train  
Well order'd, the pretended Obsequies  
*Scipio*, with Tears Obortive in his Eyes,  
Leads on. All Soldiers of the *Latine* Name,  
And all th' *Iberian*, with their Off'rings came,  
And threw them on the flaming Pyles: while He  
Goblets of Sacred Mills, and Bowls, that be  
With blushing *Bacchus* fill'd, devoutly pours,  
And strews the Altars or'e with flagrant Flow'rs.  
Then the excited Shades he invokes  
With Tears, their Praises sings, and venerates  
Their glorious Acts. This done: from thence he goes  
Into the *Cirque*, where first he doth propose  
The rapid Race of Steeds, and doth Commence  
The Sport. The wav'ring People in the Sense,  
And Rage of Fav'ring Sides (the Bars not yet  
Thrown open) Fluctuate to and fro, and fret,  
Like murm'ring Seas, and still their Eyes confine  
To observe the Horses stand. Soon as the Sign  
Was giv'n, the Bars resound, and to the Skies  
(Scarce the first Hoof appearing) Clamours rise,  
With dreadful Noise: while prone, and eager all  
As those that run, they to the Chariots bawl,  
And Steeds. The *Cirque* with their Contention shakes,  
And Heat in some, from others Courage takes.  
Exhorting they drive on, and, clam'ring loud,  
Their Horses guide, and then a Yellow Cloud  
Q q q Mounts

Mounts, from the sandy Tract, into the Air,  
 Obscuring, with its Darkness, ev'ry where  
 The Horses Way, and Drivers Pains. Here one  
 Rails at his Head-strong Steed: and this upon  
 The Master. Some the Country's Favour; some  
 The antient Stable's Name, from whence they come,  
 Inflames; and some with Hopes tormented are  
 Of the Young Steeds, that Harnes newly bear.  
 Some with old Age are pleas'd, and praise the Steed,  
 Known for long Years. Starting, with rapid Speed,  
*Callaick Lampon*, through the Air, before  
 The rest, flies out, and runs, insulting or'e, (Shout,  
 Much Ground, and leaves the Windes behinde. They  
 And with Applause grow hot; nor seem to doubt,  
 That, with the Start, h'ad gain'd the better part  
 Of his Desires. But such, as in the Art,  
 And Knowledg of the Race more Skillful were,  
 Against their Clamour, at the first, declare,  
 And at great Distance blam'd, with vain Complaint,  
 His ill-spent Pains, which made his Horses faint.  
 Oh! whither, rashly, *Gyrus* (for 'twas He  
 That drove the Chariot) whither dost thou flee?  
 Forbear the Whip, take up the Reins, alas!  
 His Ears are Deaf, and He doth forward pass,  
 Still of his Steeds secure; nor thinks upon  
 The space of Ground, that yet remain'd to run.  
 At Distance from the foremost, but the space  
 Of's Chariot length, the next *Panchates* was.  
*Asturian* born; his Sire's White Ensign bright  
 Upon his Forehead shin'd, his Feet all White  
 Alike, his Mettle very great, not Tall  
 His Members, and his Bodie's Grace but small:  
 But then He Wings assum'd, and, with Disdain  
 Of Reins, runs on, with Fury, through the Plain.

You'd

You'd think his Limbs grew Greater, he more High.  
 His *Spanish* Guide shin'd in *Cinybian* Dye.

The third, that equal with *Pelorus* run  
 Afront, was *Caucasus*; most fierce, and One,  
 That scorn'd on's flatter'd Neck the Hand's applause:  
 But, foaming, lov'd to champ with Bloody Jaws  
 Upon the Bit. But, easier to obey  
 The Reins, *Pelorus* never from the Way  
 The running Chariot, deviating, drew,  
 And in the Tract went on directly to  
 The Mark. His Crest was deep, and, to and fro,  
 Upon his Neck an Ample Main did flow.  
 No Sire he had: Him *Harpe*, when anew  
 In the *Vectonian* Meades the *Zephyrs* blew,  
 Brought forth. This Chariot gallant *Durius* in  
 The Race urg'd on. On *Atlas*, who had been  
 His Master long, did *Caucasus* rely.  
 Him thither then *Ætolian Tyde* (by  
*Tydid*es built) had sent, and thought indeed,  
 That his Descent was from that *Trojan* Breed  
 Of Steeds, which from <sup>(k)</sup> *Æneas* *Diomed*  
 Near *Simois* took, and home with Conquest led.  
 Now, as almost amidst the Race they drive,  
 In Space enlarg'd, *Panchates*, fierce, doth strive  
 To'or'etake the foremost Horses, and to tend  
 Yet higher, and behinde seems to ascend  
 The Chariot, that before him went; while He,  
 Striking on the *Callaick* Axle-tree,  
 Shakes it with his Forefeet. But, though the last,  
 Old *Atlas*, tow'rd's the Goal, as nimbly pass,  
 As *Durius*. You might think they Peaceful were;  
 So equally their Fronts, and Reins they bear:  
 But, when th' *Iberian*, who then next him went,  
 Perceiv'd, that the *Callaick's* Strength was spent,

Q q q 2

Nor

(k) In this the Poet discovers the  
 Cause of the *Admiris* in preferring  
 a Race of good *Horses*, such as were  
 those so celebrated at old, taken by  
*Phœnix* from *Æneas*, at the Siege of  
*Troy*. After which, *Diomed* raising se-  
 veral *Cavalries*, and building several *Cir-  
 cles*, was exceedingly renowned with bo-  
 nety, he, in some places adored, and  
 among the *Latians* had a White  
 Horse sacrificed to him. See *Strabo*,  
*Geogr.* Book the fifth.

Nor, as before, the headlong Chariot leap'd,  
 But with continual Violence, and Whip'd,  
 The smoaking Steeds went on. As, from high Hills,  
 A sudden Storm the lower Vallies fills,  
 Stretch'd to his Horses Necks, and hanging o'er  
 Their Heads, *Panchates*, that he should no more  
 Delay, but bear his Reins with good Success,  
 He excites, and, lashing on, doth this express.  
 While thou contend'st, shall an *Asturian* gain  
 The Prize? Stir up; fly nimbly through the Plain.  
 For *Lampon*, who, as wing'd, but lately went,  
 In's panting Breast declines: his Breath is spent;  
 Nor, gaping, hath enough to bear him to  
 The Mark. Thus having said, the Horse anew  
 Himself collects, as if he newly then  
 Had started from the Barriers, and began  
 The Race, and *Cyrnus* striving, as he pass'd,  
 To cross, or equal him, behinde him cast.  
 Heav'n, and the *Cirque*, with the Spectatours Cries,  
 Murmurs, while through the Air *Panchates* flies,  
 And raising his Triumphant Neck more strong,  
 And High, his Fellows (foremost) draws along.  
*Atlas*, and *Durius*, in the Rear, their Arts  
 In Wheeling try. This to the Left converts  
 His Reins, the other to the Right doth bend,  
 And strives to pass: and both, in vain, contend  
 Each other to deceive; till, on his Strength  
 Of Youth relying, *Durius* turn'd, at length,  
 His Reins, and headlong drives his Chariot on,  
 Cross *Atlas* Axle-tree; which overthrown,  
 He, weak with Age, complaining justly, cries;  
 Whither dost go? or what mad Way is this  
 Of running Races? both my Steeds, and Me  
 To kill thou dost Endeavour. Thus while he

Exclaims

Exclaims, the Ax-tree broke, upon his Face  
 He falls, and's Steeds, now drawing sever'al Ways,  
 Run headlong through the Champagne (Sad to see!)  
 While, in the open Plain, with Victory,  
 The Reins unto his Friends *Pelorus* heaves,  
 And shakes, and 'midst the Sand, behinde him, leaves  
*Atlas*, endeavouring there to rise. Nor far  
 Had he to equal *Cyrnus* weary Carr.  
 Past whom (learning too late to guide his Steeds,  
 And marching slow) with nimble Wheels he speeds.  
 His Friends with Shouts, and Cries, his Chariot make  
 To go more Swift. And now upon the Back,  
 And Shoulders o'th' *Iberian* Charioter  
 His mouth the Horse had lay'd; who, full of Fear,  
 By the strong Vapour of his Breath, and Foam,  
 Soon feels his Back oppress'd, and Warm become:  
 While *Durius* ply'd the Race, and last'd amain  
 His Horses on, nor seems to strive in vain,  
 On the Right-hand, to reach the Steeds before,  
 And equall'd them; and, then transported more  
 With so great Hopes, cries out. *Pelorus* now,  
 That *Zephyrus* was thy Sire, 'tis time to show:  
 And let them learn, that can the Pedegree  
 Of Steeds, by Name, derive, how much in Thee  
 A Breed Divine excels. A Conqu'rou, Thou  
 Shalt Altars raise, and Off'rings shalt bestow  
 Upon thy Sire. And if, as this he said,  
 Through joyful Fear he had not been betray'd,  
 By his too great Success, and letting fall  
 His Whip, perhaps to *Zephyrus* he all  
 His Vows had pay'd, and Altars rais'd. But then,  
 As if he had gain'd the Crown, and it agen  
 Had tumbled from his Head, Unfortunate,  
 His Anger turning on himself, He strait

Acrofs

Across his Breast his golden Garment rends,  
 And dire Complaints, most sadly weeping, sends  
 Up to the very Stars. And now no more  
 (His Lashing ceas'd) the Chariot, as before,  
 Obey'd his Hand: but on the Horses Backs,  
 Instead o'th' Whip, the Reins lie, vainly, shakes.  
 While, now secure of Praise, *Panchates* came  
 Up to the Goal, and the first Prize did claim.  
 The Winder with his large Main, which Nature lay'd  
 Over his Neck, and Shoulders, gently play'd:  
 While, snatching up his subtle Limbs, about  
 He prau'd, and triumph'd with a mighty Shout.  
 An Ax, in solid Silver carv'd, to all,  
 Alike, was giv'n. The rest the *General*,  
 Distinguishing with sev'ral Honours, gave.  
 The First a nimble Courser did receive,  
 Which the *Mafflyan* King a Present made,  
 Of high Esteem. The next in Merit had  
 Two Golden Cups, o'th' *Tyrian* Spoils (which there  
 In Plenty lay) and, rough with Yellow-Hair,  
 A Lion's Skin, and (with like Dread exprest)  
 A *Tyrian* Helmet, with an horrid Crest.  
 The Third in Honour, in Reward the last,  
 Was *Atlas*; who, though from the Chariot cast,  
 (Pitying the sad Misfortune of his Fall,  
 And his Decrepit Age) the *General*  
 Presented, and, in's Prime of Age, a Slave,  
 And Bonnet, of his Country's Fashion, gave.  
 This done, the *General* the Race proclaims  
 A Foot, and Hearts with Prizes fix'd inflames.  
 To th' first a Cask, which, late, upon the Head  
 Of *Hafdrubal*, did *Pannick* Terror spread  
 Through all th' *Iberian* Bands. To him whose Speed  
 Next Merited, a Sword there was Decreed,

Which

Which from *Hyempsal* slain his Father took.  
 And to the Third, a Bull. The rest forsook  
 The *Cirque*: each Man well-pleas'd, and Proud, that they  
 Two Darts of Native Metal bore away.  
 Then *Hesp'ros*, and *Tartessos*, Lovely Boys,  
 At once appear with the propitious Voice  
 Of all the *Cirque*. Of *Tyrian* Blood, they came  
 From *Gades*. Next (to whom the River's Name  
 By *Corduba* <sup>(1)</sup> was giv'n, when yet a Childe)  
 In that great Contest, *Beticus* was fill'd  
 With joyfull Hopes. And then, with Yellow-Hair,  
 (But with a Skin, whose Whiteness might compare  
 With Snow) did *Eurythus* with Clamours fill  
 The Lifts. He, bred upon her lofty Hill,  
 Was thither sent by *Setabis*, and there,  
 With trembling Piety, his Parents were.  
 Then *Lamus*, and then *Sicoris* (thy Brood,  
 Warlike *Ilerda*) and that drinks the Flood,  
 Which, under *Lethe's* Name, with Silence laves  
 The hollow Banks with its forgetful Waves,  
*Theron* appears. And, when they all upon  
 Their Feet stood ready, and with Bodies prone,  
 And panting Hearts, with Heat of Praise elate,  
 Receiv'd the Signal by the Trumpet: strait,  
 Starting through Air, as swift as Arrows, by  
 Extended Nerves enforc'd, away they fly.  
 And now the Shouts, and Parties divers are:  
 The Favours by their Fingers hang, and, where  
 Each Man affects, by Name their Friends excite;  
 While the fair Troop speeds through the Plain, so light,  
 Their Feet leave no Impression on the Sand.  
 All in their Prime; in Face all Comely; and  
 All swift of Foot; all Worthy to Or'come.  
 Now eager *Eurythus* the foremost, from

The

(1) Corduba, Situate on the River Bæta.

The middle Tract, advanc'd; yet foremost past  
 But a short Space: when *Hesperos* as fast  
 Came up, and press'd upon his Heels, while he  
 Conceiv'd it was enough for him to be  
 The Foremost. To other it suffic'd he might  
 Yet hope to get before. With that, more light  
 Their Steps they gather, and with vig'rous Mindes  
 Drive on their Bodies. While their Beauty findes  
 Encrease from Labour. When with easy Pace  
*Theron*, who ran the last of all the Race,  
 Finding his Strength sufficient for the Course,  
 His Un-spent Vigour with a sudden Force  
 Employs, and breaks into the Air, so fleet,  
 You'd think that *Mercury* with winged Feet  
 Went his Ethereal Course. Now these, then those,  
 (The People all admiring) He out-goes;  
 And lately last, now the Third Victour, press'd  
 By his swift Steps, doth *Hesperos* infest.  
 Nor whom he follows onely: but the Rings  
 Prime Hope, (advancing with such active Wings)  
*Amazeth Eurythus*; when, Fourth in place,  
*Tartessos*, vainly toiling (if the Race  
 The other three pursu'd, as they began)  
 With fiery *Theron*, that betwixt them ran  
 His Brother press'd. Which *Theron* now no more  
 Enduring rais'd Himself, and got before  
 Enrag'd *Hesperos*. Then onely One  
 Before him went. And now the Goal begun  
 With nearer Incitations to enflame  
 The vex'd behinde. When up they furious came,  
 And all the Force, that either Toil, or Fear,  
 Piercing into their Hearts, had left (while there  
 Could any thing be hop'd for, in a Space  
 So short) collect. The foremost Two the Race,  
 With

With equal Speed pursue, and happily,  
 The Prizes of a double Victory  
 (Coming together to the Mark) had won  
 With Merit, had not *Hesperos* (who run  
 Close behinde *Theron*, and through Anger made  
 Most Cruel) seiz'd upon his Hair (display'd  
 On's Milky Neck) and drawn him Back. While thus  
 The Youth detain'd, Triumphant *Eurythus*,  
 A joyful Victour, for the Prize appears,  
 And the fair Present of an Helmet bears  
 Away. Their fix'd Rewards the other found,  
 And with green Wreaths their un-cut Tresses bound.  
 Each had two Shafts with Native Metal steel'd.  
 This done; more cruel Conflicts stain the Field.  
 The Sword's drawn Hand to Hand, and a fair War  
 They represent. Not such, as Guilty are,  
 Nor vicious Men are to the Sword design'd:  
 But such, whom Valour equall'd, and a Minde  
 Inflam'd with Love of Praise: A perfect Face  
 Of their past Labours, and of *Mars* his Race  
 A worthy<sup>(m)</sup> Spectacle. Among these were  
 Two Brothers, who (what will not Princes dare  
 To act: what Crimes do Scepters want:) engage  
 In a full *Cirque* (while the whole Pit their Rage  
 Condemns) in single Combat for a Throne.  
 'Twas a dire Custom in their Country, known  
 Where Orphan Sons their Father's Royal Seat,  
 With Hazard of their Lives, invade. Both meet  
 With all the Fury, that a Mad Desire  
 Of Rule affords, and both at once expire;  
 Bearing to Ghosts below ambitious Hearts,  
 Glutted with Blood: and in their Inward parts (drown'd:  
 With one joynt Thrust, their Swords, push'd on, are  
 And, adding railing Language to each Wound,  
 R r r Struggling

(m) This Spectacle, much more Memorable, than those, where the Guilty, and Condemned contend'd, was presented by two Spanish Princes, (Brothers, by the Mother; named *Orbis*, and *Orisa*) who, disputing for the Sovereignty of a City, were resolv'd to determine the Controversie at this Solemnity by the Sword: and though the *Part*, in imitation of that famed Dispute, and funeral of *Eteocles*, and *Polynices*, faith, they both dyed, yet *Livy* attests the Elder (*Orbis*) overcame the Younger.

Struggling, their angry Souls fly into Air.  
Nor could their Ghosts this Enmity forbear :  
For, when their Bodies were together brought  
Unto one Pyle (as if they still had fought)

(s) The Bodies of *Troilus*, and *Priamus*, who contended for the sovereignty of *Troilus*, both slain in one Battle, being thrown upon the Pile, the Flames arising from them, divided themselves, as if their Souls had still maintained their Power over them.

(r) The Impious Flames ('tis strange) afunder fly,  
Nor would their Ashes there together ly.

The rest with sev'ral Gifts, as was their Share  
Of Courage, or of Force, rewarded are.  
Some Oxen, that, with Ploughs imprefs'd, could Till  
The Earth : Some Youths, 'mong *Tyrian* Spoils, with  
Accustom'd to explore the Dens of Beasts : (Skill  
Some Silver Plate, with wealthy Robes, and Crests  
Rising on shining Helmets, bore away,  
The Spoils, and Trophies of the *Libyan* Prey.  
Then with the Dart they Honour sought (the last  
Of these *Circensian* Games) and strove to cast  
Beyond the Mark. Here, Neighbour to that Land,  
Where *Tagus* Pale becomes with golden Sand,  
Was *Burnus*, Famous for his long Descent,  
And Line : with *Glagus*, who the Windes out-went  
With his strong Arm. *Acontens* too, whose Dart,  
In its most speedy Course, the nimblest Hart  
Ner'e mis'd. With them (u) *Indibilis*, who long  
In War delighted, now esteem'd among  
Confederates of *Rome* : who often flew  
With his sure Shafts the towering Fowl, that flew  
Among the Clouds. And stout *Ilerdes*, who  
Could easily surprize the flying Doe.  
*Burnus*, who in the Mark first fix'd his Dart,  
*Dammus* receiv'd ; a Maid, that mix'd with Art  
The milky Fleeces with *Getulian* Dye.  
But, who the next was Honour'd, and that nigh  
Unto the Mark a Shaft had thrown, with Joy,  
*Ilerdes*, for Reward, receiv'd a Boy.

(u) *Indibilis* was a petty, but Warlike King, of *Spain*, who, after he had performed many notable Exploits against the *Romanes*, made Peace with *Scipio* ; but soon, as he removed thence, rose again in Arms ; but was subdued, and slain by *Scipio's* Lieutenant.

The

The third Palm brave *Acontens* had, a Brace  
Of Dogs, that would the Boar with Mettle chace.

But, when Applause, and Shouts these Honours had  
Approv'd : in Scarlet, *Laelius*, richly clad,  
And Younger *Scipio*, with a chearful Look,  
The Names, and *Manes* of the Dead invoke :  
Then, strait, their Jav'lins throw ; delighting fo  
All Honour to their Sacred Dust to show,  
And add that Ceremony to the Games.  
At length, the (v) *General* (whose Face proclaims  
His inward Joy, when he their Pious Hearts  
Rewarded had, with Gifts to their Deserts,  
And giv'n a Weighty Corset, all of Gold,  
Unto his Brother, and a Pair of bold  
*Asturian* Steeds to *Laelius*) rising, threw

(p) *Scipio*.

With Force his Conqu'ring Jav'lin, and, to shew  
The Shades were truly Honour'd, as it flies  
Amidst the Field ('tis strange) before their Eyes,  
Fix'd in the Earth, the Jav'lin stands, and strait  
With Leaves the lofty Boughs themselves dilate.  
But now its Shadow, wide, the growing Tree  
Extends : the *Augurs* all, with Prophecy,  
Command them on to greater Things to go,  
Which, by those Signs, the Deities foreshow.  
With this Prefage, the *Libyans* all from *Spain*  
Repuls'd, to *Latium* he returns again ;  
His House, and Country both reveng'd, while Fame  
The Triumph leads. Nor other Cares inflame  
The *Romane* Breasts, then *Libya* to commit,  
And Sacred *Falces*, to his Youth. But yet  
(g) The Graver Sort, who fal'n in Courage, or  
Success had wanted in that dubious War,  
Opposing his Designs as Rash, with Fear  
Their Dangers magnifie : and, as he there,

(g) The Graver Sort, and, particularly *Fabius*, either through Envy, or too much Caution, oppos'd *Scipio* in his design to invade *Libya*. See *Livy*.

R r 2

High

(c) His great Asplait in *Spain* had gain'd him not only the *Crisp* but the Favour of the People: so, that, notwithstanding the Power of *Libas*, *Afric*, and others in the *Senat*, he obtained the *Commiss* he desired.

High in the Dignity<sup>(c)</sup> of *Consul*, pray'd  
Authority of *Senate* to invade,  
And ruin *Carthage* with his Arms; this grave  
Reply, aloud, the Elder *Fabius* gave.

I hope, I need not fear, that I, who am  
Loaden with Age, and Honour; who in Fame,  
And Years abound, should by the *Consul* be  
Esteem'd a Person, that maliciously  
From his Just Praises would detract. My Name  
Is with sufficient Splendour rais'd by Fame.  
Nor wants what I have done, with such Success,  
New Praise. But, while I live, 'twere Wickedness,  
To my dear Country to be wanting, or  
Conceal my Minde in Silence. You the War  
Intend to *Libya* to transferr: For We  
Now want an Enemy in *Italy*.

Nor is't enough, that we have *Hannibal*  
Subdu'd. What greater Honour can in all  
*Eliza's* Land be found? but, if you are  
Spur'd on by Glory, what should you Debar  
To reap this Harvest? Thee for Deeds at hand  
Fortune hath Fit, and Worthy made. Our Land  
Ev'n thirsts, to drink the Blood of *Hannibal*.  
Whither the War, or Ensigns do you call,  
Extinguish first the Flames of *Italy*.

You plainly quit a weary Enemy,  
And, at that Instant, *Rome* must Naked stand,  
But, when you waste the *Syrts*, and barren Sand,  
Will not that horrid Plague, with Fury, move  
'Gainst these known Walls? invade *Tarpeian Jove*,  
Depriv'd of Arms, and Men? Of how great Weight  
Is it, should you give Way, and leave the State  
To the Emerit'd? and, when we are  
Struck with the Thunder of so great a War,

Must

Must We (as *Fulvius* from proud *Capua*) Thee  
From *Libya's* Coast recall? Get Victory  
At Home, and *Italy*, that hath with Tears  
Deplor'd the Funerals of Fifteen Years,  
Absolve from cruel War; then take your Way  
To remote *Garamantians*. You may  
Your *Nasamonian* Triumphs then design.  
But *Italy*, distress'd, must now Decline  
All such Attempts. Your Valiant Father (He,  
That so much Honour to your Family  
Did add) when, *Consul*, he was bound for *Spain*,  
Himself 'gainst *Hannibal* (who then amain  
Descended from the *Alps*) did first oppose,  
His Army all recall'd. From Conqu'ring Foes  
You (*Consul*) would retire; that so you may  
From Us the *Libyan* withdraw. But, say,  
He will, secure, sit Quiet; nor pursue  
You, and your Arms to *Libya*: will not You  
Condemn these blinde Resolves, when *Rome* shall be  
Surpriz'd? Or else suppose, that, troubled, He  
Should turn his Ensigns, and your Fleet pursue;  
He the same *Hannibal* will be, that You  
Entrench'd have seen before this Citie's Wall.

This *Fabius*, and the like was urg'd by all  
The Elder sort. The *Consul* strait reply'd.  
By a joynt Death two Valiant Captains dy'd,  
When *Spain*, possess'd, embrac'd the *Libyan* Yolk.  
Not *Fabius* then, nor Any, that have spoke  
His Sense, afforded Aid. I know, 'tis Truth,  
The War's whole Fury I, when but a Youth  
Endur'd, and to the falling Shafts alone  
My Head expos'd, and drew all Dangers on  
My self. And then the Seniour Sort, and ev'n  
This Prophet murmur'd, that the War was giv'n

Unto

Unto a Boy, and blam'd Our rash Design.  
 But I all Praises to the Pow'r's Divine  
 (By whom a *Trojan* People we remain)  
 With Thanks return. That very Boy, those vain,  
 And Childish Years, that *Scipio*, who was then  
 Unripe for Arms, to You, un-hurt, agen  
 Hath giv'n all *Spain*; the *Libyans* thence by Force  
 Repuls'd, and, following the farthest Course  
 Of *Sol* to *Atlas* Bounds, the *Libyan* Name  
 Expell'd from the *Hesperian* Orb; nor came  
 With his Victorious Ensigns Home, before  
 He *Phæbus* saw, upon the *Romane* Shore,  
 Loosing his Flaming Chariot, near the Main.  
 The same to you did foreign Kings regain.  
 And *Carthage* now remains, the last of all  
 My Toils. This *Jove* declares. See! *Hannibal*  
 Old Age now shakes, or fainting Fears doth frame;  
 Left to our Ruins, of such Length, my Name  
 A Period should produce. My Valour I  
 Have surely try'd, and Strength, augmented by  
 My Prime of Years. Then seek not to delay:  
 But rather suffer, that this Lot I may  
 Pursue. This the Immortal Gods for Me  
 Have kept, to wipe away the Infamy  
 Of former Woes. It is a fair Renown,  
 For Wary *Fabius* not to be or ethrown:  
 And the Delayer hath effected all  
 For Us by sitting still. But <sup>(\*)</sup> *Hædrubal*,  
*Mago*, nor *Hanno*, nor yet <sup>(\*)</sup> *Giscon*'s Son  
 Had turn'd their Backs, if we the like had done:  
 Or, Idle, close entrench'd, spun out the War.  
 Could a *Sidonian* Boy, who scarce did bear  
 The Down of Youth upon his Cheeks, invade  
*Laurentine* People? Walls approach, were made

By

(\*) *Hannibal*'s Brother.(\*) Another *Hædrubal*.

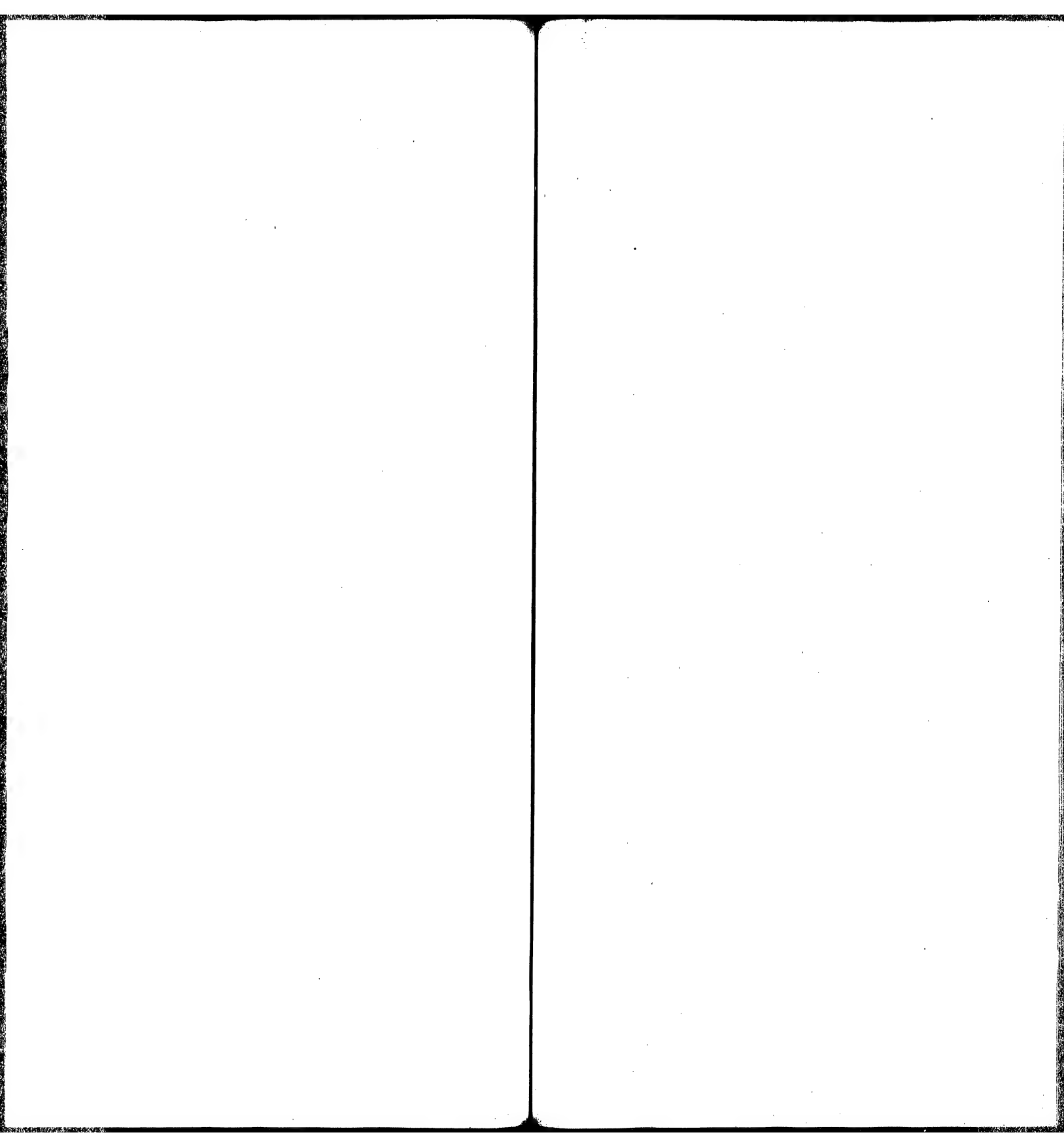
By *Trojan* Hands? and drink the Sacred Stream  
 Of Yellow *Tyber*? and in *Latium* seem,  
 By a long War, to share? and shall We stand  
 Thus backward to transport to *Libya*'s Land  
 Our Ensigns? and the *Tyrian* Tow'rs destroy?  
 Their Coasts, secure of Danger, openly,  
 And all the Land a rich Tranquillity  
 Enjoys. At length let *Carthage* (wont to be  
 A Terrour) learn to Fear, and understand,  
 That, though from *Hannibal*'th' *Oenotrian* Land  
 As yet's not free, we want not Arms. Ev'n I  
 This Man, that hath, so long, in *Italy*  
 (Till He's grown old through cautious Counsels) stood,  
 That hath three <sup>(\*)</sup> *Lustra*, largely, shed our Blood,  
 Him, fearing Cruel things, and trembling, I  
 Back to his Country, that in Flames shall ly,  
 Will turn. The Shameful Marks of *Tyrian* Hands  
 Shall *Rome* view on her Walls: while *Carthage* stands  
 Free, and secure, and hears our Misery,  
 And wars with open Gates? The Enemy  
 May batter then with their *Sidonian* Rams  
 Our Tow'rs again, if first in *Romane* Flames  
 They hear not that their Country's Temples fall.  
 The Fathers, by this Language, and the Call  
 Of Fate inflam'd, to what the *Consul* said,  
 At the same Time, assent; and, when they'd pray'd,  
 That it to *Italy* might happy prove,  
 Permit the War to *Libya* to remove.

(\*) Fifteen Years.

The End of the Sixteenth Book.

SILIUS







Patra miranda sacrum recta Triumphum  
 Grae adans curru. auro auro decoratus et  
 Generatibus Viri  
 Barrenit ac Comitatu



Martia gravibus spectanda Quiritibus ora  
 Edward Mares  
 Glamorgan Tabula efferrantibus DDD



# SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

*The Seventeenth Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

From Phrigia Cybele's brought to Rome  
 With Sacred Rites. Chast Claudia doth presume  
 (To vindicate her self) to draw alone  
 The Standing Ship, by which her Virtue's known.  
 From Sicily the Consul Scipio sails  
 To Libya, where his Army still prevails.  
 Syphax, and Hadrubal (their Camps in one  
 For Battell joyn'd) by Scipio overthrow,  
 Syphax is Captive made; a Pannick Dread,  
 From that great Overthrow, through Africk spread.  
 The Carthaginians call, to their Relief,  
 The General from Italy. His Grief  
 Express'd at his Return. The Armies fight,  
 And Hannibal by Scipio's put to flight.  
 Carthage, at length, receiveth Laws from Rome.  
 Great Scipio returns, in Triumph, Home.



HE Sibyl's antient Oracles  
 foreshow;

That then th' Ausonian Land the  
 Forrain Fo

Should quit, when from Her  
 Phrygian Seat, to Rome,

Cybelè ( Mother of the Gods ) should come

S s s

To

To be ador'd: and that the Deity,  
Arriving, should by Him received be,  
That should, selected from among the rest  
Of all the *Senate*, be esteemed Best  
Then living in the Present Age. A Name,  
Better than Triumphs, and of greater Fame.  
And now the thing arriv'd, which they had sought:  
*Cybelè*, in a *Latian* Ship, was brought.

(a) This *Scipio*, surnamed *Nepos*, was the Son of that *Scipio*, who was then with the Father of *Africanus*, in *Spain*. A Person most eminent for his regular Virtues, particularly for free from Ambition, and Avarice; that, when his Soldiers would have given him the Title of *Epoptes*, and the *Senate* decreed to him a Triumph for his Victories in *Palmyra*, he refused both: and, when he dyed, the Wealth he left behind him, was not enough to bury him. For these, and many other Excellent Qualities, he was judged the fittest Person to fulfill the Oracle of the *Sibyl*, viz.

*Matrem ipse: Matrem ipse, Ro-*  
(name, reparat;  
*Caes. vocat, casta est atque inde*  
(name;  
*Te desat Mater, Rome, I der*  
(command  
*Te fac: Recere her with the*  
(chastest Hand.

She was brought from *Paphos*, a Town in *Phoenicia*, where She had a lovely Temp. of White Marble.

(b) Chast, from the Goddess, *Cybele*, whose *Rites* were there most solemnly performed.

When (a) *Scipio*, fearless (while the *Senate* all  
Gave way) was ready to obey the Call,  
To meet th' appointed Rites. The Son was He  
Oth' *General's* Uncle, Chosen then to be  
The Chief Commander in the *African* Wars:  
Illustrious in his many Ancestours.  
When, farr at Sea, the Deity this Youth  
Devoutly had receiv'd, and to the Mouth  
Of *Thuscan* *Tyber* brought: the Vessel, strait,  
A female Band succeeds, and, with its Freight,  
The lofty Gally through the River drew  
With fast'ned Cords. Then, round about them, through  
The Air, the hollow Sounds of tinkling Bells,  
With the harsh *Timbrel's* Noise contending, pass:  
And dancing *Satyres*, which inhabit where  
(b) Chast *Dindymus* two lofty Hills appear,  
And use in the *Dislean* Caves to Sport,  
And unto *Ide*, and silent Woods resort.  
Amidst this Noise, the Sacred Vessel, known  
By Cheerful Shouts, refusing to go on,  
Retracts the Ropes, and, on a sudden, stood  
Immoveable, and fix'd within the Flood.  
With that, the Priest (as in the Ship he stands)  
Exclaims; Forbear, with your Polluted Hands,  
To touch the Cords, and, I advise you, farr  
From hence, Oh! farr depart, whoever are

Prophane,

Prophane, nor in this Chaster Labour joyn;  
While it sufficeth, that the Pow'r Divine  
Gives this Advise: but, if there any be,  
That in her chaster Minde excels, if She  
Be Conscious to her self, Her Bodie's Pure,  
Her Hand alone this Pious Task, secure,  
May undertake. Here (c) *Claudia*, who her Name  
From th' ancient *Clays* drew, by common Fame  
Traduc'd, unto the Ship her Hands, and Eyes  
Converting, laid; Mother of Deities,  
Thou Pow'r Divine, who didst for Us give Birth  
To all the Gods, whose Off-spring Heav'n, and Earth,  
The Seas, and Shades below, do rule by (d) Lot.  
If this my Body be without a Spot,  
Great Goddess be my Witnes! and let Me  
By this thy easy Bark absolved be.  
Thus having said; the Cable, free from Fear,  
She seiz'd, and, suddenly, they seem to hear  
The Lion's Murmur, and a Sound more Grave,  
Untouch'd by any Hand, the *Timbrels* gave.  
The Ship advanc'd so fast, you'd think the Winde  
Had forc'd it on, and *Claudia's* left behinde,  
Though 'gainst the Stream it ran. And Hopes, that far  
All else exceed, cheer up their Hearts: the War  
And all their Fears, at length, shall ended be.  
For active *Scipio*, leaving *Sicily*,  
Hid with his winged Ships the spacious Seas:  
But, with an off-red Bull, did first appease  
The God, on whose blew Waves the Entrails swum.  
Then Thunder-bearing Birds, descending from  
The Gods Abodes, through the clear Air, in view,  
Begin to lead the Navy, and to shew  
Their Course by Sea. A Joyful *Augury*  
Their Cries afford; and, as they foreward fly  
S f f 2 Under

(c) *Claudia* was of the *Sabinæ* *Patrician* Family, which first incorporated themselves with the *Romans*. She was a *Festal Virgin*, and, suspected of Incontinency, made this Miracle the Test of Her Chastity; and was ever after Honoured, as the most Virtuous Matron of her Time.

(d) The Lot between *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Pluto*; by which each of them received his Empire.

Under a liquid Cloud, the Ships pursue  
 As far as they could keep them in their View;  
 And the Perfidious Coast of *Cadmus* Land  
 Attain. Nor yet did *Africk* Idle stand;  
 But, since so great a Storm upon her came,  
 A dreadful Pow'r under a mighty Name,  
 Against their Fury had prepar'd to bring  
 The Arms, and Force of the <sup>(c)</sup> *Massylian* King.  
*Libya's* sole Hope, and *Latium's* onely Fear,  
*Sphinx*, the Fields, and Valleys, ev'ry where,  
 And Shores had fill'd with *Nomades*, that scorn  
 Their nimble Steeds with Trappings to adorn;  
 Who with their singing Shafts, that, as they flie  
 Through Air, like Clouds, surcharg'd, obscure the Skie.  
 Of the Right-Hand, which he had giv'n before,  
 And League, that He upon the Altar swore,  
 Unmindful; Rites of Hospitality,  
 And Feasts, that what was done could Testifie  
 His Faith, and Trust, chang'd by an Impious Flame  
 Of Love, He had infrin'g'd, and's Crown became  
 The purchase of his Bed. Great *Hafdrubal*  
 A Virgin Daughter had, Esteem'd by all  
 As Beautiful, as her Descent was fam'd,  
 She taken to his Bed, as if inflam'd  
 With his first Nuptial Taper, suddenly,  
 His Forces all to *Carthage* turn'd. The <sup>(d)</sup> Ty  
 Of Amity with *Rome* He violates,  
 And to the Fo his Dotal Arms translates.  
 But *Scipio*, careful to advise the King,  
 Bids him be Faithful to observe the thing,  
 That he had Sworn, and not to violate  
 The Laws of Peace, but firmly to his State,  
 And Kingdom stand. To call the Gods to Minde,  
 And Deeds, that Hospitality did binde.

That

(c) Of *Sphinx* see the Canto  
 100, l. 2, the first.

(d) Of this *Taper* see above in  
 the sixteenth B. l.

That farr his Nuptials, farr his *Tyrian* Bride  
 Would be 'mong *Romane* Arms, if He deny'd  
 What they demanded, he should quickly finde,  
 That weak Obedience of too soft, and kinde  
 A Husband, and his Bed's so ardent Heats  
 Should stand in Blood. Thus, intermixing Threats,  
*Scipio* advis'd the King, whose <sup>(e)</sup> Wife before  
 Had stop'd his Ears. And, when Advice no more  
 Took place, He summons all his Swords agen,  
 Attesting the Chast Altars of the then-  
 Polluted League, and in the War proceeds  
 With various Arts. With Huts of slender Reeds,  
 And Fenny Flags, such as the Rustick *Moor*  
 Selects to thatch his Homely Cottage ore,  
 The *Libyan* Camp was fill'd. This he assail'd  
 By Stealth, and secret Flames with Targets vail'd,  
 Scatter'd in Dead of Night, which, as they run  
 Diffus'd (like a Contagion) and begun (Way  
 With mighty Noise, through th' Unctuous Food their  
 To make, through all the Air their Light display,  
 And by their active Heat the Rafter fall.  
 The Hostile Mischeif, like a Storm, through all  
 The Camp goes on, and on the arid Reeds,  
 With frequent Cracks, devouring *Vulcan* feeds.  
 Sad burnings in all Quarters rise, and some,  
 Before they could perceiv't, excited from  
 Their Sleep, are seiz'd by Fire, and, as for Aid,  
 In vain, they call, their Faces Flames invade.  
 The *Lemnian* God appears in ev'ry Place  
 A Conquerour, and in his dire Embrace  
 Destroys both Arms, and Men. The Plague (High  
 And through the Clouds the half-burnt Camp doth fly,  
 In glowing Ashes: Then, with dismal Sounds,  
 And a prodigious Leap, the Fire surrounds

The

(e) *Sphinx*.

(*b*) The Assault of the *Romans*, setting the Fluts of the *Numidian* Camp on Fire, was so sudden, that *Nepos* fled, Naked, out of his Bed, and very hardly escap'd their Hands, after which, he join'd his Camp with the *Carthaginians*.

(*b*) The King's Pavilion, and had sadly there Devour'd the Man, had not his Guards, through Fear Of Danger, (while amaz'd He much enquir'd) Him from his Sleep, and Bed, by Force, retir'd.

But, when, within one Camp, the *Tyrian*, and *Syphax* their Strength had join'd, and through the Land Call'd thither, all in Arms, the Youth, agen, The Wounds of that sad Night had eased: then Shame, Anger, and (a third pernicious Fire) His Wife into his Mind new Rage inspire. And now, He, threatening, storms, his Face should be Blasted by burning of his Camp: that He Should, Naked, hardly scape the Fo by Flight, Amidst his trembling Troops. But in the Light, In clearer Day, and less perfidious View Of Heav'n, no mortal *Syphax* could subdue. Thus Foolishly he rants: while Fate his Pride, And Breath concluding, would no more abide; But cuts the Thread of this vain swelling Tongue: For soon, as He (like Floods, that draw along Whole Groves, and Rocks, and like swift Torrents, go Through devious Ways, and all the Banks o'reflow With foaming Waves) leap'd from his Camp, He prest His furious Courser on, before the rest And bids his Troops advance. The other Side (A noble, sober Army) when they spy'd The King far off, snatch'd up their Arms, and strait March on, and singly with themselves debate. See there: See how this proud *Mafflian* King, Insulting, at his Army's Head, doth bring Them on, and for the Combat calls. Oh! may This my Right-hand that Honour gain to Day. The Sacred Altars of the Gods he hath Defil'd, and hath infring'd his League, and Faith,

With

With our chaff *General*. Oh! may it be Sufficient (Gods) that once, already, He From his burnt-Camp escap'd! This in their Hearts Resolv'd, they all, contending, lance their Darts. In the Fire-breathing Nostrils of his Steed, A Jav'lin, that surpass'd the rest in Speed, Was fix'd: By which the Beast erected stood, And with his bounding Heels (his Jaws with Blood O'reflowing) beat the Air; then backward to The Ground he fell, and, with a Spear pierc'd through, As ev'ry Way he to's'd his Limbs, betray'd His Rider to the Fo: who Him invade, As He, in vain, endeavour'd from the Ground To rise, and fly; and, drawing from the Wound The Weapon, seize Him. Then the Shame of Chains, And Gyves, they add; while He to all remains A great Example, never to rely Upon Prosperity. And now, they ty In Manacles his Scepter-bearing Hands: And He, that, lately, saw so many Lands Beneath his Feet: that Scepters, and the Sea, That to the *Ocean's* bounds extended lay, Under his Nod beheld, thrown from the Head Of all his Kingdoms, is in Triumph led. His Strength thus overthrown, the *Libyans* are Cut off: while hated by the God of War. And known for frequent Flight, (that Enterprize Condemn'd) with Speed, the *Tyrian* Captain flies.

(*i*) *Carthage* on one sole Man (her Members all Thus ruin'd) now rely'd. And *Hannibal*, Ev'n with his absent Name, the Frame sustain'd, Falling with so great Noise: now, what remain'd Was, that ev'n Fainting, and distress'd for Aid, They should invite him Home. To this, affraid,

They

(*i*) After this overthrow, there was nothing left to relieve *Carthage*, but the Army under *Hannibal*, in *Tunisia*, whither they immediately sent to recall him.

They all assent, when they perceiv'd, they were  
 Forsaken by the Gods. And strait they are  
 Dispatch'd, who with the Ship, the Briny Main  
 Might pass with Speed, to call him Home again,  
 And with the *Senate's* Mandate thus advise.  
 Haste *Hannibal*; left, through Delay, thine Eyes  
*Carthage* in Ruins see. Oh! be not slow  
 To assist thy falling Country, and the Fo  
 From these our Walls repell. Thus charg'd, away  
 They sail'd, and, on the fourth ensuing Day,  
 The Vessel brought them to th' *Italian* Shore;  
 Where cruel Dreams the *General's* Minde full fore  
 Disturb'd. For as by Night, oppress'd with Care,  
 He slept, *Flaminius*, *Gracchus*, *Paulus*: there,  
 Seem'd with their naked Swords to assault him, and  
 Together drive him from th' *Ausonian* Land.  
 With these, of dreadful Ghosts, an Army: all  
 That did at *Thrasimen*, and *Canne* fall,  
 Appear to chase him to the Sea. While He  
 Endeavour'd to the well-known *Alps* to flee.  
 Then *Italy* embracing in his Arms,  
 To it he stuck, untill Prodigious Storms  
 Forc'd him to Sea, and in a Tempest sent  
 Him Home again. Thus deep in Discontent,  
 And with his Dreams perplex'd, to him they came,  
 And their Instructions, in the *Senate's* Name,  
 With the great Danger of the State declare.  
 How the *Massilian* Forces routed were;  
 Their Prince, his Captive Neck, with Chains oppress'd  
 Kept <sup>(k)</sup> a new Pomp for *Jove*: and, how distress'd  
*Carthage*, by *Hastdrubal's* not single Flight,  
 Was shaken, and how they, in dead of Night,  
 (Sad to relate) had seen both Camps (conjoyn'd)  
 Afire, while th' impious Flames through *Africk* shin'd.  
 Impose

(k) See the *Continuation*, Book the  
 First.

And that the furious Youth (while *Hannibal*  
 Still kept the *Brutian* Coast) then threatn'd all  
 With Fire to Ruin: That the Fall drew nigh  
 Of *Carthage*. To what Country should they fly?  
 And his great Deeds (what Slaughters he had made  
 In *Italy*) relate? When this they'd said,  
 And all their Woes, and Fears had laid before  
 His Eyes; they wept, and his Right-Hand adore,  
 Like some great God. He, with a stern Aspect  
 Fix'd on the Ground, hears all, and doth reflect  
 With Silence on their Words, and weighs with Care,  
 If *Carthage* of so great a Value were.  
 At length, He thus reply'd: Oh Envy! Thou  
 Dire Fo to Man, who never wilt allow  
 Encrease to things, or, that great Praise should grow  
 Unto a greater Height. Not long ago  
 I level with the Ground could *Rome*, subdu'd,  
 Have lay'd, and Captive into Servitude  
 Have led the Nation, and on *Italy*  
 Our Laws impos'd. But, while at Home to Me  
 (Their *General*) they Pay, and Arms deny;  
 Nor my Troops, wait'd with Success, supply  
 With fresh Recruits; and *Hanno* thinks it good  
 My *Cohorts* to defraud of Corn, and Food:  
 All *Africk* is on Fire, and *Romane* Spears  
 Push at *Cadmeian* Gates. Now, it appears,  
 That *Hannibal's* his Country's Glory, and  
 Her sole Support: and now, in this Right-Hand  
 Lay all your Hopes. Well, Homeward turn, with Speed,  
 Our Ensigns, as the *Senate* hath decreed.  
 I both my Country's Walls, and (Hanno) Thee  
 Together will preserve. All this when He  
 Had thunder'd out, strait from the Shore to Sea  
 He lanc'd his Fleet, and <sup>(l)</sup> Sighing sail'd away.

T t t

None

(l) When *Hannibal* was at Sea  
 (saith *Livy*) he often look'd back to-  
 wards *Italy*; accusing both the Gods,  
 and Men, for reducing his great Design  
 to that Necessity.

None durst their Backs, as they put off, invade,  
 Or Him recal. Heav'n seeming to persuade,  
 He should, of's own accord, thus haste away,  
 And *Italy*, at length, be freed : they pray  
 For Windes, and think it is enough agen  
 To see the Coast so freed of Foes. As, when  
*Auster* doth his impetuous Blasts restrain,  
 And, by retiring, calms the foaming Main,  
 The Sea-man then, not Prodigal of Pray'rs,  
 Desireth not so much as gentle Airs ;  
 Content, that *Notus* should intirely cease,  
 And by the Sea's smooth Course esteems his Peace.  
 The *Tyrian* Soldiers, all, their Faces bent  
 Towards the Main. But *Hannibal*, intent,  
 With fixed Eyes, held *Italy* in view,  
 While silent Tears, with frequent Sighs, bedew  
 His Cheeks ; as if he had been driven from  
 His Country, and had left his dearest Home,  
 Forc'd to some Desert Lands. But when, with Sails  
 Tack'd close, the Ships made Way with swifter Gales,  
 And by Degrees, the Hills began to draw  
 Their Summits down, that now He neither saw  
*Hesperian* Mountains, nor the *Daunian* Coast:  
 Thus, fretting with himself, What have I lost  
 My Sense, unworthy to return (said He)  
 Ev'n thus, when ever I from *Italy*  
 Withdraw myself : in Flames first *Carthage* all  
 Should perish, and the Name of *Dido* Fall.  
 Was I not Mad, when, after *Canne's* Field,  
 From the *Tarpeian* Temples I withheld  
 My burning Weapons, nor the Thunderer (from War  
 Dragg'd from his Throne, through the sev'n Hills,  
 Now free? my Flames might have scatter'd then,  
 And on that haughty Nation brought agen

Troy's

*Troy's* Ruins, and their Grand-fires Fate. But, why  
 Should this Afflict me? Who forbids, that I  
 Should now invade them with my Sword, and go  
 Directly to their Walls? It shall be so :  
 And, through those very Lines returning, where  
 I once encamped lay, I will repair  
 To *Anyo's* Waters, by a Way to Me  
 Well-known. Then turn your Prows for *Italy*,  
 And tack-about the Fleet ; I'll make, that *Rome*,  
 Besieg'd, shall call again her *Scipio* Home.

But, when the God of Seas perceiv'd, he burn'd  
 With so great Rage, and that they now had turn'd,  
 Towards the Shore again, their shining Prows,  
 Strait, shaking his Cœrulean Head, he throws  
 Waves from the Bottom, and the swelling Main  
 Extrudes beyond its Bounds. Then Windes, and Rain,  
 With black *Æolian* Storms, from Rocks arise,  
 And cover from their Sight, with Clouds, the Skies.  
 Then, with his *Trident*, moving all the Sea,  
 Blew *Tethys* from the Rising of the Day,  
 And Fall, he drives, and the whole *Ocean's* Face  
 Distracts. The foaming Billows rise apace,  
 And make the Rocks to shake, on which they beat.  
 First *Auster*, from his *Nasamonian* Seat,  
 Leaps forth, from the loose Sands the Water flings,  
 And leaves them bare. Him, on his gloomy Wings,  
 Fierce *Boreas*, bearing high a broken Sea,  
 Pursues. Then thund'ring, in another Way,  
 With adverse Blasts, Cloud-raising *Eurus* rows  
 Part of the *Ocean* on : the creaking Poles  
 Bellow aloud ; while frequent Lightning flies,  
 As if upon the Fleet the angry Skies  
 Would fall. The rage of Windes, and Lightning, Rain,  
 And Waves consent, and Darkness on the Main

T t 2

Imposeth

Impofeth Night. Now, coming from a Rock  
A furious Whirl-winde, rais'd by *Notus*, struck  
The Yards, and whiffling Dreadfully among  
The Shrouds, a Billow, like a Mountain, flung  
Against the *General's* pale-Face. His Eyes  
He turning to the Sea, and to the Skies,  
Exclaims; O Happy Brother, *Hadrubal*,  
And to the Gods made equal, in thy Fall!  
Thy valiant Hand in Fight did thee afford  
A noble Death, Fate did to thee accord,  
That with thy Teeth, at least, on *Italy*  
Thou dying might'st lay-hold. But unto Me,  
In *Cannæ's* Field, where noble *Paulus* dy'd,  
And those renowned Souls, Death was deny'd,  
Nor, when I would have fir'd the *Capitol*,  
Could I by *Jove's Tarpeian* Thunder Fall.

While thus he moans, with fev'ral Blasts impell'd,  
The Waves, on either Side rush'd on, and held  
With their dark Haaps the Vessel down, as drown'd  
By that rude Shock. Strait, Whirling swiftly round,  
The Sands, rais'd high into the Air, it flung  
Again, where, pois'd by th' Windes, on Waves it hung.  
But 'gainst rough Stones, and Rocks (sad to behold)  
*Notus* two Gallies with hard Fortune roll'd.  
The Prows crack'd with the Fall, and with a Sound  
Of Dread, the broken Barks aloft rebound  
From the Sharp Stones. Strait, over all the Sea,  
A various Face of things. Here Helmets they,  
Arms, Crimson Crests, and *Capua's* Treasure see,  
And a rich Prize, with Care reserv'd, to be  
A Trophy for the *Generals* Triumph. There  
*Tripods*, and Tables of the Gods appear,  
And Sacred Statues, that, in vain, before  
The Miserable *Latines* did adore,

When

When *Venus*, frighted, that the *Ocean*  
So high was mov'd, to *Neptune* thus began.

This Fury, and these Threat'nings (*Father*) may  
Suffice for greater things; now spare (I pray)  
Thy Seas, lest envious *Carthage* boast, that She  
A Man hath generated, not to be  
Subdu'd in War, and, that to work the Fall  
Of *Hannibal*, the *Romanes* needed all  
Thy Rage, and Seas. Thus *Venus* spoke, and strait  
Their Fury all the swelling Waves abate,  
And tow'rs the adverse Camp the Navy drive.  
Their *General*, old in Arms, and skill'd to give  
Encouragement with Praise, their Mindes, inspir'd  
With Anger by these furious Words, and fir'd  
Their Breasts with Flames of Honour. Thou, to Me,  
*Flaminius* bleeding Head, when slain (said He)  
Didst bring. I know thy Hand: Thou, first of all,  
Cam'st in to strike, at mighty *Paulus* Fall,  
And in his Bones didst fix thy fatal Spear.  
Th' Opimous Spoils of stout *Marcellus* were  
Thy glorious Prize: and falling *Gracchus* stain'd  
Thy Sword. But, there, behold that Valiant Hand;  
Which, with a Jav'lin, Warlike *Appius* (who  
Then storm'd the Walls of wealthy *Capua*) threw  
Dead from the lofty Ramparts: and here see  
Another Thunder-bolt of Valour! He  
It was, who *Fulvius*, a Name renown'd,  
Pierc'd through the Breast, not with a single Wound.  
Stand thou here in the Van, who didst in Arms  
*Consul Crispinus* kill, Me, through the Storms  
Of Fight, do thou attend, who (I the thing  
Remember well) pleas'd in thy Rage, didst bring,  
At *Cannæ's* Field, the <sup>(m)</sup> *General's* Head to Mee,  
Fix'd on a servile Lance. Brave Youth, I see

(m) *Paulus*.

Thy



Thy burning Eys, and Aspect, that hath more  
Of Terrour, then thy Sword; such, as before,  
Thee (when a *Tribune*, that in vain withstood,  
Crush'd by thy strong Embrace, i'th' cruel Flood  
Of famous *Trebia* drown'd) I did behold.  
But Thou, who, first, didst at the Banks of cold  
*Ticinus*, in old *Scipio's* Blood imbrue  
Thy Sword, thy former Enterprize pursue,  
And the Son's Blood present me now. Shall I  
Fear ev'n the Gods themselves, when Thou art by,  
Should they come to the Battel? I behold,  
When thou didst trample on the Hills, that swell'd  
To Heav'n, and o're the highest *Alps* didst go (know  
With Speed. Since, by whose Sword, and Hands I

(c) The Field of *Caeser*. See a-  
bove, Book the Ninth, and Tenth.

(d) *Argyripa's* capacious Fields were fir'd:  
Wilt thou more slowly now, by Me desir'd,  
Go on, who first of all didst lance a Dart  
Against the *Dardan Walls*? nor willing art  
To joyn unto our Praise? must I again  
Thee now excite? Thee, who 'gainst Storms of Rain,  
Thunder, and Lightning, and, when I did stand  
*Jove's* Fury, didst, as fierce as He, command  
T'endure those vainer Storms, and wentst before  
Thy *Gen'ral* to the *Capitol*. No more  
Need I exhort you now, who, by a War  
So fam'd, *Saguntus* overthrew; and are  
Renown'd for those Beginnings: now again  
(As it becomes your selves, and Me) maintain  
The former Praises of your Valour. I  
I'th' favour of the Gods, and Victory  
Grown old, now, after Fifteen Years, on You  
Relying, to my falling Country, to  
Those House-hold Gods, that in so long a space  
Of Time I have not seen, to the Embrace

Of

Of my Chast Wife, and Son return again.  
This the last Battel is, that doth remain  
To *Libya*, and to *Rome*. This Day our Sword  
Shall give to the disputed World its Lord.

Thus *Hannibal*. But, as their *General*  
Began to speak, the *Romane* Soldiers call  
For Battel, and the Signal; nor abide  
Delays of Words. All this when *Jove* espy'd  
His Wife, at distance, in a Cloud of Air,  
Behold, and that her eager Looks did wear  
Something of Sadness, to her with this kinde  
Address He goes. What Torments of the Minde  
Afflict Thee now? I pri'thee, let me know;  
Is it the *Libyan* Captain's overthrow,  
Or Care of *Carthage* grieves Thee? do but weigh  
Within thy Thoughts the Rage of *Libya*  
'Gainst th' *Trojans* fatal Pow'r, and Progeny,  
In violating Leagues. Say what will be  
The End of this Rebellious People? None,  
Nor *Carthage*, more of Ills hath undergone,  
Or Labour, then thy Self: who long hast toil'd  
For the *Cadmean* Race. Thou hast embroil'd  
The Seas, and Earth, and into *Italy*  
Hast sent a furious Youth, while we might see  
The Walls of *Rome* stand trembling, and of all  
Man-kinde, for Sixteen Years, was *Hannibal*  
The Chief. 'Tis time the Nation to compose,  
The Period is come, and we must close  
The Gates of War. The suppliant Queen reply'd:  
Nor in that hanging Cloud did I abide,  
With a Design, a Day prefix'd, at all,  
To change; nor yet the Armies to recall;  
Nor War extend: but what You can bestow,  
(Since now all Favour towards me is low,

And

And our first Love's decay'd) 'gainst Fates Decree  
 I nothing ask. Let *Hannibal* now flee  
 His Enemies, as you are pleas'd to ordain,  
 And let, in *Carthage*, *Romane* Ashes reign.  
 By th' mutual Pledges of a double Love,  
 Thy Wife, and Sister, I this onely (*Jove*)  
 Intreat, that my brave Captain may survive  
 All Dangers, and be kept, by Thee, Alive.  
 Nor let him, Captiv'd, *Latian* Fetters wear;  
 But, let these, my dear Walls, that batter'd are  
 With Mis'ries (though the *Tyrian* Name decline)  
 Stand, and, for Honour's sake, be kept as Mine.  
 Thus *Juno*. To whom *Jove* this short Reply  
 Vouchsaf'd. The Walls of lofty *Carthage* I  
 Will, for some time, forbear, as you desire,  
 And grant them to your Pray'rs, and Tears, entire  
 To stand. Yet know (dear Wife) at what a rate  
 I this indulge; not long, that City's Fate  
 Endures. For there will come a *General*,  
 Who, under the same<sup>(a)</sup> Name, will ruin all  
 These Tow'rs preserv'd. And, from this fatal Fight  
 Escaping, *Hannibal* Ethereal Light  
 (At this Entreaty) may enjoy a while.  
 Hee'l seek the Stars, and *Ocean* to embroil,  
 And with returning Arms to fill the Earth.  
 I know his Heart, still pregnant with a Birth  
 (p) Of War. But to this Boon this shall remain  
 A Law: He never must behold again  
*Saturnus* Empire; nor to *Italy*  
 Return. From instant Death now let him be  
 Remov'd, with Speed; lest, if i'th' open Plain  
 He joyn in Battel, he should not again,  
 By all thy Pow'r, from *Scipio's* Hand befreed.

While thus their Fates the Thunderer decreed,

Both

(a) *Scipio Annibalem*, who, in the  
 1st *Carthaginian* War, took, and rai-  
 sed *Carthage*.

(p) The War, which afterwards  
 ensued under *Antiochus*. See the *Con-  
 tinuation*, Book the Third.

Both to the City, and to *Hannibal*;  
 The Armies to the Fight advance, and all,  
 With Shouts, invade the Skies. Earth, in no Age  
 Before, two mightier Nations did engage  
 In Fight: nor greater *Generals* had seen,  
 Equal in Arms, contending. While, between  
 These two, their fam'd Dispute's un-valu'd Prize  
 Was whatsoe'er is cover'd with the Skies.  
 The *Tyrian*, rich in Purple, 'bove the rest  
 Rais'd his proud Head: upon his Crimfon Crest  
 A waving Plume. A cruel Dread precedes  
 From his great Name: his Sword a Lightning sheds  
 Well-known to *Italy*. On th' other Side,  
*Scipio*, in radiant Robes, in Scarlet dy'd,  
 His dreadful Target shews; where, breathing War,  
 His Father's Image, and his Uncle's are  
 Engrav'd: Huge Flames from his high Fore-head fly.  
 And thus the Hopes of all, and Victory  
 (Under so great a Force of Arms, and Men)  
 Stood in the *Generals* alone. And then  
 Thus Fear, or Favour (as 'tis often seen)  
 Suggests. If valiant *Scipio* had been  
 In *Libya* born, the Empire might have come  
 To *Agenorcan* Nephews. Or, had *Rome*  
 Giv'n Birth to *Hannibal*, then doubtless He  
 The World had subject made to *Italy*.  
 Now rapid Storms of flying Shafts brake through  
 The Air, and with them Clouds of Horrour drew:  
 Then to the Sword more close each Army came,  
 And Fight it Face to Face. A dreadful Flame  
 Burns in their Eys, and thole, that in the Van,  
 Contemning Danger, first the Charge began,  
 Between both Armies fell, and, long before  
 Not seen by them; the Earth drunk Native Gore.

U u u

But

And our first Love's decay'd) 'gainst Fates Decree  
 I nothing ask. Let *Hannibal* now flee  
 His Enemies, as you are pleas'd t'ordain,  
 And let, in *Carthage*, *Romane* Ashes reign.  
 By th' mutual Pledges of a double Love,  
 Thy Wife, and Sister, I this onely (*Jove*)  
 Intreat, that my brave Captain may survive  
 All Dangers, and be kept, by Thee, Alive.  
 Nor let him, Captiv'd, *Latian* Fetters wear;  
 But, let these, my dear Walls, that batter'd are  
 With Mis'ries (though the *Tyrian* Name decline)  
 Stand, and, for Honour's sake, be kept as Mine.  
 Thus *Juno*. To whom *Jove* this short Reply  
 Vouchsaf'd. The Walls of lofty *Carthage* I  
 Will, for some time, forbear, as you desire,  
 And grant them to your Pray'rs, and Tears, entire  
 To stand. Yet know (dear Wife) at what a rate  
 I this indulge; not long, that City's Fate  
 Endures. For there will come a *General*,  
 Who, under the same<sup>(o)</sup> Name, will ruin all  
 These Tow'rs preserv'd. And, from this fatal Fight  
 Escaping, *Hannibal* Ethereal Light  
 (At this Entreaty) may enjoy a while.  
 Hee'l seek the Stars, and *Ocean* to embroil,  
 And with returning Arms to fill the Earth.  
 I know his Heart, still pregnant with a Birth  
 (<sup>p</sup>) Of War. But to this Boon this shall remain  
 A Law: He never must behold again  
*Saturnus* Empire; nor to *Italy*  
 Return. From instant Death now let him be  
 Remov'd, with Speed; lest, if i'th' open Plain  
 He joyn in Battel, he should not again,  
 By all thy Pow'r, from *Scipio's* Hand befreed.

While thus their Fates the Thunderer decreed,

Both

(o) *Scipio Africanus*, who, in the  
 3<sup>d</sup> *Carthaginian* War, took, and ru-  
 ined *Carthage*.

(p) The War, which afterwards  
 ensued under *Antiochus*. See the *Con-  
 tinuation*, Book the Third.

Both to the City, and to *Hannibal*;  
 The Armies to the Fight advance, and all,  
 With Shouts, invade the Skies. Earth, in no Age  
 Before, two mightier Nations did engage  
 In Fight: nor greater *Generals* had seen,  
 Equal in Arms, contending. While, between  
 These two, their fam'd Dispute's un-valu'd Prize  
 Was whatsoe'er is cover'd with the Skies.  
 The *Tyrian*, rich in Purple, 'bove the rest  
 Rais'd his proud Head: upon his Crimson Crest  
 A waving Plume. A cruel Dread precedes  
 From his great Name: his Sword a Lightning sheds  
 Well-known to *Italy*. On th' other Side,  
*Scipio*, in radiant Robes, in Scarlet dy'd,  
 His dreadful Target shews, where, breathing War,  
 His Father's Image, and his Uncle's are  
 Engrav'd: Huge Flames from his high Fore-head fly.  
 And thus the Hopes of all, and Victory  
 (Under so great a Force of Arms, and Men)  
 Stood in the *Generals* alone. And then  
 Thus Fear, or Favour (as 'tis often seen)  
 Suggests. If valiant *Scipio* had been  
 In *Libya* born, the Empire might have come  
 To *Agenorcan* Nephews. Or, had *Rome*  
 Giv'n Birth to *Hannibal*, then doubtless He  
 The World had subject made to *Italy*.  
 Now rapid Storms of flying Shafts brake through  
 The Air, and with them Clouds of Horrour drew:  
 Then to the Sword more close each Army came,  
 And Fight it Face to Face. A dreadful Flame  
 Burns in their Eys, and those, that in the Van,  
 Contemning Danger, first the Charge began,  
 Between both Armies fell, and, long before  
 Not seen by them; the Earth drunk Native Gore.

U u u

But

But here, in Courage hot, as He was Young,  
 Stout *Masaniſſa* flings himſelf among  
 The *Macedonian* Cohorts, and flies round  
 About, with's winged Darts, the Champagn Ground.  
 So, when the painted *Britain* goes to War,  
 He circumvents with his hook-bearing Carr  
 The thronged Bands. A *Græcian Phalanx* then,  
 In a cloſe Body, had drawn up their Men,  
 (As was their Country's Uſe) and firmly ſtood,  
 With intermingled Spears, to make it good.  
 Unmindeſul of the Compact he had made  
 After the League, theſe <sup>(g)</sup> *Philip* to the Aid  
 Of *Cadmus* ſhaken City ſent. And now,  
 Broken with many Wounds, the Soldiers grow  
 More thin, and, as on ev'ry Side they lay  
 Proſtrate upon the Ground, an open Way  
 Between the Weapons leave. Then, with a Stroke,  
 Of Ruin, in th' *Auſonian* Cohorts broke,  
 And cancell all their *Græcian* Perjuries:  
*Archemorus* by *Rutulus*; *Tencer* dies  
 By ſtout *Norbanus*, in declining Age:  
 Both by their Mother *Manius* ſent t'engage  
 In Arms. But *Samius* brave *Calenus* ſtue:  
 And *Selviu Chynis* (a *Pellcan*) who  
 Vainly inſulted in his Country's Name.  
 But alafs *Chynis*! 'twas not <sup>(r)</sup> *Pella's* Fame,  
 That could from *Dannian* Darts defend thee here.  
 But *Lælius*, with Upbraidings more ſevere  
 Then theſe, the <sup>(s)</sup> *Brutian* Bands, of *Latine* Race,  
 Deſtroys. Was *Italy* ſo Vile a Place,  
 That it, with *Tyrian* Oars, You thus (ſaid He)  
 Through the rude Seas, and raging Waves ſhould flee?  
 But 'tis enough, that you are fled. Will You  
 With *Latine* Blood a forein Land imbrue?

(g) *Philip*, King of *Macedon*: of whom ſee *Book the Tenth*, Page 430.

(r) The City, where *Alexander the Great* was born.

(s) Of theſe ſee above, *Book the Eleventh*, Page 296.

This

This ſaid: He *Silarus*, active in the Fight,  
 Prevented with a Shaft, that in its Flight  
 Stuck in the Bottom of his Throat: ſo hard  
 It flew, that it, at once, the Paſſage barr'd  
 C<sup>c</sup> Life, and Voice. *Vergilius* deſtroi'd  
*Caudinus*. By *Amanus Sarris* dy'd.  
 Their Looks, and Habit of their Arms, well-known,  
 And Language, that concord'd with their own,  
 Inflam'd their Rage. Whom when *Amilcar's* Son  
 Perceiv'd inclining from the Fight to run,  
 He cries; Betray not thus our Nation; ſtand:  
 Then charg'd, and turn'd the Battel with his Hand.  
 As when a *Parethorian* Snake, that long,  
 I'th' *Garamantian* Fields, was fed among  
 The fervent Sands, with Poiſon ſwell'd, doth rear  
 His Neck, and ſpouts, through the infected Air,  
 The flowing Venom to the Skies: ſo He  
*Horjus* (that with his Spear continually  
 Dealt Wounds, who of *Marrucian* Lineage came,  
 And in *Theate* had a noble Name)  
 More nimble, ſtops, and, as he ſomething high  
 Attempted, ſeeking with his Enemy  
 An equal Praise, with a ſwift Hand, quite through  
 His Body drives his fatal Weapon to  
 The Hilt. The Wounded falls, and, as he lies  
 Proſtrate, his Brother ſeeks with dying Eyes:  
 When Young *Pleminius* came on apace,  
 And, brandiſhing his Sword before his Face,  
 Enrag'd at his ſad Fall, with a loud Cry,  
 Threatning, demands his Brother. This Reply  
 Gave *Hannibal*; I ſhall reſuſe no more  
 (If you think fit) your Brother to reſtore,  
 On this Condition, that from Shades below  
 You *Haſdrubal* recall. Shall I forego  
 U u u z

My

My juster Hate 'gainst such as *Romanes* are?  
 Or shall I let my Heart relent? and spare  
 One, born on the *Italian* Ground? then may  
 The Ghosts me, as a Fo, from thence where they  
 Abide, expell! Then may my Brother Me  
 For ever banish his Society  
 In dark *Avernus*! Speaking thus, he ran  
 With all the Weight of's Shield upon the Man,  
 And where the Earth, made slipp'ry with the Blood  
 Of's Brother, fail'd him, as he Fighting stood,  
 Fel'd, and with's Sword dispatch'd him on the Place:  
 While with extended Hands in his Embrace  
 He prostrate *Herius* held, and eas'd his weight  
 Of Grief, by sharing in his Brother's Fate.  
 The *Libyan* then a Body mix'd in Fight  
 Invades, and rushing on, his Foes to Flight  
 Turn'd a long way. As, when, with Thunder hurl'd  
 Th' *Ænean* Bolts of *Jove* affright the World,  
 And his high Palace shake, a Pannick Fright  
 Makes all Man-kinde to quake, th' Obortive Light  
 With Horrour shines, and *Jove* seems ready, by  
 Each Man, at him to let his Lightning fly.

But in another Quarter, as if there  
 Where *Scipio* fought, the onely Danger were,  
 A bloody Fight new Forms of Death Creates  
 In various Shapes. A Sword this penetrates,  
 And down he falls: That lamentably Groans,  
 A Stone in pieces crushing all his Bones.  
 Some, basely flying, on their Faces are,  
 Through Fear, Precipitated. 'Gainst the War,  
 Others, with Valour arm'd, their Breasts oppose.  
 While the *Rheteian* *General* forward goes  
 O're the dead Heaps. As when the God of War  
 With Slaughter pleas'd, shakes his *Bistonian* Carr,  
 Near

Near frozen *Hebrus*, and the *Getick* Snow  
 Melts with warm Blood, and Ice, by <sup>(\*)</sup> *Aquilo*  
 Augmented, with his rattling Chariot's weight  
 Asunder breaks. Now with a dreadful Heat,  
 Looking about, He ev'ry valiant Name (Fame  
 With's Sword affails. There through the World for  
 Of Slaughters known, among their Weapons, falls  
 On ev'ry Side, the Youth, that storm'd thy Walls  
 (*Saguntus*) and a War most Cruel in  
 Thy miserable Ruins did begin.  
 There, who the Sacred *Thrasimen* with Blood  
 Had stained, and the *Phaëtonian* Flood  
 Polluted, who the Boldness had to move  
 Their Arms, to sack the House, and Throne of *Jove*,  
 In one vast Ruin fell. There they were slain,  
 Who did the Secrets of the Gods prophane,  
 And first the *Alps*, prohibited, had press'd  
 With mortal Steps. The Army, all possess'd  
 With Fear, in haste discouraged retire.  
 As, through a Citie's Houses, when the Fire  
 Diffused runs, and ventilated by  
 A rapid Winde, the active Flames do fly  
 Up to the Skies, struck with a sudden Fear,  
 And Trembling, as the City captive were  
 The People run, distracted ev'ry Way.  
 But *Scipio*, now grown weary with Delay,  
 So to pursue those scatter'd Combats, or  
 To be detained in so light a War,  
 Resolv'd his Force upon the Cause of all  
 Those Ills, and War to turn. For, *Hannibal*  
 Alone that Day surviving, it would be  
 No Benefit at all to *Italy*,  
 Should *Carthage* Walls be set on Fire, and all  
 Their Armies overthrow'n. But should He fall  
 Alone,

(\*) The North-Winde.

Alone, not all their Arms, and Men would ought  
 Avail the *Libyans*. Him he therefore fought,  
 And search'd, through all the Field, with busy Eyes.  
 Then to the thickest of the Fight he hies,  
 Wishing, that all *Aufonia*, if He there  
 Should him encounter, the Spectatours were.  
 And bold, with a fierce Voice, his Fo doth cite  
 (Upbraiding him) unto another Fight.  
 Which Language when affrighted *Juno* hears :  
 Left it should touch the *Libyan* Captain's Ears,  
 Sh' informs a *Romane* Shape, which strait assumes  
 Th' *Italian* Prince's shining Crest, his Plumes,  
 And Shield, and spreads his radiant Cassock's Grace  
 Upon his Shoulders. Then She adds his Pace,  
 And Habit ; such, as him She did behold  
 Provoking to the Fight : and Motion bold,  
 Without a Body, gives. At length, a Steed,  
 Like false, and vain, She forms, that runs with Speed  
 Through devious Ways, and offers to the Sight  
 The Image of a Warlike Shade, in Fight.

Thus *Scipio*, fain'd by *Juno*, proudly to  
 The Fight advanc'd, and brandish'd in the view  
 Of *Hannibal* his Sword ; who, pleas'd, his Ey  
 Beheld the *Romane General* so nigh,  
 And hoping mighty things were then at Hand,  
 Strait claps his Heels against his Courser, and,  
 With sudden Force, a Jav'lin at him throws.  
 The winged Shade turns back, and flying goes  
 Quite cross the Field, beyond the Armies. Then,  
 As if possess'd of s Chief Desire, agen,  
 With his steel'd Heel, th' insulting *Libyan* makes  
 His Horse to bleed, and still pursuing shakes  
 Th' enlarged Reins. O ! whither dost thou run  
 Forgetful, that 'tis our Dominion

(Scipio)

(*Scipio*) where now thou Fly'ft. *Libya* to Thee  
 Affords no skulking Hole. Thus, proudly, he  
 With his drawn Sword still follow'd, as it Fle'd,  
 Until, deluded, by it, he was led  
 Into another Field, far distant from  
 The place of Battel ; where no sooner come,  
 But the Delusive Shade to Air resolves.  
 What God (said angry *Hannibal*) involves  
 Himself in that dark Light to Me ? Or why  
 Doth he conceal'd within that Monster ly ?  
 Is then my Glory to the Gods become  
 So opposite ? Yet never shalt thou from  
 This Hand compel, or force my Fo (said He)  
 By all thy Arts, whatever God thou be,  
 Who stand'ft for *Italy*. With that he wheel'd  
 His nimble Steed about, and to the Field  
 Enrag'd returns. When strait, with secret Dread  
 Of sudden Mischief shock'd, upon his Head  
 Down fell his Courser, and, by *Juno*'s care,  
 Breath'd from his panting Brea'th his Life to Air.  
 But then, Impatient, This again (said He)  
 This is your Plot (ye Gods) nor do you me  
 Deceive : I better by the Rocks had bin  
 O'rewhelm'd ; I better had been drowned in  
 The Waves, and Seas. Was I preserv'd then  
 To this vile Death ? while those unhappy Men,  
 That have my Ensigns follow'd, and from Me  
 Alone receiv'd a Battel's *Augury*,  
 Are slaughter'd, and I, absent, understand  
 Their Groans, their Voice, and Words, as they demand  
 Their *Hannibal*. What *Stygian* Torrent is  
 Sufficient to wash off my Sin ? As this  
 Hespake, on's Right-Hand with an earnest Ey  
 He look'd, inflam'd with a Desire to Dy.

But

But *Juno*, pitying the Man, assumes  
 A Shepherd's Face, and, on a sudden, comes  
 From the thick Woods; and, as he thought to Dy  
 A Death Inglorious, thus accosts Him: Why,  
 So arm'd, to these Our Woods do you repair?  
 Would you go to that cruel Battel, where  
 Great *Hannibal* in Arms the rest subdues  
 Of the *Ausonian* Armies? If you'l choose  
 The speedy, and compendious Way to go  
 Into the Thickest of them, I will show  
 The nearest Tract. To this He strait agrees,  
 And onerates with ample Promises  
 The Shepherd's Breast: and tells him, that the State  
 Of *Carthage* would his Pains remunerate  
 With large Rewards, and He would give as great.  
 Thus Eager, hasting o're the next Retreat  
 With largest Steps, the Goddess him conveys,  
 Deceiv'd by Intricacy of the Ways,  
 In Circles, and, her self concealing still,  
 Gave him unwellcome Safety gainst his Will.  
 But the *Cadmean* Troops, forsaken all,  
 And full of Fear, seeing no *Hannibal*,  
 Nor the known Conflicts of their furious Chief,  
 Some think him slain, others are of Belief,  
 That He, concluding all was lost, withdrew  
 From the Sinister Gods. And now, in View,  
 The *Roman* Gen'ral (like a Storm) amain  
 Came on, and chas'd them thorough all the Plain.  
*Carthage* her self then trembled: *Pannick* Dread  
 Through *Africk* by the routed Troops is spread.  
 And, without Fighting, as they Head-long fly,  
 To their extreamest Bounds they, frighted lie.  
 Some to *Tartesiack* Coasts disperfed are;  
 Others to *Battus* Lands, and *Nile* repair.

So, when, by secret Force o'recome, at last  
*Vesuvius* to the Stars his Flames doth cast,  
 Through many Ages fed, o're Sea, and Land  
 The Fire's diffus'd: th' *Evan Seres* stand  
 Amaz'd, beholding a Prodigious Sight,  
 (\*) Their silken Groves with *Latian* Ashes White.  
 But now, at length, the weary General  
 To th' neighbring Hill *Saturnia* brought, where all  
 The Face, and Signs o'th bloody Fight more near  
 He saw. Such as *Garganus* did appear;  
 Such as the *Tyrrhen* Lake, and *Trebia*'s Flood,  
 And swift *Eridanus*, with Humane Blood  
 O'reflowing, he beheld. Such a dire Face  
 Was shewn of Myriads slaughter'd on the Place.  
 Then troubled *fumo* re-ascends the Skie,  
 And, climbing up the Hill, the Fo drew nigh;  
 When *Hannibal* thus with himself: Though all  
 The Fabrick of the Heav'ns dissolv'd should fall  
 On this my Head; and Earth should open wide:  
 Yet shall the Fame of *Cannæ* (*Jove*) abide;  
 And sooner from thy Empire shalt Thou fall,  
 Then in the Deeds, and Name of *Hannibal*,  
 The World be silent. Nor, from this my Hand,  
 Secure (*O Rome*) shalt thou for ever stand.  
 I, against Thee, my Country's Hope will live,  
 For a new War. For that Thou now dost thrive  
 In Fight, is 'cause thy Foes sit still. To Me  
 More then enough it is, that *Italy*,  
 And *Dardan* Mothers, while I live, will there  
 Expect Me, and ne're lay aside their Fear.  
 Then, with a few, that fled away, he gets  
 Back to the Hills, and more secure Retreats.  
 Here the (\*) War's Period was. To *Scipio*  
 Strait, of their own Accord, they open throw  
 X x x

Their

(\*) *Vesuvius*, the Famous Mountain near *Naples*, hath had several Eruptions of Fire, to the great Terror, and Detriment of the Inhabitants of *Campania*, and other Parts; the Ashes flying almost incredibly (as *Dionysius*) from thence into *Africk*, and *Asia*, as far as *Syria*; and, at one time covering two Towns, *Herculaneum*, and *Pompeii*, with the Inhabitants, as they were in the Theatre. See *Ambrasius Leo*, *De Aëro Nubano*: and of its last Conflagration, in our Memory, see *Salvator Fero*, *Vesuviani Insuetis* Neap. 1634.

(x) After this overthrow all parts gave Way to *Scipio*, and *Carthage* itself submitted to the Power of the *Romans*; who deprived them of all things, but their own Laws: after which they permitted them to live; their impious Rites of Sacrificing Humane Blood excepted. For this I take to be the meaning of *Impedita jura adempta*; (though *Dionysius* otherwise); since, through the whole *Carthaginian* Story, we do not finde them in Use, after the *Romans* were their Masters: though they were Superstitious in them not long before, as appears by our Poet's Declaration against them, in the Fourth Book.

Their Gates. Their Impious Rites abolish'd are.  
 Their Arms he takes away, and Laws, that were  
 Engrav'd. Their Strength in Riches, and their Pride  
 Is overthrown, and *Elephants* aside  
 Their Castles lay. At length (to *Libya*  
 A dismal Sight) their Fleet is fir'd: the Sea  
 Burns with the sudden Tempest, and the Flame  
*Nereus* affrights. The *Gen'ral*, with a Name,  
 That equal shall with Time, for ever, stand,  
 With the first Title of that conquer'd Land,  
 Sure of that Empire, goes, by Sea, to *Rome*,  
 And, in great <sup>(1)</sup> Triumph, to his Native Home  
 Is born. Before him *Syphax*, Captivate,  
 Upon a Bier, his Eyes dejected, fate;  
 His Neck in golden Chains preserv'd. And here  
*Hanno*, and Young *Phœnician* Nobles were:  
 Then *Macedonian* Princes: next to these  
 The *Moors*, with parched Skins: then *Nomades*,  
 And *Garamantians* known to <sup>(2)</sup> Horned *Jove*:  
 Where they the Sands survey, and *Syrts*, that prove  
 Destructive still to Ships. <sup>(3)</sup> Next, lifting to  
 The Stars her conquer'd Hands, did *Carthage* go.  
 Then the Effigies of th' *Iberian* Land,  
 Now Peaceable: with *Gades*, that doth stand  
 The Period of the Earth; and *Calpè*, that,  
 Of old, *Alcides* Praise did terminate:  
 With *Batis*, which the Horses of the Sun  
 Is wont to bath in Streams, that gently run:  
 And high *Pyrenè*, that gives Birth to Wars,  
 And lifts her leavy Head unto the Stars.  
 With rude *Iberus*, that, with Fury, flings  
 Against the Sea the Rivers, that he brings.  
 Yet nothing more delights their Mines, and Eyes,  
 Then *Hannibal*, as in the Field he flies.

But

(1) *Donquixote* needed not to have mentioned his flight. Mutation of *Arms*, into *Arree*; for it is Obvious, that the *Carthaginians* did not carry all their Arms into the Field, but that a sufficient quantity was left to defend them, had all other things been equal to resist the *Romans*, who, after took from them all things, that could contribute to a War. See more in the *Continuation*. Book the first.

(2) *Jupiter Haemon.*

(3) Of this *Triumph*, the most acceptable of all, that *Rome* yet had seen, as that, which confirmed her in her Imperial Power, see, at large, *Appian*, in *Libys*.

But, standing in his Chariot, to the View  
 Of *Rome*, his Martial Face doth *Scipio* shew;  
 In Gold, and *Tyrian* Purple, richly drest:  
 As, when descending from the spicy *East*,  
 With Bridled Tygers, *Bacchus* drove along  
 His Vine-bound Chariot: Or, when, among  
 The slaughter'd Gyants, in *Phlegrean* Wars  
*Alcides* walk'd, and touch'd the very Stars.  
 Hail, thou Un-conquerable Parent! who,  
 In Praise, art equal to *Quirinus*, to  
*Camillus* in Deservings! nor, when She,  
 Among the rest, commemorateth Thee,  
 The Offspring of the Gods, doth *Rome* bely  
 TARPEIAN JOVE'S IMMORTAL PROGENY.

FINIS.



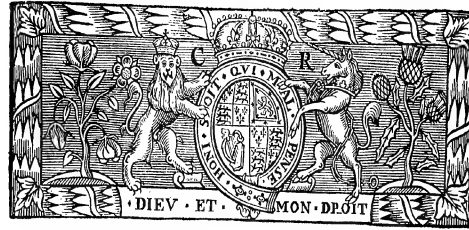
A  
CONTINUATION  
OF  
SILIUS ITALICUS  
TO  
The DEATH of  
**HANNIBAL,**  
In Three BOOKS;

---

By THOMAS ROSS, Esq;

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed by THO. ROYCROFT, 1661.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
WILLIAM  
EARL OF  
STRAFFORD, &c.

My LORD,



Y Obligations to your LORD-  
SHIP have long since called  
for such Acknowledgement,  
as ought to appear under the  
Title of the Noblest Subject.  
Had any, within the Prospect  
of my Fancy, been more Eminent, then this  
of HANNIBAL, I had made choice of it, as Ad-  
equate to your Merits: but, none appearing,  
I have selected what SILIUS left untouched, to  
raise

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

raife out of it this little Monument of my Gratitude; having no other Means to exprefs it. I confels, I, at firft, intended to adventure on the THIRD PUNICK VVAR; which, though of lefs Continuance, then this SECOND, had in it as gallant Actions (efpecially in that famous SIEGE of CARTHAGE) as any HISTORY doth mention: but, Confcious of the Weaknefs of what I have already built, I feared, that, by raifing, too many Stories, It might fall under its own Bulk, and my felf under the Cenfure of Ambition, in afpiring to fo great a VVork. I have therefore rather chofen to defift, and fix this little Piece under your LORDSHIP'S Name, as a VOTIVE Table to teftifie to the VVorld, how much I am,

My LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Moft humble,

and Faithful Servant,

THOMAS ROSS.



Nunc Martius exultat Roma  
 Libat in Amphora choros omnes, quibus hinc  
 At tandem Syphax fugiens Carthaginis hostem  
 Omissis Piro Gerasio Holles de  
 Pigrante Rebellione Regis in Exer  
 Horum Supplicum Regis Magistro  
 18 J. Lambart del. et sculp.



# A CONTINUATION OF SILIUS ITALICUS

To the DEATH of

## HANNIBAL

*The First Book*

THE ARGUMENT.

The Romane Piety, and Zeal to pry  
 (At Scipio's Return) the Vows, which they  
 In War had made. King Syphax Captive dies  
 By voluntary Famine. The sad Cries  
 Of Carthaginian Dames. Their Citie's quite  
 Disarm'd. Imilce's parting Tears. By Night,  
 Great Hannibal his Treach'rous Country flies;  
 Sails to Certeina: and, in Sacrifice,  
 A Day consumes. Fearing to be betray'd;  
 Those, whom he d. ubt, by Wine asleep are lay'd.



OW had great Scipio brought  
 his Trophies Home,  
 And with loud Triumphs fill'd  
 the Streets of Rome:  
 The People to their num'rous  
 Altars bring  
 Their pleasing Off'rings, and  
 glad Paeans sing.

Such Store of Sweets, in ev'ry Temple smoak;  
 As if not Libya onely felt the Yoak  
 Of this great Conquest: but Arabia there  
 Her Tribute gave, and the Sabeans were

A

Their

Their Vassals. Or, as if to Prophesie,  
That all the World, in Time to come, should be  
By them subdu'd, and *Rome*, Triumphant, stand  
The wealthy Store-house of each conquer'd Land.  
Bulls, that with Snow, for Whiteness, might contend,  
Wash'd in <sup>(a)</sup> *Cluvius* sacred Streams, ascend  
The *Capitol*: their curled Foreheads Crown'd  
With flowry Wreaths, their Horns with Fillets bound.

These all in solemn Order, round the Hill  
Thrice, slowly, lead: the Joyful People fill  
The trembling Air with Shouts: then enter, while  
The Gods seem pleas'd, and in their Statues smile;  
Pleas'd, that Devotion with Success they see  
So duely mix'd, and grateful Piety

<sup>(b)</sup> To pay those holy Vows, which first arose  
From Fears of Ruin, and insulting Foes.  
First, to the Queen of Gods, a Purple Vest,  
Whose rich Embroid'ry all the Art express't  
Of the *Sidonian* Dames, and then a Crown  
Of Gold, which, hapless *Syphax* overthrown,  
His *Sophoniba* wore, the Matrons bring;  
And, Off ring at her Shrine, thus, Pious, sing.

Sister, and Wife of *Jove*, Celestial Queen,  
Whom we, so long, so full of Wrath have seen;  
That *Rome*, almost despairing of her Fate,  
Saw these her Walls besieg'd; let not thy Hate  
To *Trojan* Blood still prompt Thee to despise  
Our Piety: but, with serener Eyes,  
Behold Us now, and hear Us, when We pray,  
And our Oblations on thine Altars lay.  
Why should thy Love to *Libya* still enflame  
Thy Rage 'gainst Us, who from *Æneas* came:  
Let it suffice: We, to this very Time,  
Have expiated, with our Blood, that Crime

Of

(a) *Cluvius* was a River in Tiber  
in the Territories of the *Saluti*  
(now called *Grana Castellana*) where  
two Bulls were designed for Sacri-  
fice on *Capitol*, were washed, and  
then were white. *Philostr.* 2. cap. 103  
observed by *Lucretius*, *Georg.* 2.  
*Philostr.* 2. cap. 103. *Georg.* 2.  
But, the Virtue sanctifying, they sup-  
plied a want of White, with Red  
Bulls.

(b) *Cluvius*, not *Cluvius* of the  
left *Philostr.*  
But, *Cluvius* (*Cluvius*) not *Cluvius*  
(not *Cluvius*).  
(c) *Romane Triumphs* with *Capitol*  
(*Cluvius*).  
*But the Fates*, &c.

(d) It was a Landable Custom  
among the *Romans*, after a Victory  
obtained, to command a Festival of  
Nine Days, wherein all the People ab-  
stained from Work, and sacrificed to  
the Gods for their Success. *Philostr.* lib.  
*Excerpt.* lib. cap. 16.

Of *Paris*. Oh! believe him now to be  
In Us, repenting his Disdain of Thee.  
Be then appeas'd! thy Mercy will no less,  
Then doth thy Power, thy Deity confers:  
And, if at length, with other Gods, and Fate  
Thou wilt comply, to blest the *Romane* State;  
As Thou on the Supreamest Throne above  
The Heav'ns art seated: so, here, next to *Jove*,  
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, and the World shall come  
To bring their Off'rings unto Thee at *Rome*.

The *Flamen*, while they thus invoke, his Hands  
Display'd to Heav'n, at *Jove's* high Altar stands,  
And thus exhorts. Oh! may We ever see  
Religion thus to Crown thy Victory,  
(*Quirinus* Progeny) these Pious Charms  
(Oh *Rome*) will force the Gods to blest thine Arms.  
Then, O, then, let thy Piety encrease,  
As now, when War is ended, and thy Peace  
Consist: Impiety alone the Fates  
Provokes, and flingeth open <sup>(c)</sup> *Janus* Gates.  
This said: an hundred Bulls at once are slain,  
Which, with their Blood, an hundred Altars stain.  
Their Entrails all, enquir'd for what's to come,  
Promise a lasting Happiness to *Rome*:  
That She the Head of all the World should stand,  
And next to *Jove* the Universe command.

<sup>(d)</sup> The Gods thus serv'd; they all begin to Feast,  
And in their costly Banquets spend the rest  
O'th' Day. The *Senate* seated are alone,  
And to great *Scipio's* Honour, one by one,  
A stately Goblet quaff of *Masick* Wine.  
His Cheeks, mean while, with modest Blushes shine;  
As if they'd Fire the Laurel on his Brow,  
Unwilling those Just Praises to allow.

A 2

So

(c) The Temple of *Janus* was al-  
ways open, while the *Romans* were  
in War, and never shut, but when in  
Peace with all the World it is observ-  
ed not to have been shut above thrice.  
First, by *Numa*. Secondly, after the *Se-  
cond Punic War*; and, Lastly, by *Augus-  
tus Caesar*.

(d) Though (as *Plutarch* observes)  
some other *Triumphs* had exceeded  
this of *Scipio*, in their Pomp and Wealth;  
yet none was entertained with so much  
joy, the *Romans* being not only ab-  
solved from the Despair of forcing  
*Hannibal* out of *Italy*, but *Carthage*  
herself wholly subdued.

So, in the Gyants War, when Heav'n again  
Was free from Fear, and mighty *Typhon* slain,  
To Mirth themselves the Gods dispos'd, and, round  
The Tables, *Hebe* with *Nereid* crown'd  
Their Cups: while all *Apollo's* Skill proclaim,  
Commend his Bow, his Shafts, and certain Aim,  
By which the Gyants fell; when they upon  
The Stars had seiz'd, and *Jove's* Celestial Throne  
Almost possess'd. But, back again to Hell,  
Struck with these Heav'nly Arms, the Rebels fell.

The solemn Day thus spent: the Night succeeds,  
Inviting all to Rest. While *Syphax* bleeds  
Within: the Trumpet, which their Triumphs sounds,  
Grates on his Ears, strikes to his Heart, and wounds  
His very Soul. Sometimes, He thinks upon  
His former <sup>(e)</sup> State, when, sitting on a Throne  
Of Native Ivory, He did command  
Those Nations, which the *Æthiopian* Land,  
And *Nasamon* confines, with those, that by  
The *Carthaginian* Bounds, and *Hammon* ly;  
With all, that South-ward dwell near *Nile*, and those,  
Where the *Herculean* Sea 'gainst *Calpe* throws  
Its foaming Waves: when he could summon, to  
The War, whole Myriads of Horsemen, who  
On naked Steeds did ride, and gave them Law:  
And between *Rome*, and *Carthage* when he saw  
The World disputed was, that He had been  
The Umpire of their Quarrel, and had seen  
Them both his Friendship seek, until his Flame  
Of Love the Ruin of his Throne became.  
Sad with these Thoughts, that, in his troubled Breast,  
Swell like a raging Tempest, and all Rest  
Deny: at length his Sighs (that, as a Winde,  
Within the Bowels of the Earth, confin'd,

Shakes

(e) *Syphax* was the greatest of all the Kings of *Libya*, having (besides his own Inheritance of the *Maffia*, and *Maceronia*) usurped part of *Masani's* Kingdom of *Nomada*; which moved *Masani's* to revolt to the *Romans*.

Shakes the whole Fabrick, untill forth it breaks  
Into the Air) make Way, and thus he speaks.

Is then the Birth, and Title of a King,  
(Ye Gods, from whom Kings, sprung) so vain a thing;  
That, with one Shock of Fortune onely, I  
Must fall so low, into Captivity,  
As to become their Slave to whom, of late,  
I was a Terrour? Are the Laws of Fate  
Of so great Force, that whatsoe're's Design'd  
By them, by all must be obey'd? must binde  
The Deities themselves? Alas! if so,  
Why do poor Mortals to their Temples go,  
And vainly crave that Aid, which cannot be  
Confirm'd, unless the Fates the same decree?  
How oft did I, before I took in hand  
This War, their Counsel, and Consent demand?  
As oft, their *Tripods* what I ask'd allow'd.  
And I, as often, to their Honour vow'd  
*Dardanian* Spoils. But, since I am or'ethrown,  
'Tis not my Crime they want them, but their own?  
From them it was, that <sup>(f)</sup> *Sophonisba's* Charms  
Prevail'd, and Head-long thrust me into Arms:  
Against that Faith, which I to *Rome*, before,  
Religiously had sworn. I would no more  
Of this complain, had we together dy'd.  
Or, had not *Masani's* both my Bride,

(g) My Throne, and Crown enjoy'd. Ye Gods, You  
If not Unjust in this, at least, Severe. (were  
Else wherefore did I not, when Hostile Fire  
Had seiz'd my Camp, within those Flames expire?  
Then might I to the Shades below have gone,  
At least, a King. Then I had onely known  
The Fate of being conquer'd, not the Shame:  
Nor then had *Rome* recorded *Syphax* Name

Among

(f) By this Marriage with *Sophonisba*, he was induced to quit his League with the *Romans*, and engage against them with the *Carthaginians*.

(g) After this Overthrow, and Submission of *Carthage*, *A* was restored to his own flat. a Reward, had a great part of his Kingdom conferred on him *Romans*.

Among her Captives. Nōr, then, had these Hands,  
 That took a Scepter o're so many Lands,  
 Been thus bound up in Chains. But, why do I  
 Complain of Life, and not resolve to Dy?  
 What? though they study to preserve me still,  
 A living Trophy here; yet is my Will  
 Free, as the Conquerour's: and *Rome* shall finde,  
 I still retain the Empire of my Minde,  
 That stands above her reach, where I alone  
 Will rule, and scorn to live, but on a Throne.  
 This said; a sudden Silence seiz'd his Soul:  
 And, as deep Waters in still Channels roul,  
 And, murmuring iess, into the *Ocean* flow;  
 So the Repentments of his Grievs, that grow  
 Too great to be express'd, through ev'ry part,  
 Like a swift Fever, runs, till his great Heart,  
 Resolv'd to bear that Load no more, deny'd  
 Nature her common Food, and, starv'd, He dy'd.  
 And, as a Lion, that hath long in Blood  
 Maintain'd his Empire in some *Libyan* Wood,  
 Surpriz'd at last in Toils, and kept to be  
 The Pastime of the *Cirque*, raging to see  
 His Native Freedom lost, doth, roaring, round  
 His Prison walke, and (with that dreadful Sound,  
 Was wont all other Beasts to Terrify,  
 And, with their Flocks, make trembling Shepherds fly)  
 Shakes all about. But, when he findes, at length,  
 That nor his Rage prevails, nor yet his Strength  
 Can his Escape procure; all proffer'd Food  
 He growling flies, forgets all thirst of Blood,  
 And, in Disdain of his Captivity,  
 Resolves in fullen Silence there to dy.  
 So that great King, to whom, not long before,  
 Rich Gems were from the *Erythrean* Shore,

For

For Tribute brought: to whom, with Lions Tame,  
 And towred Elephants, *Getulians* came,  
 And, prostrate at his Feet, Obedience pay'd:  
 At first in Love, then War, a Captive made,  
 In a dark Dungeon dy'd, and the sole Fame,

(4) That he 'gainst *Scipio* fought, preserves his Name.

But while, at *Rome*, their Triumphs still encrease,  
 At *Carthage* the sad purchase of their Peace  
 Shews them a Face of things, which they deplore  
 As much, as those deep Wounds they had before  
 In War receiv'd, and *Zama's* fatal Plain,  
 On which so many *Libyans* were slain,  
 And *Hannibal* disarm'd. For now they see,  
 That nor in Peace, nor War, they can be free.  
 Not all the Wealth their numerous Conquests gave,  
 Nor Subjects, gain'd by *Hannibal*, could save  
 Their own at Home: for, while his conqu'ring Hand  
 O'return'd *Saguntus*, and the *Iberian* Land  
 Subdu'd, and when his Troops *Pyrenè* pass'd,  
 The *Celæ* gain'd, and *Italy* did waste,  
 Their Victories abroad (still calling for  
 Recruits) as costly prov'd, as if the War  
 Had been in *Libya* made: onely their Fear  
 Of Utter Ruin was not then so near.

It was not now enough, that they had seen  
 Those wealthy Trophies, that had thither been  
 From *Sicily*, from the *Herculean* Bars,  
 And farthest Nations, in preceeding Wars,  
 By great *Amilcar* sent, transported all  
 To *Rome*, and there, within the *Capitol*,  
 Among *Ægates* Spoils, hung up, to be  
 Eternal Monuments of Infamy.  
 Their dreadful Elephants, that had, so long,  
 Against all stranger Nations, been so strong

(4) That he dyed by Abstinence,  
 is consistent to the Opinion of *Appian*:  
 his great Heart not brooking the shame  
 of being led in Triumph, 'that he  
 was a Spectacle in this Triumph. *Al-*  
*rianus* denies, though *P. lib. lib. 16.*  
 and *Livy* (whom *Silius* follows) con-  
 tent.

A

A living Wall : with all the Arms, which there,  
 Since *Dido* first *Phœnician* Walls did rear,  
 Had been stor'd up, and had a *Pannick* Dread  
 Over the *Alps*, and high *Pyrenè*, spread,  
 Are yielded to their Foes, with trembling Hands:  
 And conquer'd *Carthage*, now, as Naked stands,  
 As when *Eliza* first her Walls begun,  
 Or when enrag'd *Hjarbas* over-run  
 ( Full of Revenge ) her narrow Bounds, and, while  
 Her Ashes yet were warm, upon her Pyle  
 Fix'd his victorious Arms : Nor can they see,  
 By Land, a Period to their Misery.  
 Earth hath not space enough, whereon to lay  
 Their Chains, which now, extended to the Sea,  
 Confine the Force of *Carthage* ; that no more  
 It can, from *Africk*, to *Europa's* Shore  
 Terrour diffuse : but melts into a Name,  
 Like *Troy*, in Ruin only known to Fame.

(c) At the Burning of the *Carthage* Navy (which is said to be the *Carthage* of the City, and Lamentation of the People was as great, as if *Carthage* had, at the same time, been utterly destroyed *Plutarch*, in the *Life of Scipio*.)

(c) That Navy, which ( before the Fate of *Rome*  
 Prevail'd ) had brought unvalu'd Treasures Home ;  
 Which through the Seas, from *East* to *West*, had flown,  
 And where the *Romane* Eagles were not known,  
 Under its swelling Wings *Sidonian* Dyes  
 Had often born, and chang'd for such Supplies,  
 As *Meroë*, and black *Syene* yields,  
 With whatsoe're renowns those spicy Fields,  
 Where *Ganges* flows ; by which the *Libyan* Land  
 ( Though they dire Serpents, in the barren Sand,  
 Plough up ) as great a Plenty ev'ry where  
 Enjoy'd, as theirs, whose Harvest, twice a Year,  
 Their Garners fills : is, by this Storm of Fate,  
 Contracted to so small a Number, that  
 They now despair, e're more, with Hostile Oars,  
 To fight from *Latian*, and *Sicilian* Shores

The

The trembling *Nymphs*, but must, for ever, stand  
 Condemn'd, as Slaves, to a parch'd Barren Land.

As some hot Plague, by a Malignant Star  
 Diffus'd into an Universal War,  
 First the wide Air infects, next Beasts, and then  
 The Commons, till, at last, the Best of Men  
 Are snatch'd away, by the same cruel Fate,  
 Which none but Heav'n knows, where t'will terminate :  
 So, when the *Romane* Fury, in whose Hand  
 Alone, the Fate of *Carthage* seem'd to stand,  
 Had strip'd them of all Force by Land, and Sea,  
 And nothing now was left, but to Obey ;  
 At length, their Spirits, by a dreadful Doom,  
 Are seiz'd : the Best of all their Youth to *Rome*  
 ( As Pledges of their Faith ) must strait be born,  
 And *Libyan* Mothers Tears become the Scorn  
 Of *Latian* Dames. It had been better they  
 ( While *Hannibal* in *Italy* did stay )  
 Had granted been to re-inforce his Bands.  
 They then their Country not with fetter'd Hands,  
 But arm'd had left, and might have Fighting dy'd,  
 Nor thus been Sacrificed to the Pride  
 Of an Insulting Fo, whose Malice knows  
 No Bounds ; but, fed, still more Insatiate grows.  
 But now the Fatal Day arrives, and Fears  
 Wound ev'ry Breast, fill ev'ry Eye with Tears.  
 The weeping Mothers with dishevel'd Hair  
 Run through the Streets, and, vainly, beat the Air  
 With loud Complaints. Sometimes they call upon  
 The Gods : then strait exclaim, that there are None,  
 At least, that they are Deaf ; else might their Tears  
 Prevail, and their Oppressions touch their Ears.  
 Sometimes the Authour of the War, and those  
 Infernal Altars, that, at first, their Foes

B

Provok'd



Provok'd, they curse. Sometimes those Men they blame,  
 Whose Envy, without Reason, to the Name  
 Of *Hannibal*, had fix'd Victorious *Rome*  
 In that great Height, and brought those Ruins Home,  
 Which *Jove* himself once fear'd; whose onely Hand,  
 With Thunder Arm'd, could *Hannibal* withstand,  
 And keep the *Capitol*. But Oh (Ye Gods)  
 What boots it now (say they) that so great Ods  
*Carthage* did once enjoy, above the World:  
 Since, from the Height of Glory, She is hurl'd  
 Into the depth of Shame. But thus you still  
 Are Prone to give things Great, yet never will  
 Preserve them so. In vain (alas!) the Toils  
 Of our great Fathers have, with wealthy Spoils,  
 Enrich'd your Temples, and, with noble Wounds,  
 The Pow'r of *Carthage* stretch'd beyond the Bounds  
 Of *Africa*, and with such dreadful Aw  
 Her Name had spread, that all the World their Law  
 Expected from her Hand. But (Oh!) how small  
 A Shadow, now, remains to Us of all  
 Our former Glories: We are Mothers made,  
 That, by this Blessing, We might be betray'd  
 To a far greater Curse, and add more weight  
 Unto our Ruin, and Unhappy Fate.  
 Had these upon your cruel Altars dy'd,  
 Religion might perhaps have satisf'd  
 Our Loss, and We, at least, might Home return  
 With this Content, that in their Native Urn  
 Their Ashes were preserv'd. But these are born  
 To be the Grief of *Carthage*, and the Scorn  
 Of *Rome*, whose now they are, and not our Own:  
 Nor will they be for such hereafter known;  
 But taught their Country's Manners to disclaim,  
 And bury in the <sup>(1)</sup> Gown the *Tyrian* Name.

(1) In the Number *Appian* differs from *Livy*. The first allowing them only to be one thousand five hundred, the latter, two thousand. but they were of the Noblest, whom the *Romans* (as was their Custom) were careful to educate in their Manners, and Habit, as the readiest Way to a Conquest, as well over the Minors, as the Elites of Barbarous Nations.

As thus they sadly to the Gods complain,  
 The Winde the *Romane* Navy to the Main  
 Invites. The Masters for the Captives call;  
 While at their Feet the weeping Parents fall,  
 And, Prostrate, thus implore. If yet that Ire  
 Appealed be, that did your Breasts inspire  
 At *Zama's* Field; wherein our Fates gave Way  
 To Yours, and Crown'd You with an happy Day;  
 Now mildly hear our Pray'rs: and, as you are  
 Rais'd, by the Gods, to this great Height in War,  
 That by their Blessing You may Higher rise,  
 Be Merciful, like them: do not despise  
 The Tears of such, as fall; their Cries the Scale  
 Of Fortune often turn, and may prevail  
 With Heav'n to break the Chain of your Success,  
 If, whom the Gods afflict, You shall oppress.  
 The bravest Souls no longer will pursue  
 Their Rage, then while it serves them to subdue.  
 And, when the Conquer'd do submit, they finde  
 A Sanctuary in a Noble Minde.  
 When therefore our Unhappy Sons shall come  
 (Sons not for *Carthage* born, but Conqu'ring *Rome*)  
 Within your Walls, Oh! be not too Severe,  
 Lay easy Chains upon them, think they were  
 Once free, as You: so may a better Fate  
 Your Issue bless; so may You propagate  
 Your lasting Names to Honour, and, near cross'd  
 By Fortune, keep that Freedom We have lost.  
 As thus they plead, from their Embraces torn,  
 Two hundred Noblest *Tyrian* Youths are born  
 Away to Sea, at *Rome* ordain'd to stand  
 The faithful Pledges of their Native Land.  
 But, while all other Breasts with Grief, and Care,  
 Are fill'd, and ev'ry one, with sad Despair

Of future Liberty, resolves the Yoke  
 To bear with Patience, and no more provoke  
 Those Arms, which, after such expence of Blood,  
 And Wealth (too late, alafs!) they understood  
 Superior to their own: *Revenge* puts on  
*Anilcar's* Shape, and thus, by Night, his Son  
 Excites to War. O *Hannibal*, canst Thou  
 (After the Fame of thy so early Vow  
 To prosecute this War) sit still, and see,  
 By *Rome*, upon thy Country's Liberty  
 Such heavy Yokes impos'd? Canst thou, my Son,  
 Tamely desist from what Thou hast begun?  
 And see that Wealth, which, from so many Lands,  
 By our great Ancestours Victorious Hands  
 Together heap'd, enabled Thee to spread  
 Thy Conqu'ring Ensigns o're *Pyrrus's* Head;  
 And o're the pathless *Alps* to make thy Way,  
 Become the Prize of *Rome*; Yet thou that Day  
 Survive? At length, awake, and let me finde  
 Thy Valour, fierce, and active, as the Winde  
 On *Adriatick* Seas. Let not the Tears  
 Of trembling Mothers, or the vainer Fears  
 Of Utter Ruin, move thee to conspire  
 So much with *Hanno's* Wish, or *Rome's* Desire.  
 That *Hannibal* should now sit still, is more,  
 Then all the Victories they had before:  
 Those onely did subdue thine Arms; but This  
 Over thy Minde a greater Conquest is:  
 And all, that *Scipio* now, at *Rome*, doth boast;  
 Where he at *Zama*, when the Field was lost,  
 Thee flying shews, and, afterward regains,  
 And thy Pale Image loads with golden Chains,  
 (As he great *Syphax* led in Triumph) Thou,  
 Resolving thus to bear it, dost allow.

Nor

Nor will the World condemn what *Hanno* saies;  
 While, in the *Senate*, he upon thee layes  
 The Crimes of all these Ills; records the Rites,  
 We once perform'd to *Hecate*; excites  
 The People's Rage, while he doth on them call:  
 Where now is your Victorious *Hannibal*?  
 Where is that Arm, that could alone defend  
 These Walls? that durst with Fate it self contend?  
 Where are *Saguntus* Spoils? or those, which He  
 From *Spain* hath brought? or conquer'd *Italy*?  
 If yet that Arm survive, let him from *Rome*,  
 Rescue our Captiv'd Sons, and bring them Home.  
 Or if those Spoils, which he at *Thrasimen*,  
*Trebia*, or *Cannæ* gain'd, remain; why then  
 Do We for our exacted Talents grieve?  
 Nor rather, with that Wealth, our selves relieve?  
 But, if, consum'd through his Ambition, We  
 Have, with our Riches, lost our Liberty;  
 Why should that guilty Head, to whom we ow  
 These Ruins, and the Curse of all our Wo,  
 Amongst Us still remain; and, with a Pride,  
 (1) Great as the Conquerours, our Tears divide?  
 Consider this: and, as infused Oil  
 Doth heighten Flames, hence let thy Fury boil;  
 Create more Spleen within Thee; make Thee rude,  
 As *Caucasus*, till thou hast fully shew'd  
 Th' amazed World, thou wert not born to bear  
 The *Romane* Yoke. But do, what others dare  
 Not think, and 'gainst the *Latine* Name, where're  
 There shall be War, do Thou in Arms appear;  
 Till Fate absolve thy Vow, and Thou shalt be  
 Crown'd with a Noble Death, or Victory.

When thus the *Fury* had her self inspir'd  
 Into his Soul, with Night She strait retir'd

To

(1) *Hannibal* when he saw the *Senate*, and People excessively Lament the Payment of their Tribute (which was very great) Laughed at their Follies, who more bewailed the emptying of their Pursets, then the loss of their Liberty, and Honour.

To Hell. While He, now void of all Repose,  
 Soon as from *Tibon's* Bed *Aurora* rose,  
 To that fam'd *Stygian* Temple doth repair,  
 Where, when a Childe, his Father made him swear  
 The War. Soon as He comes into the Grove,  
 Strange, horrid Murmurs, round about him, move.  
 The Goddess call'd to Minde, what he before  
 Had offer'd there, and now expected more.  
 Then over all the Place a Cloud She casts,  
 Which thither calls the Night again, and blasts  
 The rising Day. At length, She open throws  
 The Temple-Gates, while on he, Fearless, goes;  
 Till at the Entrance, from her Gloomy Cell,  
 The aged Priestess thus bespeaks him. Tell,  
 What is it, that so early hither Thee  
 Invites? and, who thou art? For well I see  
 Thou com'st to offer to the Pow'rs below,  
 And therefore, with this Horrour, they foreshow  
 Thy Welcome: tell me then, what is thy Name?

Though, now, thou know'st Me not, I'm sure my  
 (Said *Hannibal*) long since hath fill'd thine Ears. (Fame  
 I am that *Hannibal*, who, e're my Years  
 Two *Lustra* had fulfill'd, a War, before  
 These *Stygian* Altars, 'gainst the *Romans* swore;  
 The rest the World hath told Thee: and I now  
 (In prosecution of that Sacred Vow)  
 Am come to know, what yet remains by Me  
 To be pursu'd, and what the Fates decree.  
 The Priestess thus. I know Thee now: nor can  
 The Universe afford another Man  
 More dear unto the Pow'rs, which we adore:  
 But we our Rites cannot perform before  
 The following Night hath finish'd half her Reign.  
 Now therefore to thy House make haste again,

And

And my Advice embrace. For often We  
 Have of the Gods enquir'd concerning Thee,  
 Whose thread of Life is twist'd with the Fate  
 Of *Carthage*, and in That her better State  
 Consists: and hence it is Imperious *Rome*  
 By her Embassadors, who, now, are come,  
 Will not so much for *Masaniisa* plead,  
 As joyn with *Hanno*, to obtain thy Head,  
 Or cast Thee into Chains: therefore till Night  
 Returns, be Wary, and prepare for Flight;  
 And when *Bootes* hath his lazy Wain  
 Turn'd half about the *Pole*, hither again  
 Repair, and I shall then enquire the Minde  
 O'th' Gods, and what they have for Thee design'd.

Pensive with this Advice, strait Home He goes,  
 And, ruminating on his Country's Woes,  
 His Chamber enters, with a troubl'd Face;  
 When, almost drown'd in Tears, to his Embrace  
*Imilce* flies, and thus begins: What now  
 Thy Minde disturbs? what on thy Angry Brow  
 Creates that Cloud? which, wherefore it be  
 Discharg'd (my *Hannibal*) must Ruin Me.  
 I know 'tis War: for such the dire Alarms  
 Of lost *Saguntus* snatch'd I Thee from mine Arms.  
 So from my Bed, before the Night was done,  
 To meet their Sallies, thou wert wont to run.  
 While Fury arm'd thee, and pale Death did wait  
 Upon Thee, as upon the Hand of Fate.  
 But then Thou wert protected; Heav'n did then  
 For Thee, and *Carthage* fight: if now agen  
 The Gods would hear our Prayers, and bless Thee so,  
 How gladly would I yield to let Thee go:  
 But they (alas!) are Angry, and no more  
 Will lend their Thunder, as they did before,

Unto

Unto Thine Arm. *Rome* now their Ears hath charm'd  
Against Thee, and Thy Fortune quite disarm'd.  
Naked against the World Thou now dost stand:  
All have submitted to Her Conqu'ring Hand.  
*Carthage* is Hers, nor *Libya*, nor *Spain*,  
*Pyrenè*, nor the *Celtæ* can again

(\*) The *Macedonian* King, who, after the battle of *Pydna*, was made a Roman Citizen, and his descendants to a certain time, were made a nation, and had a peace with the *Romans*, in which the *Romans* were left all the Hopes of this Alliance.

(\*) The *Abdenians* were destroyed by *Pyrrhus*, and the King of *Epirus*, who was the Example of a *King*, having *Abdenians*, with all their Goods.

Afford Thee Aid. (\*) The *Macedonian* King,  
Who to our fainting Hopes appear'd to bring  
Some Shadows of Relief, while He o'erran  
The Bounds of *Athens*, and a War began  
With that sad Omen, that *Saguntus* turn'd  
To *Athes*, and the (\*) *Abdenians* burn'd,  
On Pyles of their own Wealth, is forc'd at last  
To yield to Fortune, and himself to cast  
A Prostrate at *Rome's* Feet, and Peace implore.  
Content with those great Acts, that He before  
Had done, He now resolves, at Home, to attend  
His Fate: and, would my *Hamibal* now lend  
A Pity to these Tears, Thou should'st no more  
That Hand of Fortune try, which Thee before  
In one Day thrust from that great Height, to which  
The Toil of seventeen Years had rais'd Thee. Rich  
In Fame thou art, and, though all else is gone,  
That's such a Treasure, that for it alone  
The World may envy Thee, and Times to come  
Shall put thy Name in Balance against *Rome*,  
And all her *Generals*. But what of Life  
(After such Deeds) remains, unto thy Wife,  
And Son should be allow'd: and, if thy Breast  
With Thoughts of sworn Revenge be still possest,  
(Since Fortune courts the Young, and Thou art now  
In Years, to which She seldom doth allow  
Her Smiles) derive thine Anger to thy Son,  
Instruct him here, at Home, what's to be done

To

To perfect thy Desires, and at thy Death,  
Into His Breast, with thy Departing Breath,  
(\*) Inspire (my *Hamibal*) thy mighty Spirit,  
That so He may entirely Thee Inherit,  
And live the Fear of *Rome*. But, if Thou fly  
From hence, and leave Us to the Cruelty  
Of Our insulting Foes, Our Captiv'd Names  
Will strait become the Talk of *Romane* Dames,  
'Midst their Triumphal Feasts; or be in Scorn  
Suppress'd, as if We never had been born.

(\*) It was antiently a Custom in many Nations, to receive the last Breath of their Expiring Friends.

This, with a thousand Sighs, and all the Charms  
Of Kisses, mix'd with Tears, between his Arms,  
Speaking, She sinks: while, with that constant Face,  
With which He entred, in a strict Embrace,  
He holds Her up, and thus replies; Thy Love  
(My dear *Imilce*) is so much above  
The Value of my Life, that I would all  
Those Dangers stand, which can upon Me fall,  
To enjoy Thee here: But this our Enemies  
Will not allow. Domestick Treacheries  
Have now so far above the Arms of *Rome*  
Prevail'd, that I a Captive shall, at Home,  
In Peace, be made, and hence in Chains be born,  
(Snatch'd from thy dear Embrace) to be the Scorn  
(\*) Of second Triumphs, and when that is done  
(A Pride peculiar unto *Rome* alone)  
I shall not dy like *Syphax*, from the View  
Of all the World; but they will something New  
For Me invent. Whatever was by Us,  
Before, Inflicted on their *Regulus*,  
Will be esteem'd too little; I shall be  
In Parts divided through all *Italy*,  
And feel, in each, a Death, and yet not all  
Their Malice satiate, when to Minde they call

(\*) The Custom of leading Captives in Triumph was first introduced by the *Romans*; and among them only in use. The Principal Captives, in Chains, passing before the Chariot of the Triumpher, and (for the most part) as he entered the *Capitol*, they were led to prison, and, on the same Day, he lay'd down his Authority, and they their Lives. See *Cicero*, in *Verrum*.

C

The

The Fun'rals of their Friends. But, that I may  
 Their Plots avoid, and keep a better Way  
 Still open to my Fall, I now must fly  
 M' Ingrateful Country, or resolve to dy,  
 This Day, before thine Eyes: for in this Hand  
 Of Mine, alone, my Fate shall ever stand.  
 Nor shall the World believe, the Life, and Death  
 Of *Hannibal* depends upon the Breath  
 Of *Rome*. As this He spake, She stop'd the rest  
 With Kisses, and, reclining on his Brest  
 Her drooping Head (whilst Tears, like *April*-rain,  
 Into his Bosom flow, by Sighs again  
 Dry'd up) Since so it is (said She) no more  
 Will I (my *Hannibal*) thy Stay implore.  
 Go, and be Happy! may those Gods, who Thee,  
 With such Severity, deny to Me,  
 Protect Thee, when Alone: go, Happy! may  
 Thy wish'd Return be speedy! But I Pray  
 For what I cannot Hope; those Gods, who now  
 Us separate (alafs!) will not allow,  
 That We should meet again. As from her Tongue  
 These last Words fell, about his Neck She flung  
 Her Arms, and, after many Kisses past,  
 While both contended, who should give the Last,  
 With a long Silence (for with Grief each Heart  
 Too big for Language swell'd) at length they part.

Now Night the middle of her Course had run,  
 Between the Rising, and the Falling Sun;  
 When *Libya's* anxious Champion at the Fane  
 (All things prepar'd for Flight) arrives again;  
 There findes the Priestess; from her hoary Head  
 Tresses, like curling Serpents, overspread  
 Her wrinkled Neck: a Mantle cros her Breast,  
 In which forfaken *Dido's* Death, exprest

By

By her fair Sister's Hand, and there bequeath'd  
 As Sacred (with the Sword, She, Frantick, sheath'd  
 In her own Bosom) fastn'd by a Charm  
 On her left Shoulder, and her other Arm  
 Quite Naked, waving round a *Stygian* Wand,  
 With which, by adding Words, She could command  
 The Pow'rs of Hell, She meets him at the Door,  
 And leads him in. The Sacrifice before  
 Prepar'd, and She (no Minutes now delay'd)  
 Invoking some Infernal Names, to aid  
 The Work, strait horrid Voices rend the Air;  
 Some mournful Groans; some Sighs of sad Despair:  
 Then, as if Hell were near, the Noise of Chains,  
 With doleful Cries, which their inflicted Pains  
 Extort. For all the Ghosts of *Cadmus* Race,  
 Whom Guilt had stain'd, frequenting still the Place,  
 To the un-kindled Altars brought Supplies  
 Of Bloodlike Flames, which of themselves to rise  
 Appear, and by their gloomy Light, and Smell  
 Of Sulphur, shew, that they were brought from Hell.  
 At length, the Sacrifice was open lay'd,  
 Whose Entrails when the Priestess had furvay'd,  
 She thus the Gods declar'd. "If *Hannibal*  
 "Be from his Country free, He never shall  
 "Become a Slave to *Rome*. His very Name  
 "Shall make the *Syrian* Armies own'd by Fame,  
 "And *Italy* once more shall fear, lest She  
 "By his Invasive Arms should ruin'd be.  
 "Scipio shall not more Fortunate at *Rome*  
 "By th' World be held, then *Hannibal* at Home.  
 "One Year shall give a Period to their Breath,  
 "And each finde Satisfaction in his Death.  
 "In *Latian* Ground shall *Scipio's* Ashes ly,  
 "On *Libyssean* *Hannibal* shall dy.

C 2

With

With this ambiguous Oracle, his Minde  
 As Great, and High, as when he first design'd  
 The War, as if the Gods were still the Same,  
 Away he speeds: Thoughts of his former Fame,  
 And Victories, all present Fears allay,  
 And, with reviving Hopes, his Faith betray  
 To a vain Confidence, That He, alone,  
 If arm'd, could shake the World, and *Rome* unthroned.  
 Ambition, and Revenge think nought too great  
 For their Attempt, and, whilst he doth repeat  
 The Actions, which achiev'd his former Fame,  
 He counts all Easy, that's within his Aim,  
 Nor weighs th' Incertainty of Fates to come.  
 Those civil Factions, that, before, at Home,  
 Weak'n'd his Arms, now, undistinguish'd, groan  
 Under that Yoke, which *Rome* for Him, alone,  
 So long prepar'd: so that ev'n He might boast  
 A Victory, when Envious *Carthage* lost  
 Her Liberty, and Captiv'd *Hanno* found,  
 No other Hand could cure that Fatal Wound,  
 But *Hannibal*'s alone; who, now, got Free,  
 Would search the World to finde a Remedy.

Thus, chearful with the Gods, misunderstood,  
 (As a fierce Tyger, thirsting after Blood,  
 Far from his Covert rangeth, seeking Prey)  
 O're the *Vocanian* Plains he took his Way,  
 And, through the *Thapsian* Fields, his Course pursu'd:  
 Where (still the Gods resolving to delude  
 His Thoughts with dubious things) he Waking dreams  
 Of future Fates, and, swiftly Posing, seems  
 This Language, from the *Genius* of the Place,  
 To hear. Fly hence, fly *Hannibal* apace.  
 Let *Asia*, no longer now attend  
 Thine Arm, the World's great Quarrel to defend.

Delay

Delay the Mother is of Doubts, and Fears,  
 And he, that long the Yoke of Bondage bears,  
 Forgets, that he was Free, and entertains  
 A Servile Love of Safety with his Chains.  
 Thy Presence shall encrease the Noble Fire  
 In *Syrian* Breasts, and they, at length, conspire  
 'Gainst *Rome* with Thee, and *Carthage* entertain  
 An Hope by Thee her Freedom to regain.  
 That War, which Thou didst, with so great Applause,  
 Wage as Thine Own, is made the Common Cause  
 Of the whole World, and all Mankind is now  
 Provok'd to be Assertours of thy Vow.  
 Of *Romane* Blood, all Seas, all Lands shall taste,  
 And <sup>(\*)</sup> *Thapsus*, 'mong the Chief, in Fame be plac'd.

No sooner did the Blushes of the Morn  
 The Stars extinguish, and the Day was born,  
 When they arriv'd near to that Fatal Shore,  
 Where trembling Seamen hear the Billows roar

<sup>(\*)</sup> Against those *Syrtis*, which, moving to and fro,  
 Bring certain Ruin, wherefoe're they go.  
*Charybdis*, nor dire *Scylla*'s Rage, so great  
 A Danger to *Sicilian* Vessels threat:  
 Sometimes themselves, above the Waves, they heave,  
 And stand like Promontories to deceive  
 Unskilful Mariners; strait, falling back,  
 Choak up the Chanel, and prepare a Wrack  
 Under smooth Waters, where, with all their Pride  
 Display'd, tall Ships of late might safely ride.  
 But *Hannibal*'s fears the Treach'rous Sand,  
 Or raging Seas, then the more Treach'rous Land,  
 Which, Confident of better Fate, he quits,  
 And to a little Bark himself commits.  
 The Seas, as Conscious, that he was too Great  
 To be their Sacrifice, their Rage forget.

The

(\*) Where *Scipio*, the Illust of the  
*Pompeian* *Generals*, was overthrown by  
*Caesar*: in which Battel ten thousand  
 of the *Pompeians* were slain.

(\*) These *Syrtis* are two, where-  
 of the less is not far distant from *Car-*  
*thage*, and against it is the Island *Cro-*  
*cina*, whither *Hannibal* fled. Of its  
 Dangers, and Site, see *Strabo*, *Geog.*  
*lib. 17.*

The *Syrts* retire, and the Conspiring Gales  
 Pursue the Bark, and swell her pregnant Sails.  
 The careful Pilot for *Cercina* steers,  
 Scarce knowing, that the Freight his Vessel bears,  
 Once balanc'd the whole World; yet wonders Heav'n,  
 In that tempestuous Track, a Course so ev'n  
 Allow'd: so much the flattering Destinies,  
 With a smooth Vizor of Success, disguise  
 Intended Ruin; that ev'n *Hannibal*  
 Measures, from hence, what ever might befall  
 Himself, and, while they yet the *Africk* Shore  
 (On which the Fates resolv'd hencever more  
 Should tread) in View retain'd: I now am Free  
 (Perfidious Country) both from *Rome*, and *Thee*;  
 My better Fortune now (saith He) doth stand  
 Not in a *Senate's* Vote, but in this Hand,  
 This Hand, which (maugre thy Ingratitude)  
 Shall *Thee* (if Me the Gods do not delude)  
 Redeem; and Thou, at length, confests, that none  
 Can breake thy Yoke, but *Hannibal* alone.

Now from the flying Ship the Land withdrew:  
 The *Libyan* Shore descends; no more in View  
 Those Altars, which *Ulysses* once did rear,  
 To rescue his forgetful Friends, appear.

Unhappy Men! who in those Dang'rous Fields  
 Found out those strange Delights, that <sup>(1)</sup> *Lotus* yields,  
 Whose Taste all other Pleasures far exceeds,  
 Man nothing more to make him Happy needs;  
 In this all dear Delights at once they found,  
 And Memory of Friends, and Country drown'd.  
 No sooner these were lost, but to their Eyes  
*Cercina*, 'midst the Waves, began to rise.  
 Approaching near the Port, some Ships they found,  
 Whole *Carthaginian* Owners, Homeward bound,

Soon

Soon as the Prince they spy'd upon the Shore,  
 Hasten to salute Him, and almost Adore.  
 The Memory of his high Deeds, within  
 Their Breasts still liv'd: how great He once had been,  
 To Minde they call, and pay unto his Name  
 Those Honours, which, they know, his Merits claim;  
 Though now his State be lefs: for with a Cloud  
 O'recast, or else Eclip'd, the Sun 's allow'd  
 To be the same in Virtue, as before,  
 When it shin'd Brightest; nor was He the more  
 To be neglected, 'cause the borrow'd Rays  
 Of Train, at which the Common People gaze,  
 And great with Envy swell, aside are lay'd.  
 He still is that fam'd *Hannibal*, who made  
 So many Barb'rous Nations to submit  
 To his Commands, and Native Rites forget;  
 While fierce *Maffilians*, with *Iberians*, stood  
 In Fight, Revengers each of others Blood;  
 While rude *Cantabrians*, with the *Celte*, came  
 T'assert his Quarrel, and beneath his Name  
 United liv'd, as if one Clime their Birth  
 Had giv'n, and nurtur'd them on Fertile Earth.

Here all are busy to express their Care  
 To entertain Him, and to such, as were  
 Inquisitive to know, what did invite  
 Him thither, cunning, He, reply'd: I might  
 (Indeed) have gone to *Tyre* another Way;  
 But none so near I judg, since I this Day  
 Must spend in Sacrifice, to th' Pow'rs above,  
 That what I there must prosecute, may prove  
 Propitious to the State, which thither Me  
 Hath sent, and since, within this Island, We  
 Few Trees for Shelter finde, let Me entreat  
 Your Sails, this Day, to shroud Us from the Heat

O'th'

(1) In these *Syrts* inhabited *Lotophages*, among whom *Ulysses* his Companions, bewitched with the Taste of the *Lotus*, desired to dwell, till *Ulysses* there raised Altars to Sacrifice for their Recovery, the Ruins whereof were to be seen in the Time of *Strabo*. (*lib.* 17) and *Homer* (*Odyss.* *lib.* 9.)

The *Syrtis* retire, and the Conspiring Gales  
 Pursue the Bark, and swell her pregnant Sails.  
 The careful Pilot for *Cercina* steers,  
 Scarce knowing, that the Freight his Vessel bears,  
 Once balanc'd the whole World; yet wonders Heav'n,  
 In that tempestuous Track, a Course so ev'n  
 Allow'd: so much the flattering Destinies,  
 With a smooth Vizor of Success, disguise  
 Intended Ruin; that ev'n *Hannibal*  
 Measures, from hence, what ever might befall  
 Himself, and, while they yet the *Africk* Shore  
 (On which the Fates resolv'd hencever more  
 Should tread) in View retain'd: I now am Free  
 (Perfidious Country) both from *Rome*, and *Thee*;  
 My better Fortune now (saith He) doth stand  
 Not in a *Senate's* Vote, but in this Hand,  
 This Hand, which (maugre thy Ingratitude)  
 Shall *Thee* (if Me the Gods do not delude)  
 Redeem; and Thou, at length, confest, that none  
 Can break thy Yoke, but *Hannibal* alone.

Now from the flying Ship the Land withdrew:  
 The *Libyan* Shore descends; no more in View  
 Those Altars, which *Ulysses* once did rear,  
 To rescue his forgetful Friends, appear.

Unhappy Men! who in those Dang'rous Fields  
 Found out those strange Delights, that <sup>(1)</sup> *Lotus* yields,  
 Whose Taste all other Pleasures far exceeds,  
 Man nothing more to make him Happy needs;  
 In this all dear Delights at once they found,  
 And Memory of Friends, and Country drown'd.  
 No sooner these were lost, but to their Eyes  
*Cercina*, 'midst the Waves, began to rise.  
 Approaching near the Port, some Ships they found,  
 Whose *Carthaginian* Owners, Homeward bound,

Soon

Soon as the Prince they spy'd upon the Shore,  
 Hasten to salute Him, and almost Adore.  
 The Memory of his high Deeds, within  
 Their Breasts still liv'd: how great He once had been,  
 To Minde they call, and pay unto his Name  
 Those Honours, which, they know, his Merits claim;  
 Though now his State be left: for with a Cloud  
 O'rcast, or else Eclips'd, the Sun's allow'd  
 To be the same in Virtue, as before,  
 When it shin'd Brightest; nor was He the more  
 To be neglected, 'cause the borrow'd Rays  
 Of Train, at which the Common People gaze,  
 And great with Envy swell, aside are lay'd.  
 He still is that fam'd *Hannibal*, who made  
 So many Barb'rous Nations to submit  
 To his Commands, and Native Rites forget;  
 While fierce *Maffilians*, with *Iberians*, stood  
 In Fight, Revengers each of others Blood;  
 While rude *Cantabrians*, with the *Celte*, came  
 To assert his Quarrel, and beneath his Name  
 United liv'd, as if one Clime their Birth  
 Had giv'n, and nurtur'd them on Fertile Earth.

Here all are busy to express their Care  
 To entertain Him, and to such, as were  
 Inquisitive to know, what did invite  
 Him thither, cunning, He, reply'd: I might  
 (Indeed) have gone to *Tyre* another Way;  
 But none so near I judg, since I this Day  
 Must spend in Sacrifice, to thy Pow'rs above,  
 That what I there must prosecute, may prove  
 Propitious to the State, which thither Me  
 Hath sent, and since, within this Island, We  
 Few Trees for Shelter finde, let Me entreat  
 Your Sails, this Day, to shroud Us from the Heat  
 O'th'

(1) In their *Syrtis* inhabited *Lotophages*, among whom *Ulysses* his Companions, bewitched with the Taste of the *Lotus*, desired to dwell, till *Ulysses* there raised Altars to Sacrifice for their Recovery, the Ruins whereof were to be seen in the Time of *Strabo*. (*lib. 17*) and *Homer* (*Odyss. lib. 9*.)



O'th' scorching Sun. No sooner said, but all  
 Their Hands employ ; some from the Masts let fall  
 The Sails ; some lift them with their Yards to Land,  
 On which extended streight, for Tents, they stand.  
 And now whatever Rare the Isle affords,  
 Makes up the Feast, and round the hast'ned Boards  
*Lycaus* flows : and first, *To Liberty*  
 A Bowl is crown'd, which all as greedily  
 Quaff off, as if in it they thought to finde  
 Their Wish, and Sense of Bondage from the Minde  
 Expel. And, as the sparkling Liquour warms  
 Their Blood, each man, as if he were in Arms,  
 Defies the Pow'r of *Rome* ; now scorns to bear  
 That Yoke, which, in a Sober mind, his Fear  
 Would prompt him to imbrace, and what before  
 He durst not Think, he now dares Act, and more.  
 All former Fears are banish'd : This exclaims  
 'Gainst *Hanno's* Pride ; and That his Countrey blames  
 For want of Courage, bids the Prince again  
 Attempt to take away that Fatal Stain,  
 For which, as in th' inflaming Juice he steepes  
 His Brains, he in a Drunken Pity weeps.

But *Hannibal*, whose Thoughts were far from thence  
 Remov'd, and entertain'd a nobler Sense  
 Of what they suffer'd, then themselves, mean while,  
 Looks on their Follies with a scornful Smile,  
 And, with repeated Cups, still feeds the Flame ;  
 Untill, as he design'd, he overcame  
 Their Strength, and, while their Hands as yet retain'd  
 The Blushing Bowls, Sleep all their Senses chain'd.

*The End of the First Book  
 of the Continuation.*



A CONTINUATION OF  
SILIUS ITALICUS

To the DEATH OF

HANNIBAL,

*The Second Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*To Hannibal Halces doth relate  
King Masaniſſa's Love, and the ſad Fate  
Of Sophoniſba. Rome dreads the Report  
Of a new War. In the Ephreſian Court  
Scipio, and Hannibal are entertain'd,  
And meet, as Friends. The City, Temple, and  
Its Wealth deſcrib'd. Great Alexander's Deeds  
Eumolpus ſings. Whence a Diſcourſe proceeds,  
Who the beſt Captains were. Paſt Actions are  
Revolv'd. The King reſolves upon a War.*



HILE thus pretended Pious  
beguiles

The Vulgar, and the glad De-  
ceiver ſmiles

At the Succeſs; Secure, that none  
could bear

The Tidings of his Flight, before the Fear  
Of being ſtop'd was paſt, to Sea again  
He haſtens, hoſtes Sail, while yet the Reign

D

Of



(a) Carthage, (or Dido's Place)  
 when the Tyrians observed in Syphax,  
 as the Poets did, Hecbe (or Dido)  
 All day according to that of Ovid,  
 his Poem.  
 (b) Syphax, the King of Numidia  
 (Tyrians)  
 The Libyans, the Carthaginians, the  
 (long) Greeks

Of Night continu'd, and the <sup>(a)</sup> Tyrian Star  
 Lent faithful Beams to guide the Mariner,  
 And as, well pleas'd with what had past, his Friends  
 Discours'd, how much their Mirth had made Amends  
 For all Delays, his sure *Numidian* Guide  
 (Who once attended on great *Syphax* Bride)  
 Began. But He inspir'd above the Rest  
 To Me appear'd, who did so much detest,  
 And scorn their Names, who, through a shameful Dread  
 Of Dying, had submitted to be led  
 In Triumph, and, in Chains, before they Dy'd,  
 Had tamely Sacrific'd unto the Pride  
 Of *Roman* Conqu'rous. How He did declare,  
 For this, gainst *Syphax*! how adore the Name  
 Of Noble *Sophonisba*! who did bear  
 A Face as Cheerful, as I carry here,  
 (Said He) and, to avoid that Shame, was seen  
 To drink her Death, and fall a Glorious Queen.  
 I well observ'd his Zeal, and, I confess,  
 (Reply'd Great *Hannibal*) could little less  
 Then weep, at Mention of so dear a Name.  
 But since we onely have, by Common Fame,  
 Her Story heard, and You a Witness were  
 Of all that past, to Us her Fate declare.

Then He. When *Syphax* was o'rethrown, and all  
*Numidia* lost, through his Unhappy Fall,  
 False *Masanissa* less ambitiously  
 Aspir'd unto his Empire, then to be  
 Successour in his Bed, and when h' had gain'd  
 The Queen into his Pow'r (the King enchain'd,  
 And kept a Trophy to Young *Scipio's* Pride)  
 Impatient till h' enjoy'd so fair a Bride,  
 His Minde he thus discovers: If the Throne  
 Of *Syphax*, or *Numidia's* Wealth, alone,

Had

Had been the Object of mine Arms, I now  
 Whate're the Gods, or Fortune could allow  
 To my Desires, possess'd: but know my Aim  
 (Fair Queen) is Higher, and a Nobler Flame  
 Reigns in my Breast, the *Romane* General  
 May this (perchance) an Happy Conquest call,  
 Because his Eagles, now, securely fly  
 O're the *Numidian* Plains. But nothing I  
 Have gain'd, though this late Victory restore  
 Whatever *Syphax* did, from Me, before  
 Usurp; though *Hammon*, and *Tarpeian* Jove  
 Conspire to make Me great, unless your Love  
 This Happiness confirm. For this did I  
 From *Libya's* to the *Romane* Ensigns fly,  
 Knowing no other Means to win You from  
<sup>(b)</sup> My Rival's Arms, and since He is by *Rome*  
 Thrown from that glorious Height, and can no more  
 Be Worthy held of what He did before  
 In You enjoy (since none, but He, that wears  
 A Crown, and in his Hand a Scepter bears,  
 Can Merit such a Bliss) that You may live  
 A Queen, and (what lost *Carthage* cannot give,  
 Nor *Sophonisba* take, but from my Hand)  
 Be still ador'd through the *Numidian* Land.  
 Accept my Love, by which, You can alone  
 Shun *Romane* Chains, and still possess a Throne.

To this the Queen (though an extream Disdain  
 Of what He offer'd in Her Soul did Reign)  
 Fearing to be a Spectacle at *Rome*,  
 More then to Dy, replies. 'Tis to presume  
 Too much upon your Victory, if You  
 Imagine it as Easy, to Subdue  
 This Heart, as late our Arms: and though, by Force,  
 You have already made a sad Divorce,

D 2

Yet

(b) *Masanissa*, in his Youth Educated in *Carthage*, and observed to be a Person of singular Accomplishments, *Hafdrabal* (the Son of *Gytia*) betrothed to him his Daughter *Sophonisba* (as eminent for her Beauty, as Birth, and immediately procured him the Command of an Army in *Libya*. But afterwards, finding *Syphax* a more powerful Prince, inamoured of Her, He betrothed Her to him, which (among other things) incited *Masanissa* privately to make Peace with *Scipio*, and turn his Arms against *Carthage*. *Appian*, *Liby*.

Yet know the Memory of *Syphax* Name  
Will in this Breast, admit no other Flame,  
While He survives. But, rather than be led  
To *Rome* in Triumph, I confess the Bed  
Of any born of *Libyan* Blood may be  
Prefer'd: yet, if the adverse Fates decree,  
That, to avoid that Shame, I must the Crime  
Of hasty Nuptials add, a little Time  
(He thinks) you ought, in Justice, to allow,  
To expiate, with Tears, my former Vow.

With this Reply, which neither gave Assent  
To his Demand, nor yet deny'd, Her Tent  
He quits, advising Her to shun Delays,  
In her Resolve; for that, ere many Days  
Should pass, the Captives must be sent to *Rome*,  
And Her Consent would, then, too Tardy come.

At these last Words, as when our *Libyan* Darts  
At Tygers strike, at first, amaz'd, She starts,  
And growling stands, but when the wounding Steel  
Is deeply fix'd, and She begins to feel  
The Anguish of a Wound, She rends the Air  
With Cries, and, lab'ring with her Teeth to tare  
The Weapons forth, augments her Pain, then flies  
To some known Covert, and there, Raving, dies.  
Struck to the Heart (as if She then had seen  
The *Gorgon's* Head, or, like *Amphion's* Queen,  
Congeal'd to Marble) Statue-like She stands,  
A while, and Silent weeps. At length, her Hands  
Invade her Head, from which She, frantick, tears  
The lovely Hair, and, furiously, impairs  
The Beauty of that Face, which by two Kings  
Had been ador'd. At last, Her self She flings  
Upon her Bed, and, with a mournful Cry,  
On her dear *Syphax* calls. Which hearing, I

Stept

Stept in, and found her turning to and fro,  
Her Eyes: now dry, and fir'd with Anger, so,  
When *Pentheus* scorn'd the *Trieterick* Feast,  
*Agave's* Looks Her inward Rage express'd.  
Amaz'd, a while, I Silent stood: till She,  
Sighs making Way for Words, at length to Me  
Her Speech directs. 'Tis not, because Uncrown'd,  
(*Isalces*) that I grieve; a deeper Wound  
My Soul afflicts, and I am wrack'd between  
Two dire Extrems. Oh! had I never seen  
*Nymidia's* Court, or had I ne'er been led,  
By *Hymen's* Tapers, to my *Syphax* Bed,  
The World, perhaps, had never heard that one,  
Born of Great *Hajdrubal*, was from a Throne  
To *Rome* a Captive led, but I must now  
(Oh cruel Fate!) renounce my Nuptial Vow,  
To yield up (what my Lord esteem'd above  
*Nymidia's* Throne) the Treasure of my Love  
To *Masanissa*, and in his Embrace  
Those Sacred Ties dissolve, or in the Face  
Of *Rome*, the greatest Trophy of the War,  
Expos'd be, and the Triumphal Car  
Of the proud Conquerour, in Chains attend.  
Ye Gods! what greater Mischief can Ye send  
Upon this Head? Your Thunder cannot give  
A Blow so Fatal, if you let Me live  
To see that Day. As thus She spake, her Eyes,  
With sudden Streams of Tears, her Tongue surprize.

When I perceiv'd, that *Masanissa's* Flame  
(Though yet an Enemy) was still the same,  
He had before profess'd; hoping the Charms  
Of such a Beauty might regain his Arms  
To *Carthage*, as they *Syphax* had withdrawn  
From *Romane* Leagues, after a Solemn Pawn

Of

Of Faith, before the Gods : I thus begun.

Had Heav'n left any other Means to shun  
The Pow'r of *Rome*, and that prodigious Shame,  
Which proudly they on all of *Tyrian* Name  
Inflict, I should resolve, whate're it be,  
To share Your Fortune. But since, now, You see  
The Conquerour your Captive is, You may  
Redeem your Self, and give a better Day  
To Your lost Country. 'Twas for this alone,  
*Haldubal* plac'd you on *Numidia's* Throne,  
The Cause is still the Same, nor is't a Crime,  
Which Fate Necessitates, and which in Time  
You may a Signal Piety avow  
To all the World. Ev'n *Syphax* will allow  
It such, and dy Content, if You restore  
Entire to *Libya* what She lost before.

Perswaded thus ; as when a Sea-man findes  
Nothing, but certain Ruin from the Windes,  
Which on the *Ocean* storm, resolv'd no more  
To trust their Fury, for some Neighb'ring Shore  
He steers, and, to secure Himself, doth choose,  
Upon a Sand, the lab'ring Bark to loose :  
So, from *Rome's* Rage, the Queen resolves to throw  
Her self, for Safety, on a gentler Fo ;  
Who now approach'd, while She puts on a Face  
Might move his Pity, and a God's Embrace.  
So, when her *Mennon* dy'd, *Anvora* threw  
Over her Rofy Cheeks a Veil of Dew,  
Through which dissolving Chrystal, from Her Eyes  
Day did more sadly, yet more Fragrant rise.  
Soon as He entred, Prostrate at his Feet  
She falls, and thus now sues his Love to meet.

If my distracted Piety did swell  
Too High, if what I utter'd did not well

Beseem

Beseem a Captive (mighty Prince) I here  
Beseech You pardon Me, not wont to bear  
So weighty Griefs, and, since th' Immortal Gods,  
Above my *Syphax* Fate, on You these Odds  
(Due to your Valour, and good Fortune) have  
Bestow'd, whatever be my Doom, I crave  
It may proceed from You. And as you are  
A King, and with my Lord did lately share  
In the *Numidian* Name, let Me not be  
Expos'd to any *Roman's* proud Decree.  
As I am onely Wife to *Syphax*, I  
Would rather any *Libyan's* Mercy try,  
Then trust a Stranger. But withall you know  
What I, a *Cartaginian*, Daughter to  
Great *Haldubal*, may from a *Roman* fear.  
If then no other Remedy appear  
Within your Pow'r, I here beseech you still,  
By Death to free Me from the *Romans* Will.

Scarce this (with all Allurements, that could move  
At once the Conquerour's Pity, and his Love)  
She had declar'd, when He wipes off her Tears  
With fervent Kisses, and her future Fears  
Allays, with Promise to preserve her Free  
From *Roman* Hands. But pleads Necessity  
(To be Secure) that Night to Consummate  
Their Nuptial Rites. Unwillingly, to Fate,  
And his Desires She yields, and at the Time  
Her doubtful Heart, as Conscious of a Crime,  
Calls back her Blood, then sends it forth again  
Into her Cheeks (so shines a Scarlet Stain  
On Ivory) asham'd to have it said,  
One Day a Captive her, and Bride had made.  
And now the Weary Horses of the Sun  
To the *Tartessus* Shore their Course had run;

When

When *Masanissa*, with all Sacred Rites,  
 The Presence of the Marriage God invites.  
 But no good Omen shew'd him to be there;  
 The Fire the Incense flies; the Altars are  
 Smooth'd in *Stygian* Smoak; a dreadful Sound  
 Through all the Temple runs, and shakes the Ground.  
 And, as from thence into their Chamber they  
 Retire, the Holy Tapers, all the Way,  
 With Sputt'ring Flames (as if *Alecto* shed  
 Sulphure upon them) lead them to their Bed.  
 All this, intent upon his Mistress Eyes,  
 He either did not see, or did Despise.  
 Concluding what He should enjoy would all  
 Those Miseries out-weigh, that could befall  
 Before this Fatal Night was spent. The Fame  
 Of *Masanissa's* hasty Nuptials came  
 To *Scipio's* Ear; He, fearing to give Way  
 To such a growing Mischief, soon as Day  
 Had chas'd away the Stars, by *Laelius* sends  
 A Summons, and, thus sharply reprehends  
 His Levity. 'Tis my Belief, (said He)  
 That when We first contracted Amity  
 In *Spain*, and then in *Africa*, when Thou  
 Didst both thy Self, and all those Hopes, which now  
 Thou callst thine Own, to Me commit, that then  
 Something in Me thou didst 'bove other Men  
 Worthy that Trust conceive. But I in none  
 Of all these Virtues, that did prompt Thee on  
 To seek my Friendship, more of Glory plac'd,  
 Than in my Temperance: That with a Chast,  
 And Sober Minde, I could suppress the Flame  
 Of hottest Lust; and this, I then did aim,  
 To other thy rare Virtues might be join'd.  
 For trust Me, Noble Prince, We cannot finde

So

So much of Danger from our Armed Foes,  
 As from those stronger Pleasures, that enclose  
 Us round: and whoso'er repells their dire  
 Assaults, and can by Temp'rance his Desire  
 Within Himself Subdue, a Victory  
 Of greater Honour gains, than that, which We  
 O're *Syphax* have obtain'd. Those Noble Things,  
 Which Thou, with Valour worthy greatest Kings,  
 Hast in my Absence done, I did, of late,  
 To all of Name in Arms commemorate  
 With all due Praise, and still shall keep in Minde.  
 But I had rather Thou on what's behinde  
 Wouldst with thy Self reflect, then Blush to hear  
 Me give't a Name. It plainly doth appear  
 To all the World, that *Syphax* was or'ethrown,  
 And Captiv'd by the *Auspices* alone  
 O'th' *Roman* People. Whatsoever He  
 Possess'd: his Kingdom, Wife, and People, We  
 May challenge as our Prize, and none a Share  
 Of Right, can claim. Though *Sophonisba* were  
 No *Carthaginian* born; or did not We  
 Her Father *Gen'ral* of their Armies see:  
 Yet must She (who a King, that was our Friend,  
 An Enemy hath made, and in the End  
 Against Us drawn to Arms) be sent to *Rome*,  
 And there the *Senate's*, and the People's Doom  
 Attend. Strive therefore to subdue thy Minde,  
 Shake this lewd Passion off, so much inclin'd  
 To draw Thee into Ruin; nor the Grace  
 Of all thy Virtues, with one Vice, Deface;  
 Nor by one Crime deprive thy Self of all  
 Those Thanks, at *Rome*, for which thy Merits call.

Struck to the Heart (as if some sudden Flame  
 Were darted through his Blood) the Fire of Shame  
 Flies

Flies to his Face: Yet nothing He replies,  
 But strait retires with Sighs, and swelling Eyes;  
 And, knowing, that what *Scipio* had decreed  
 Must stand Irrevocable, lends, with Speed,  
 For Me, and with a Box, into my Hand  
 A fatal Poison puts, with this Command:  
 Bear this to my Dear *Sophonisba*, say,  
 That *Masaniissa* was resolv'd to pay  
 That Faith to Her, which kindest Husbands owe  
 To their Dear Wives. But, since the Fates have so  
 Decreed, that They now countermand his Will,  
 To whom it is subjected; He is still  
 Resolv'd his second Promise firm shall stand:  
 And, that, Alive, into a *Roman's* Hand  
 She may not fall, advise, that with her Drink  
 She intermix this Poison. Bid Her think  
 Upon the *General* (her Father) and  
 Her Country: think how, once, She did command  
 The Hearts of two great Kings, to whom Sh' hath been  
 In Marriage joyn'd, and let Her Dy a Queen.  
 The baneful Drug to my Dear Mistress I,  
 With this harsh Message, brought. Prepar'd to Dy,  
 And with Undaunted Minde the Worst to bear,  
 That Fate could add, She, with Attentive Ear,  
 Listn'd to what I said, and, as She took  
 In her fair Hand the Poison, with a Look  
 Moor Cheerful, then when She a Bride was made  
 To *Masaniissa*, I accept (She said)  
 His Nuptial Present: nor is it to Me  
 At all Unwelcome, since (my Husband) He  
 Can nothing Greater on his Wife bestow:  
 But yet, withall, I pri'thee let Him know,  
 That *Sophonisba* would more pleas'd have Dy'd,  
 If, at her Death, She had not been his Bride:

For

For then my Country might upon my Tomb  
 Have writ, that, thus, I Triumph'd over *Rome*.  
 No sooner spoke, but to her Lips She joyn'd  
 The deadly Cup, and, Greedy there to finde  
 A speedy Death, swallows it; all and, while  
 We, Trembling, stand about Her, with a Smile,  
 Which made her Lovely ev'n in Death (her Heart  
 Recalling now the Blood, from ev'ry Part,  
 To its Relief) She sinks, and, as She lies  
 Upon her Couch, gives one Great Sigh, and dies.

As the *Numidian* this sad Story told,  
 The Day began to rise. They now behold  
 The *Tyrian* Coast, by which they Steer unto  
 That City, whence the *Cartaginians* drew  
 Their fam'd Original, when *Dido* from  
 Her Brother fled. Receiv'd, as if at Home,  
 With all the Joy, that could expresse the Pride  
 They had conceiv'd, in being near ally'd  
 To that Great *Hannibal*, who late the Fear  
 Of all the World had been; when he had there  
 Himself refresh'd, again He hoists his Sails  
 For *Antioch*: from thence, with prosperous Gales,  
 At *Epheusus* arriv'd; where, glad to finde  
 The *Syrian* King, who, with a dubious Minde,  
 His Fate, conceiv'd against the *Roman* Name,  
 Pursu'd, at length he fix'd, and by his Fame  
 In Arms, appearing like a *Martial* Star,  
 Guided his wand'ring Thoughts into a War.

And now, o're all the *Syrian* Cities, Fame  
 Her lofty Head had rais'd, and with the Name  
 Of *Hannibal* awak'd the God of War:  
 When strait the severall Nations, which from far  
 Their Tribute to the *Syrian* Crown did bring,  
 And gave the Title, <sup>(c)</sup> GREAT, unto their King,

E 2

Fly

(c) *Antioch*, the Sixth from *Schecraz*, (who was *Alexander's* Lieutenant in *Syria*) much enlarged his Dominions by his several Conquests, and was therefore called *The Great*, *Asiatic* *Syria*.

Fly into Arms, and to th' *Ephesian* Court  
 The Princes, and Embassadors resort.  
 All promise Aid ; secure, that He was come,  
 To stand a Bulwark 'gainst the Force of *Rome*,  
 And *Asian* Tow'rs defend with greater Odds,  
 Then all their Arms, or Tutelary Gods.  
 All his great Merits plead, and, fondly, raise  
 The Value of his Virtues with their Praise.  
 No Errors are allow'd in all, that He  
 Hath done. So little do the Vulgar see  
 A Fault, where they affect, or know to State  
 The Reasons of their sudden Love, or Hate.  
*Carthage* ( though now in Chains ) Unpitied stands :  
 The Gods are prais'd, that her Ingrateful Hands  
 He had escap'd. For his late Overthrow,  
 And Fight, they cast not on the Publick Fo,  
 But Home-bred Treachery ; as not the Crime  
 Of Fortune, but the Envy of the Time.  
 Envy, which still detracts from greatest Deeds,  
 And on the Ruins of the Virtuous feeds ;  
 Which first, against the God's rebellious Wars  
 Had rais'd, and made the Giants storm the Stars.  
 She Honour still pursues where'er it goes :  
 Where'er it treads, She *Syagian* Poison throws ;  
 That its fair Foot-steps quickly doth Deface,  
 And raiseth her own Trophies in its Place.

With this Applause the Court, and City, ring.  
 Some invoke the Gods, others the King  
 Importune to the War. Then strait their Bands  
 They List, and levy Troops in several Lands.  
 Nor were those Aids to *Syrian* Bounds confin'd :  
 But Names, and Nations to their Arms were joyn'd,  
 (\*) Who, when the Strength of *Rome* was greater far,  
 The Fates decreed, should in a (d) future War

(\*) *Carthage*.  
 (d) *Mace* *Carthage* with his whole  
 Army was overthrow, and himself  
 was the *Carthage*.

Lier

Her Pow'r, though back'd by all the World, restrain,  
 And with a *Consul's* Blood her Eagles stain.  
 With those the *Medes*, who ev'n on Conquering Foes  
 Their Manners, and their Habit did impose,  
 (c) From whom the *Persians* first *Tiaras* wore,  
 And, falling Prostrate, did their Kings adore :  
 Whose mighty Monarchs their Imperial Throne  
 Had fix'd upon the Walls of *Babylon*,  
 Till, weak'ned with Delights, that Empire, which  
 (f) A Woman rais'd to so admir'd a Pitch,  
 By Men less Valiant lost, the Prize became  
 Of the *Pellean* Youth, and crown'd his Name.

And, as if all, that *Asia* could prepare,  
 Where *Hannibal* appear'd, too little were  
 To attend his Fate ; as if the Earth alone  
 Too Narrow were, for Him, to Fight upon.  
 Though *Europe* gave her Aids, and Warlike *Thrace*,  
 Must'ring her Chariots, did the War Embrace,  
*Cilician*, and *Phœnician* Ports are throug'd  
 With Ships for War, and those where *Hero* long'd  
 So oft to see *Laander* from the Seas  
 Rising (like *Hesperus*, when he sought to please  
 The *Paphian* Queen) untill returning Day  
 Reviv'd her Fears, and call'd her Love away.

But when the Rumour of so great a War,  
 So many Nations joyn'd, though distant far,  
 Touch'd the *Italian* Coast : as swift, as Thought,  
 To *Rome* it flies, and, soon as thither brought,  
 Fear through all Quarters runs, in several Shapes  
 Affrights their Mindes, commits a thousand Rapes  
 Upon their Sense, and greater Prodigies,  
 Then all before, abused Fancy sees,  
 What ever did Portend their former Ills,  
 Seems now again to fright the World, and fills

The

(c) From the *Medes*, the *Persians*  
 (as also the *Armenians*) he used their  
 Arts of flattery, flattery, and like-  
 wise their Habits, and custom of ador-  
 ing their Kings, Strabo in his Eleventh  
 Book.

(f) *Semiramis*, Queen of *Babylon*,  
 renowned for Her many Great Victo-  
 ries in *Asia*, over the greatest part  
 whereof she Reigned forty two  
 Years, and at the Age of sixty two  
 Years was slain by her Son *Ninus*,  
 who degenerating (as likewise most  
 of Her Successors) from her Virtue,  
 the Empire fell off into the power of  
 the *Persians*, who gave it to *Alexander*.  
 Of Her, see *Josephus*, in his Tenth  
 Book.



The People's Ears. Sometimes the *Alps* are said  
To tremble, while *Trinacrian* Flames invade  
Th' *Italian* Shore: as if, from *Ætna's* Womb,  
Th' Infernal Gods, themselves, had threatned *Rome*.  
*Etrurian* Augurs, strait, consulted are,  
And, from these vain Reports, divine a War;  
While Nature, sporting, to confirm their Fears,  
Makes Lions bring forth Lambs, and Wolves teem  
Then, as if *Carthage* had her Chains again (Bears,  
Thrown off, and arming her Revenge with *Spain*,  
The *Boii*, *Celtæ*, and those Nations all,  
That *Rome* had reason still her Foes to call,  
Did *Italy* Invade: the *Roman* Dames  
Run to the Temples, and with Holy Flames  
The Altars Crown, and thus to Heav'n complain.

If these our Walls yet merit to remain  
(Great Father *Jove*) if *Sybil's* Prophecies  
Shall be confirm'd, and thou dost not despise  
*Tarpeian* Tow'rs, Ah! then, why should not We,  
After so many Wounds, and Toils, be Free?  
Was *Rome* exalted to so High a State,  
Through so much Blood, that She might be to Fate  
A richer Sacrifice? and must She fall  
By None, but by the Hand of *Hannibal*?  
Rather to those her Walls her Pow'r confine,  
And with the *Tarquins* let *Porfenna* joyn:  
Or to the Rage of *Senones*, or Flames  
Of *Brennus* give Us up. Let not those Names,  
That with such Valour have your Temples, here,  
So oft preserv'd, and were esteem'd so Dear  
To Heav'n, be now made Victims to the Hate  
Of One proud Man; who, to accelerate  
Our Ruin, hath disturb'd the Peace of all  
The World. If Fates Decree, that *Rome* must fall,  
Give

Give Her a Fo, whose Virtues may exceed  
Her Own, and let our Crimes, and Vices bleed  
By a more Pious Hand, such, as from Blame  
May free your Justice, with a better Name.  
He, Perjur'd, from those Holy Altars flies,  
Where Peace was sworn, and doth that League despise,  
Which in the Name of all the Gods was sign'd,  
And now his Arms hath with a People joyn'd,  
Where We that Fate, which He at *Capua* found,  
Shall undergo; where Vices will abound,  
As Victories encrease, and We shall be  
Lost, by our Triumphs, in their Luxury.

(\*) Thus will perfidious *Carthage*, not by Arms,  
See her Revenge on Us, but *Asia's* Charms.

Mean while great *Scipio*, who their former Fears  
Had drown'd in *Carthaginian* Mothers Tears,  
(Whom Heav'n, to balance *Hannibal*, to *Rome*  
Had lent, and in his Hand had plac'd the Doom  
Of all the World) with gently-breathing Gales,  
From the *Italian* Shore, to *Asia* Sails,  
To explore the King's Intent. At length, He came  
To that fam'd City, where *Diana's* Name  
In a fair Temple more Devotion moves,  
With gentle Rites, the <sup>(b)</sup> *Thoantean* Groves.  
No weeping Mother here to Heav'n complains,  
While her Son's Blood the Cruel Altar stains.  
But the bright Goddess, under Silver Shrines,  
As Pleas'd appears, as when Her Brother joyns,  
With full reflected Beams, her radiant Horns,  
And, more than all the Stars, the Night adorns.

In a large Plain, through which *Mæander* brings  
His Winding Waters, in a thousand Rings,  
To the *Myrtæan* Main, the City stands;  
First built (they say) by *Amazonian* Bands,

That

(\*) After the *Romans* had advanced their Conquests into *Asia*, they were soon entangled in the Delights of those Provinces, and brought their Vices into Italy, to the Ruin of the Ancient *Roman* Virtue.

(b) *Thoor*, King of the *Tamirick* Region in *Syria*, where *Diana* had her Altars, on which they offered Human Blood. The same likewise was a custom at *Carthage*. See *Silius* in l. 1. fourth Book.

That from *Thermodon*, with Moon-like Shields,  
 Victorious march'd, through the *Trachéan* Fields,  
 Commanded by an Oracle before,  
 To build a City, where a Fish, and Boar  
 Should, Dying, show the Place; Fate was their Guide  
 This Way: where, sitting on the Ground, they spy'd  
 Some busily employ'd their Living Prey  
 To broil, late taken from th' adjoining Sea.  
 When strait a Fish throws, with a sudden Leap,  
 A burning Coal, upon a Neighb'ring Heap  
 Of Straw; which turn'd to Flame, a sleeping Boar  
 Beneath it they beheld. Earth None before  
 More Terrible had bred; as Big, as that,  
 Which both *Diana's*, and *Althea's* Hate  
 (i) On *Meleager* drew. But this was there  
 With better Omen found, 't Instruct them, where,  
 The Goddess would on Earth most Pleas'd abide,  
 And make fam'd *Ephesus* great *Asia's* Pride.  
 They all, amaz'd, his weighty Bulk admire:  
 And, as He, Grunting, starteth from the Fire,  
 A ready Hand a well-aim'd Jav'lin throws,  
 Which in his Shoulder fix'd (as He arose).  
 A Deadly Wound. But yet awhile He fled,  
 And they with Shouts pursu'd, till, falling Dead,  
 The Oracle was by his Death fulfill'd,  
 And they their City thereresolv'd to build.

Now do the Sacred Ploughs the Walls design,  
 And to the Stars the lofty Turrets joyn  
 Their shining Tops. The Goddesses to renown,  
 And to immortalize their Labours, down  
 From Heav'n her (k) Image sent, which with it more  
 Of Riches brought, then if another Show'r  
 (Like that of *Danaë's*) *Jove* pow'r'd again  
 Upon the Place: or if to Silver Rain

The

The very Stars dissolv'd. For soon as Fame  
 The Presence of the Goddess, and her Name  
 Through *Asia* had divulg'd: Devotion brings  
 From *Ganges*, and *Hydaspes* greatest Kings,  
 Who sweetest Spices, which their Fields adorn,  
 Cull'd from the Bosom of the Rising Morn,  
 With Gold, and Ivory, devoutly lay  
 Upon her Shrine, and as their Tribute pay  
 All Treasures, that the Womb of *Asian* Earth  
 Enrich: all, that the *Sever*, at the Birth  
 Of Day, could gather from their silken Trees:  
 What the *Sabeen*, or *Arabian* sees,  
 Dropping from fragrant Boughs: with whatsoe're  
 From shining Rocks, or Shells the *Indians* bare  
 To *Eastern* Kings, into the Sacred Fane  
 Are heap'd: which now no longer can contain  
 Its Wealth. And therefore they a Work begun,  
 Then which the Rising, nor the falling Sun,  
 None greater view'd; whose Structure did excell,  
 What ever Fame of *Babylon* doth tell,  
 Or *Pharian* *Pyramids*; which by one Age  
 Could not accomplish'd be, but did engage  
 Succeeding Kings, who in that Work alone  
 Employ'd the Riches of the *Syrian* Throne;  
 And puzzled Art, to finde out Waies, to show  
 Their Pious Bounty. There, as White as Snow,  
 Tall, polish'd Alabaster Pillars shine  
 (As purest Emblems of that Pow'r Divine,  
 Was there ador'd) upon whose carved Heads  
 An *Ebon* Roof the curious Builder spreads.  
 This, like black Night, hung o'er the Place, untill  
 Myriads of Silver Stars the Frame did fill;  
 And, to express her Empire in the Skies,  
 With a full Orb, a Crystal Moon did rise.

F

Through

(i) Who slew the Boar, sent by  
*Diana* to plague *Calisto*, and, disfig-  
 uring the Trophy of his Head with his  
 Mother's Brothers, flew them also, for  
 which, by the Sorcery of his Mother  
*Althea*, He likewise dyed Languishing.  
*Virg. Aeneid. lib. 8.*

(k) This Image is said to be of a  
 blackish Wood, very rare in form,  
 but imposed on the People as fallen  
 from Heaven, as is mentioned by *St.*  
*Paul* (*Acts. xix.*) and kept in the  
 Sanctuary of this magnificent Temple,  
 so renowned through all *Asia*. It was  
 the Work of above an hundred Kings,  
 and not only endowed with inestim-  
 able Wealth, but with Privilege of Re-  
 fuge, whose Bounds were enlarged, or  
 diminished, according to the Devotion  
 of the Princes, that governed, until  
 abolished by *Augustus*, as a Nursery  
 of Villains.

Through this, as Mother to Succeeding Day,  
 Clear Light flow'd in, and did at large display  
 The Temple's Glory. There you might behold  
 High Altars, not adorn'd, but built with Gold.  
 The Hearths were of the bright *Pyropus* made,  
 Whose Flames the Sacrifices on them lay'd,  
 Seem'd of themselves to burn: all other Fire  
 As vanquish'd by their Lustre, to retire;  
 All Gems thus were, or beautiful, or Rare  
 (As if their Native Quarries had been there)  
 In greatest Plenty shine, in ev'ry part  
 So plac'd, their Value is increas'd by Art,  
 Their lively Figures as exactly stand,  
 Compos'd of sev'ral Stones, as if the Hand  
 Of some rare Painter, to express his Skill  
 In Colours, did the Walls, and Pavement fill.  
 Through a large Plain of Em'rads, with her Crue  
 Of *Cretan* Nymphs, *Diana* doth pursue  
 The flying Game: their Arms, and Shoulders bare;  
 Their *Tyrian* Vests tuck'd to their Knees, their Hair  
 In lovely Tresses, yet neglected flows  
 Upon their Backs: some arm'd with golden Bows;  
 Some carry Darts, some Spears, whose points, instead  
 Of Steel, with Diamonds, make the Beasts to bleed.  
 This wounds a *Panther*, that a *Tyger*, this  
 A *Lion* kills, not any Hand doth miss  
 The Beast at which it aims, and thus with Chase  
 Of various kinds, they beautify the Place.

Above the rest a secret Chappel (where  
 The *Eunuch*-Priests alone permitted were  
 To enter) did delight, and Terror move.  
 In a fair Fountain shadow'd by a Grove  
 Of varied Agats made, encompass'd round  
 With naked Nymphs, the Hart, *Atlaon*, found

Bright

Bright *Cynthia* bathing; 'bout her Snow-white Thighs  
 The purling Waters play: with fixed Eyes  
 At first, He peeping stands behinde a Tree,  
 But Curious, anon, more near to see,  
 He farther steps, and stepping is betray'd  
 By rustling Leaves. Startling, the *Delian* Maid  
 Looks back, and spying him, Anger, and Shame  
 To be so seen, at once her Face enflame.  
 As Red She looks, as when her Brother's Light  
 Den'd, She doth <sup>(1)</sup> *Thesalian* Dames affright.  
 And now her Rage no longer will delay  
 His Fate, but strait his Form she takes away:  
 Longer his Head, and Ears, upon his Brow  
 Large Horns, his Arms, and Thighs more slender grow;  
 No more Erect, but prone t'wards Earth he goes:  
 In all a Beast, but yet, alas, he knows  
 He is not what he was; when strait the Cry  
 Of his *Molossian* Hounds perswades to fly.  
 The Nymphs, all laughing, urge them to pursue  
 The Chase: He flies, they follow, and in View,  
 Pinch'd in the Haunch, (to shew *Diana's* Power)  
 He falls, and they their Master chang'd devour. (none  
 Here his two Guests, then which the World had  
 Then Greater seen, whose Prefence more his Throne  
 Renown'd, then all the Trophies he had gain'd,  
 The King with Cheerful Welcom entertain'd,  
 And to their Eyes, as to invite his Foes  
 To a new Conquest, prodigally shews  
 His Empire's Riches. For no King before  
 That had the *Syrian* Scepter sway'd, did more  
 Possess: He was of all the Richest Heir,  
 That did Great *Alexander's* Trophies share,  
 And that vast Wealth not onely kept Entire,  
 But greater, which his Conquests did acquire,

F 2

Heap'd

(1) The Women of *Thessaly*, when the Moon was Eclipsed, were wont to make a Noise with all sorts of brazen Instruments, believing by it to assist her in her Agony.

Heap'd on his Throne. As if, to entertain  
Those famous Heroes, Fortune did ordain,  
That past, and present Ages should combine  
To yield their Spoils, and in that Honour joyn.

It was a Day, when to commemorate  
The King's Nativity, th' *Ephesian* State  
With annual Rites their Loyal Joys exprest.  
The King (as Custom was) a Stately Feast  
Prepares : the Nobles all, invited, come,  
And there the Fates of *Carthage*, and of *Rome*  
(*Scipio*, and *Hannibal*) the Banquet grace,  
And now meet, not to Fight, but to Embrace.  
So when *Aeneas* fled from Ruin'd *Troy*,  
And fought a fore in Conquest to enjoy,  
Met by *Tydidies* on th' *Oenotrian* Shore,  
They laid aside that Fury, which before  
Reign'd in their Breasts, which *Xanthus* Yellow Flood,  
And the *Dardanian* Plains had stain'd with Blood,  
And, with new Friendship, what they both had done  
In Arms, repeat, since that sad War begun.  
They now are glad each others Face to know :  
Each counts the other Worthy such a Fo :  
Whose constant Courage nothing of Success  
In War could heighten, nor of Loss deprest.  
Whose Virtue in all Fortunes was the same,  
And ow'd its Titles to no other Name.  
Who, in pursuit of Honour, sought not to  
Destroy a Noble Fo, but to subdue.  
And, when in Arms, would do what Man could dare  
T' attempt, and after Victory would spare  
The Conquer'd Blood : nor vainly sought to praise  
His own brave Deeds, and blast another's Bays.  
Such in th' *Ephesian* Court these Heroes shin'd,  
And with as free, and strict Embraces, joyn'd

Their

Their Valiant hands, as if nor *Trebia's* Flood,  
Nor *Canne* had been stain'd with *Roman* Blood  
By *Carthaginian* Swords ; Nor *Hannibal*  
So lately had beheld his Countrie's Fall  
In *Zama's* Wounds. Nor *Scipio* his Fate  
Deprest upbraids : nor *Hannibal* his Hate,  
At *Stygian* Altars sworn, discovers now.  
But Sacred *Concord* on each Heroe's Brow  
Sits, as Enthron'd, and over all the rest  
Her Wings display's, t' inaugurate the Feast.  
And now the Face of Mirth appears through all  
The Court. Th' invited in a spacious Hall  
At Iv'ry Tables sit, and richly there  
Their Senses feed, with whatsoever Rare  
The *Asian* World affords. The Seas, the Earth,  
And Air, to gratulate so high a Birth,  
Their choicest Tribute send, and all, that Art  
To heighten Nature's Bounty could impart,  
Was liberally employ'd. Amaz'd to see  
The strange Excess of *Syrian* Luxury,  
Soon cloy'd with different Thoughts, the Heroes are  
Affected, and perpend the future War.  
The *Romans*, pleas'd to think how weak in Fight  
Those Arms will prove, which sofin'd with Delight,  
All Virtue so disarm'd : How easily  
The *Roman* Swords, their Way to Victory  
Would finde, where Honour led them on, and Spoils  
So wealthy, were the Trophies of their Toils.  
But *Hannibal*, more sadly thoughtful, calls  
To Minde the Fate of *Capua*, and the falls  
Of those brave *Libyan* Bands, that had so far  
Advanc'd his Name, till a more cruel War  
Of Ease, and Riot, at effeminate Boards, (Swords,  
Un-nerv'd their Valour, dull'd their Conquering  
Blasted

Blasted those Laurels, that before had crown'd  
Their warlike Brows, and, as in *Leibé*, drown'd  
All Mem'ry of themselves, in these soft Charms  
So lost, they quite forgot the Use of Arms.

As thus they ruminate, *Eumolpus* brings  
His Iv'ry Lute, and to the warbling Strings  
Accords his Voice, and chants, in smoothest Lays,  
The King's Descent, and *Alexander's* Praise.  
How first the Horned God his *Libyan* Grove,  
And Sacred Springs, for fair *Olympia's* Love,  
Forlook, and how, from that Divine Embrace,  
Small *Pella* was by a Celestial Race  
Renown'd, and while descending to the Earth  
'Mong other Pow'rs Divine, t' assist his Birth,  
Thi' *Ephefian* Goddess, busied wholly there,  
Kept not her Famous Temple in her Care,

(a) In that Night, when *Alexander* was born, the Temple of *Ephefus* was fired by *Hercules*, who, upon the Wrack, conceit He did it to make himself famous) whereupon *Tamars* (as *Cicero*) or *Alcegius* (as *Plautus* affirm) said, that the Goddess (called *Lucina*, when She aids the Mid-wife's part) was so busy to bring *Alexander* into the World, that She could not have time to save her Temple. *Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. 2. Plut. Alexander.*

An Impious Hand, to build it self a Name,  
With Sacrilegious Flames th' admired Frame  
Destroy'd. But, when *Lucina's* Care had giv'n  
To Earth a mighty Conquerour, to Heav'n  
A future Deity, and he began  
To shew the World, that he was more than Man,  
By his great Deeds, to his Immortal Name  
As humbly prostrate, as to the bright Flame  
Of rising Day, th' admiring *Persian* bow'd.  
To him *Sabeans*, and *Arabians* vow'd  
Their richest Gums: to him the *Parthians* brought  
Their Bowes un-bent, and conquer'd Quivers, fraught  
With fatal Shafts: him all, from *Ganger* Shore,  
To those, that *Nile's* mysterious Streams adore,  
Their Lord obey'd, and, next the God of Wine,  
For Wonders done acknowledg'd as Divine.

But when he was for Earth too mighty grown,  
And summon'd hence to a Celestial Throne,  
Heav'n

Heav'n, that the *Syrian* Monarchy might stand  
For ever firm, into *Seleucus* Hand  
The sacred Scepter gave. Since none, but he  
Was worthy to succeed a Deity,  
Who could Himself subdue. An act that far  
Transcends whatever can be done in War,  
And Man Immortal makes. For, who the Force  
Of Beauty can withstand, or can divorce  
Love from his wounded Breast, may justly more  
Of Conquest boast, then Gods have done before.  
Yet He, when by expiring Sighs he found  
Those very Eyes his Pious Son did wound,  
That his own Souls surpriz'd, and that the Name

(b) Of *Stratonica* had the hidden Flame  
Reveal'd (to shew how much a Noble Minde  
'Bove *Cupidinean* Shafts prevails) resign'd  
Into his Arms his Love, and rescu'd from  
The hand of Fate, a Race of Kings to come.  
Hence to our Royal Line this solemn Day  
We consecrate, and grateful Honours pay.

(c) *Antiochus*, the Son of *Seleucus*, fell in Love with his Mother in Law, *Stratonica*, and assumed to reveal his Passion, fell desperately Sick. *Erasistratus*, the Physician, finding it a Disease rather of the Minde then Body, and observing that while *Stratonica* was present, his Pulse, and Spirits were stronger, discovered the Cause of his Malady to his Father, who readily assented to his Desires, and from them came the race of this *Antiochus*.

Thus the *Ionian* sung; and as among  
The rest, the lofty Subject of His Song  
The *Libyan* applauds: the *Romane* thus  
To him began. Though 'twixt the Gods, and Us,  
Great is the difference, yet Virtue may  
Raise Men, to those Felicities, which they  
In Heav'n enjoy, and none so worthy are  
Of that high Bliss, as those whose Name in War  
Hath plac'd them here, on Earth, above the rest  
Of Humane Race. Fate cannot such develt  
Of Immortality. For, with Applause,  
The World adores them, and obeys their Laws.  
From these all Arts, and Virtues, that the Minde  
Of Man enrich, at first took Birth, and finde

Their

Their just Rewards. For when Immortal Jove  
 Had fram'd the World, though all the Stars above  
 In Order plac'd, and struggling Nature saw  
 All things created here, her certain Law,  
 And Times obey; yet, guided by their Will,  
 Mankind among themselves a Chaos still  
 Retain'd. No Bounds of Justice to repress  
 The Hand of Rapine : Vices in, Excess,  
 Reign'd in all Mindes, the Names of Right, and Wrong  
 Unknown to all ; the Virtuous were the Strong.  
 Nor then did Man to greater Good aspire,  
 Then what seem'd such, suggested by Desire.  
 But, lest a Custom, in Licentious Deeds,  
 The use of Reason, and Celestial Seeds  
 Should quite deprave; that true *Promethean* Fire,  
 The Breasts of some Brave Heroes did inspire  
 Those Monsters to subdue, and to compel  
 The too Licentious under Laws to dwell :  
 The Ill to punish, and the Good to Crown  
 With due Rewards. Hence Honour, and Renown  
 The Mindes of Mortals, first, from baser Earth (Birth,  
 Rais'd towards Heav'n, from whence they took their  
 But since *Lyæus*, and *Alcides* Wars  
 The World with Trophies, and the Heav'n with Stars  
 Adorn'd, who (tell me) hath the greatest Name  
 In Arms deserv'd, and an Immortal Fame?

If such their Praise, if such their Merits are,  
 The *Libyan* replies : No Hand in War,  
 So worthy Fame, so mighty things hath done,  
 As the *Pelleian* Youth : whose Valour won  
 More Victories, then Time had Years to Crown  
 His Life allow'd : The Force of whose Renown  
 His Laws on farthest Nations did obtrude,  
 And Kingdoms, which he never saw, subdu'd.

For

For who, that heard, how great his Conquests were,  
 How small his Force, would not, with Reason, fear  
 Those Arms, which *Persia's* <sup>(1)</sup> Monarch (compass'd  
 With Troops, so numerous, that all the Ground (round  
 'Twixt *Tigris*, and *Euphrates*, scarce could yield  
 Them room to stand) subdu'd in open Field.  
 Scorning to Fortune, or to Night to owe  
 A Victory, He, in full Day, the Fo  
 Assaults, while God, and Men together stand  
 Spectatours of the Wonders of his Hand,  
 And see each *Macedonian* Souldiers bring  
 A Nation captivated to their King.  
 But, not to speak of Battels, where his Skill,  
 And Conduct, all subjected to his Will,  
 No Town, no City (though the Sea, and Land  
 Conspir'd against his Force) could Him withstand ;

<sup>(2)</sup> Our *Tyrian* Walls alone the Glory have  
 To have resisted well : and that They gave  
 A longer Stand to th' Torrent of his Rage,  
 Then all the *Persian* Pow'rs, that did engage  
 Against his Arms. No Object was above  
 His Courage ; whose Example would remove  
 All Obstacles, that others might deter :  
 And though in great Designs he would confer,  
 The Best, he follow'd his own Thoughts alone,  
 And so made all his Victories his Own.  
 And may He have the Praise : for none hath more  
 In Arms deserv'd, perhaps no God before.

Next him that Noble *Epirote*, that came  
 To the *Tarentines* Aid, the Crown may claim.  
 His Courage, when a Youth, *Pantauchus* found  
 Above his Strength, though for his Strength renown'd.  
 While in two Armies View (as once before  
 His mighty Ancestour, on *Xanthus* Shore,

G

Great

(1) When some of *Alexander's* Captains saw the vast Number of his Enemies, they advis'd him to fall upon them by Night: but He replied, he scorn'd to steal a Victory. *Quintus Curtius*.

(2) The City of *Tyre* was so obstinate in holding out against *Alexander's* whole Force, that he resolv'd once to raise the Siege; but, fearing it might stain the Glory of his former Victories, after seven Months Siege, and many terrible Attacks (wherein He lost a great part of his Army) He took it. See *Quintus Curtius* in his Fourth Book.

Great *Hector* flew ) He, his proud Fo subdu'd,  
And, to the wondring *Macedonians*, shew'd  
All things, that they had seen in former Times  
(\*) In their so glorious Prince, except his Crimes.

Nor were his Victories by Arms alone,  
Where Fortune more, then Virtue oft is known  
To give the Bays. His Wisdom Conquest finds,  
Where his Sword could not reach, and o're the Minde,  
Of Men his Triumph gains; and thus he drew  
From *Romane* Leagues *Italian* People to  
His side. They thought themselves more Safe within  
His Camp, then they in fenced Towns had bin  
Under the *Romane* Laws. For he first taught  
That Art, and Camps to their Perfection brought.

But if a Third you Seek, who hath no less,  
Then these deserv'd (though Envious Gods Success  
Deny'd) Me here, Me *Hannibal* behold,  
Who with as early Courage, and as bold  
Attempts, a War against the *Romane* Name  
Pursu'd, and from the farthest *Gades* came,  
To seek a Fo, which future Times might call  
Most Worthy, to contend with *Hannibal*.  
Not soft *Sabeans*, or *Arabians*, or  
A People, that the Rites, and Toils of War  
So little knew, that charg'd with rich Perfume,  
More then with Sweat, or Dust, did more presume  
On Numbers, then their Arms; or such, whose Ease  
And Lusts, must prove the Conquerour's Disease,  
And future Ruin. I through Nations born  
In War, and nurtur'd in it, with a Scorn  
Of Fate, and Fortune, o're *Pereus*, o're  
The dreadful *Alps*, Victorious Ensigns bore.  
And found that Fo, with whom I might contend  
With greater Fame, who boast, that they descend  
From

(\*) *Pylartes* was invited into Italy, by the *Lacedaemonians*, to assist them against the *Carthaginians*. He was a Prince, chosen for his Valour, and was secured by the *Lacedaemonians*, as the best of his Country, of his Succession. He then *Pylartes*, *Pylartes*, his Lieutenant, in single Combat. See *Plutarch* in the *Life of Pyrrhus*.

From *Mars* himself, and to the World no less  
Appear, by their great Valour, and Success.

(\*) Nor was it, when some other Citie's Pride  
With *Rome* for Empire strove, and did divide  
Their scatter'd Force: but when all *Italy*  
Her Strength united to encounter Me.

I shall not open those deep Wounds again,  
Which then (an Enemy) I gave, or stain  
Our Sacred Mirth with mention of each Flood,  
Whose Streams ennobled were with *Latian* Blood,  
Shed there by Me (and still perhaps, when I  
Am nam'd, affrighted to their Fountains fly)  
I'll only say, more then three *Lustras* there  
(In spite of all the Arts, and Arms, that were  
Employ'd against Me) I Victorious staid,  
And, (after many Towns, and Cities made  
My Vassals, and three Valiant *Consuls* Fall)  
Shook *Jove* Himself without the Capitol  
With Terror of my Arms, and, had not *Rome*,  
By a base Envy of my Deeds at Home,  
More then by her Own Valour, been reliev'd,  
Our *Carthaginian* Mothers had not griev'd,  
To see their Sons in Chains, but had by Me  
Been made, what *Romans* are, at least, been Free.

To this the *Roman*, with a Smile, replies.  
If Thee the Glory of thy Victories,  
With these Immortal Heroes, thus hath joyn'd,  
I pri'thee say: what Place shall be assign'd  
To Me, who after I through *Spain* had fought  
My Way, and, Conquering, into *Libya* brought  
The War, the Greatest of *Numidian* Kings  
Subdu'd, and Captive made, and, on the Wings  
Of that fresh Victory, tow'rd *Carthage* (where  
But by thy Hand alone they did Despair

(\*) As when *Tarentum*, *Capua*, and other Cities contended for Superiority with *Rome*, and gave Opportunity to foreign Enemies to enter *Italy*, when *Hannibal* came against them, all parts of *Italy*, with *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, &c. united under the *Roman* Laws.

To be secur'd ) march'd on, and, in one Day,  
Took all thy former Laurels quite away.

'Tis true (said *Hannibal*) but, since the Fate  
Of Virtue is, to want an Advocate,  
If once Deprest, think me not Vain, when I  
Those Merits plead, that are transcended by  
Thy Fortune onely. Had I conquer'd Thee,  
The World no other Conquerour, but me,  
Had known, ev'n Those I nam'd their Place had lost  
In Fame, and *Rome* the Triumphs She doth boast.

As thus they mutually their Merits plead,  
The Sun began to hide his Flaming Head  
In the *Hesperian* Main, and the oppress'd  
With Mirth and Wine, the Night invites to Rest.  
To which, when all retir'd, the King (whose Heart  
Was fix'd on War) to *Hannibal*, apart,  
Thus breaks his last Resolve. I should forget  
My Honour (*Hannibal*) if what, as yet,  
I have consulted onely, I should now  
Delay. The Prosecution of thy Vow  
Is with my State involv'd, and *Rome* shall see,  
'Tis not thy Fortune We Embrace, but Thee.  
That, which, through Servile Fear, hath been deni'd  
By thine own *Carthage*, shall be here supply'd  
By Me, and since we know how Various are  
The Chances, and Events of Dubious War,  
Why should we think the Fates will Favour more  
The *Romans* now, then they have Thee before?  
Fortune as sits the Bold, and whoe'er's  
Attempteth Coldly, loseth by his Fear.  
'Tis therefore now decreed no more shall *Rome*  
On *Zama's* Field, and *Nabis* Fall presume,  
We Nations, great as any She hath known,  
The *Parthians*, *Medes*, admired *Babylon*

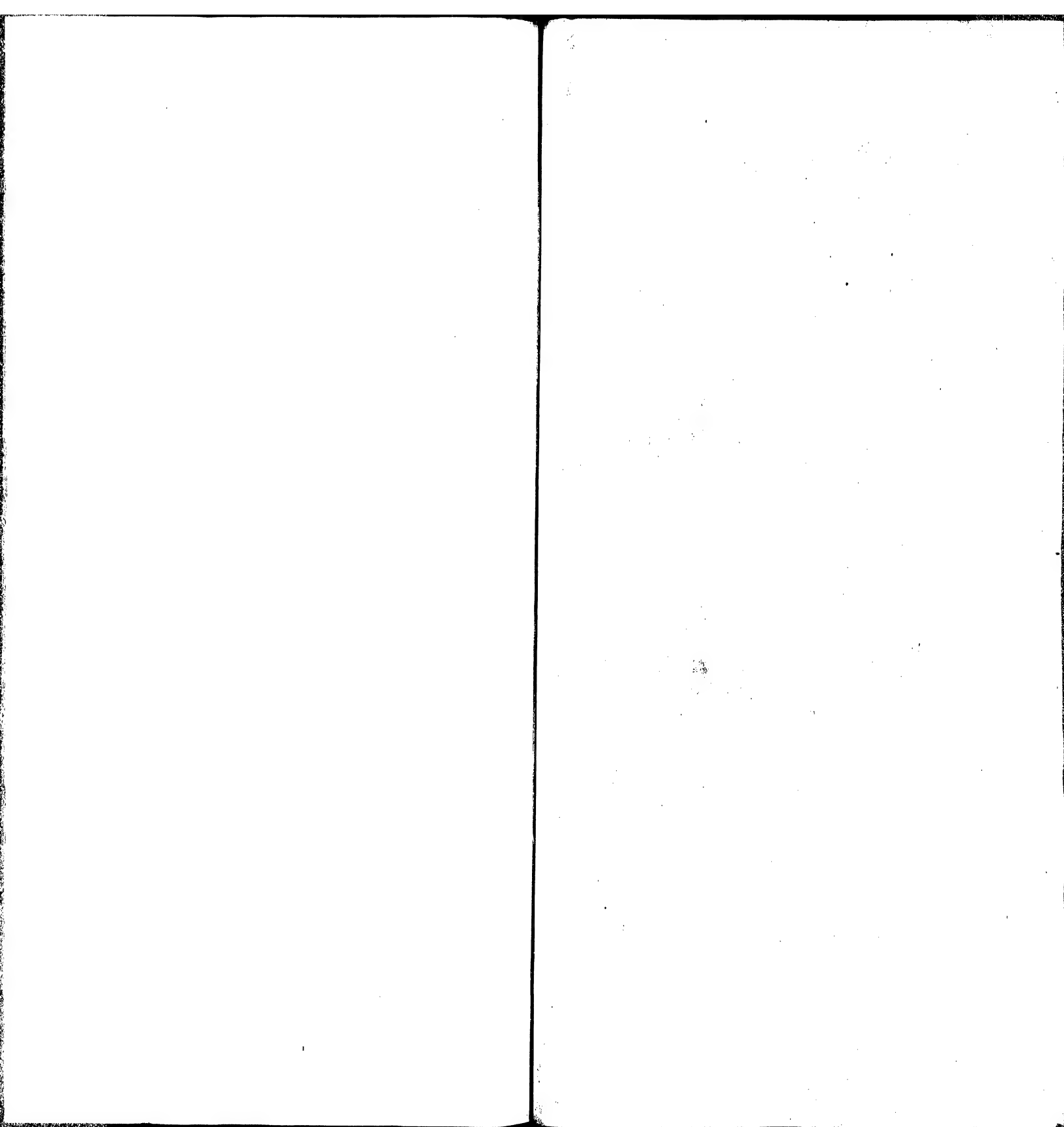
Already

Already have subdu'd, and Warlike *Thrace*  
(Where *Mars* inhabits) doth our Lawsebrace.  
My better Fortune, what thy Fate hath crost,  
Shall give thee, and redeem what Thou hast lost.

This said; t' enjoy the Benefits of Night  
They both withdrew: but nothing could invite  
The *Libyan* Prince to rest. His thoughts pursue  
His hop'd Revenge, and in themselves renew  
The promis'd War. Impatient of Delay  
He counts the Minutes, and desired Day  
Implores. As promis'd Nuptials waking keep  
A longing Lover, and quite banish Sleep,  
Untill Enjoyment satiates his Desire,  
And both gives Fuel, and abates the Fire.

*The End of the Second Book  
of the Continuation.*







20

Perfidam furore subit Roms ad Ungeas  
Fugiat Stipias, luvica. Morte triumphans.

Hannibal et propria gaudens succumbere Dextra  
Anticipat quas Româ Sibi speravit Honores.

Dionis Bimo Viro Gulstemo  
hic in Comitatu Ebor. Annig.



Wentworth de Wentworth-Wood  
Tabula Observantiâ: D.D.D.



# A CONTINUATION OF SILIUS ITALICUS

To the DEATH of

## HANNIBAL:

*The Third Book.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Syrian Rome defies, both Scipio's are,  
By choice, appointed to pursue the War.  
Contagion wafts the Roman Navy, while  
The Syrian Fleet's detain'd near Venus Isle,  
By adverse Winds. The Syrian Lords, a Shore  
With Hannibal, the Cyprian Rites explore.  
The Winds again invite both Fleets to Sea.  
They meet, and fight. The Syrians lose the Day.  
The Libyan Captain to Bethynia flies,  
Where, to shun Treason, He by Poison Dies.*



U T when the Empire of the  
Night was done,  
And sleep the Scepter yielded to  
the Sun,  
The Ephesian Peers, as if the  
Sprightly Wine

Had rais'd in ev'ry Breast a War, combine  
With Hannibal, to shake off all Delay,  
To hasten on the Fates, and take away

Their

(c) *Laelius*, resolving to hold what He had won in *Greece*, sent to treat with the *Roman* Embassador, his Favorite, who (as *Livy* faith in his Thirty fifth Book) wholly ignorant of *Torein* Affairs, instead of composing Differences, made them wider, by Upbidding the *Romans* for intermeddling with his Master's Concerns, and Delyng their Power.

Their Fears of Peace, and strait the *Syrian* Kings

(a) Defy proud *Minio* to the *Romane* brings.

*Minio*, sublime in *Syrian* Blood, then sway'd

His Master's Counsels ; Him the World obey'd:

Nothing above him, but the *Syrian* Throne

He saw, all things, beneath it, were his Own.

Whatev'r was done, whatever was design'd,

Was not the King's, but Haughty *Minio's* Minde.

Thus, favour'd with High Insolence, He sold

Rewards of Virtue, all things uncontroul'd

Dispos'd. His greedy Avarice suppress

All Thoughts of Bounty in his Master's Brest :

The Name of Merit in that Gulph was drown'd,

And, as he pleas'd, the suffering People found

Ease, or Oppression, to such Mischiefs may

A single Favorite Kings, and Crowns betray.

When He a Period to the *Syrian* Pride,

And Hopes of *Carthage*, as he then desir'd

The Pow'r of *Rome*, had vainly giv'n : with Rage,

Which nothing, but their Ruin, could asswage,

The *Romane* Prince to the *Myrtidan* Main

Descends, and seeks *Italian* Shores again.

Soon as arriv'd, the Voice of War through all

The City flies. The careful *Consuls* call

A frequent *Senate* : *Scipio* repeats

*Syria's* vain Boast of Pow'r, and vainer Threats

Of a proud Favorite, and how the Name

Of *Hannibal* their Courage did enflame ;

What aids by Land, and Sea prepared were ; (fear :

What *Carthage* thence might hope ; what *Rome* might

All which in Counsel weigh'd, and War decreed,

'Twas hard to say, what Shoulders should succeed,

To bear that Burthen : (b) *Scipio* was then

Debar'd by Law to take that Charge agen ;

A Name

(b) Unless employed in some other War, the *Consuls* were to be *Generals*, so that *Scipio Africanus*, not being *Consul*, could not pretend to that Command.

A Name that so much Virtue did include,

That *Hannibal* could never be subdu'd

Without its Influence, nor *Carthage* cease

To emulate *Rome's* Triumphs, and her Peace.

(c) *Laelius* great Virtues, through the World were fam'd,

And, where the Noble *Scipio* was not nam'd

Deserv'd the Bays. The Younger (d) *Scipio* known

More by his Brother's Actions than his Own.

Desir'd to do, as He had done before

To vanquish Kingdoms, and by Conquests more

(e) Then Years to count his Age. But some, whom fear

Of *Syria's* Force, and (what cost *Rome* so dear)

The Name of *Hannibal*, then mov'd, did stand

For a more knowing, and experienc'd Hand.

One whose great Virtues by his Deeds were known.

Supported by no Merits, but his Own.

And, such was *Laelius* held by Land, and Sea,

For whom *Acilius*, this Important Plea

Assumes. If We *Rome's* Safety seek, and more

Then Private Names, the publick Peace adore,

Whence Fathers this Dispute ? whence this Delay ?

Why should we leave to Fortune what we may

Prevent with Reason ? when Distempers are

Grown Great, the Wise strong Remedies prepare.

Let not those Seeds of Virtue that appear

In Younger Breasts, be valu'd at the Fear

Of Publick Ruin (f) We've already found

What Mischief Youth (not by a single Wound)

May through their Heat produce, and still do feel

The Anguish of those Wounds, the *Libyan* steel,

Through them inflicted : which, if now again

Torn open, will ingeminate the Pain.

One Error all our former Ills recalls,

And brings the World against Us to our Walls.

¶

For

(c) *Laelius*, a Person very Eminent for his singular Virtue, next under *Scipio*, Commanded both in *Spain* and *Africa*, and their Friendship was so Great, that it was drawn into Example for such as would contract Inviolable Amity so, that *Cicero* makes them the Subject of his Discourse *De amicitia*.

(d) The Younger *Scipio*, called *Laelius*, though of excellent Endowments, had not yet been renowned (as was *Laelius*) for any Military Actions, but was then chosen *Consul* with *Laelius*.

(e) *Scipio Africanus*, was but twenty four Years old, when he took *New-Carthage*, in *Spain*.

(f) The Temerity of *Flaminius*, and *Marius*. See the Fifth, and the Eighth Books of *Silius*.

For *Rome* (alas) can boast no Strength of Friends  
 Abroad, but what on her Success depends.  
 Her Virtue onely must her Wealth defend,  
 Her Wisdom to employ it, her Best Friend.  
 Then let not Favour to a Private Name  
 Anticipate your Reason. I disclaim  
 All Envy to those honour'd Heads, that have  
 Enrich'd Us with their Trophies, and that gave  
 New Titles to our *Faſti*. May they live  
 Still glorious in them, and all Time survive.  
 But let not Us Heav'n's Blessings so confine,  
 As if Entail'd upon a single Line.  
 Our Laws have so ordain'd, that all, that are  
 Deserving, may in Publick Honours share.  
 Hence *Libyan* some; some *Gallick* wreaths have crown'd:  
 By sev'ral Lands, are sev'ral Names renown'd.  
 Our Fathers still the Burthen of the State  
 Impos'd on Shoulders, equal to the Weight.  
 The Greatest Heroes ever would contend,  
 When Prudence, more than Fortune, might commend  
 Their Deeds. For, though the great *Alexander* kill'd  
 Serpents in's Cradle, yet till he was Skill'd  
 Through many Labours, how his Strength to guide,  
 He never with the <sup>(c)</sup> *Libyan* Monster tri'd  
 His God-like Courage. Let such Honours be  
 Bestow'd, when Dangers, in a less Degree,  
 Shall threaten Us, and when these Forein Storms  
 Cannot resist, but exercise your Arms.  
 What skilful Pilot, by late Tempest tost,  
 His Vessel torn, some Sails, and Tackle lost,  
 While still the rude Winds rage, the Billows roar  
 (Though now he hath in view his Native Shore)  
 Will Idle, too secure of Safety, stand,  
 And trust the Helm to a less Skilful Hand?

(c) *Antion*.

No;

No; let this *Senate's* Wisdom so provide,  
 That what We want of Strength, may be supply'd  
 By Conduct: then, if't be decreed the State  
 Shall suffer, We may not be blam'd, but Fate.

This said; his Silence a deep Silence through  
 The *Senate* struck, and on great *Scipio* drew  
 The Eyes of all. In him it lay to turn  
 Their Choice to Votes, or Fortune of the <sup>(b)</sup> *Urn*.  
 This did Young *Scipio*, *Laelius* that desire:

<sup>(i)</sup> As confident, the *Senate* would require  
 A Man, whose former Actions might commend  
 Their Choice, and *Rome* upon his Care depend.

After some Pause, and struggling 'twixt the Names  
 Of dearest Friend, and Brother, while each claims  
 In his divided Soul an equal Share,  
 Thus *Africanus* doth himself declare.

I should forbear to speak, did I not see  
 (Grave Fathers) that your Eyes are fix'd on Me;  
 On whom a Province lies more Weighty far,  
 Then was the Burthen of the *African* War:  
 For there *Rome's* Fortune with mine own did joyn;  
 But this Intestine Conflict's wholly mine;  
 While, for my Blood, I gainst my Soul contend;  
 Distinguish'd 'twixt a Brother, and a Friend.  
 A Friend, whom *Rome* may boast, that he was born  
 In her Embrace: whose Virtues do adorn  
 The Present, and the future Age will bless.  
 Whom, as my better *Genius* (I confess)  
 I ever entertain'd: his Counsels still  
 Pursu'd as Oracles, and never will  
 My *Laelius* from my Soul divide. But now  
 Ev'n what *Acilius* pleads will not allow,  
 That to his Conduct we this War assign.  
 This, onely, to our Name, the Pow'r's Divine

H 2

Reserve.

(b) The Box, into which they put  
 their Lots, was so called.

(i) *Laelius*, confident of his Party  
 in the *Senate*, was desirous to put it to  
 the Voice, *Lucius Scipio* to draw Lots  
 (which were the two ways of choos-  
 ing Officers) till encouraged by his  
 Brother *Africanus* to leave it to the  
*Senate's* Choice, resolving to offer  
 himself to be his *Lien-tenant*, which  
 determined the Dispute.

Reserve. If greater Wars shall threaten *Rome*,  
 The Honour of Command will best become  
 My Noble *Laelius*; and, when War shall cease,  
 Hee'l be her Chiefest Ornament in Peace.  
 Though now the Title, GREAT, the *Syrian* King  
 Assumes, and to his Aid all *Asia* bring,  
 Yet, if the *Libyan* Captain be not there,  
 Too mean a Province that for *Laelius* were.  
 The Gods their Blessings, as the Stars bestow  
 Their Influence on Men, and Things below,  
 Do severally dispense. Some Fatal are  
 To those, that be the most renown'd in War,  
 Yet by less Warlike fall. Not to repeat  
 Forein Examples, or to tell how Great  
 In Arms, ev'n by a Woman, *Cyrus* fell.  
 Things nearer to Us (Fathers) may compell  
 Your Wonder. After our best Captains slain,  
 Your *Scipio* undertook the War in *Spain*,  
 When scarce five *Lustra* old, and all those Lands  
 Subdu'd, where *Hannibal* those dreadful Bands  
 Amass'd, that shook your Walls. What since I've done  
 Becomes not Me to speak, whate'r I won  
 Under Your *Auspices*, was the Decree  
 Of Heav'n, should only be achiev'd by Me.  
 Nor censure me as Vain, who arrogate  
 So great a *Partage* in the *Romane* Fate,  
 To say, that, where the *Libyans* are your Foes,  
 You must a *Scipio* to their Arms oppose.  
*Carthage* will ever threaten these our Walls,  
 Till Heav'n our <sup>(k)</sup> Name unto her Ruin calls.  
 Then 'tis not, that I emulate my Friend,  
 But for *Rome's* Safety (Fathers) I contend:  
 And, if the Arguments of Youth dissuade  
 Your Choice, let my maturer Age be made

(k) *Scipio Nasica*, in the last  
 Punic War, took *Carthage*, sacked  
 it, and raised the Walls.

The

The Balance of your Doubts, my Brother's Years  
 Mine own exceed, when I your greater Fears  
 Allay'd, with Victory; and, that again  
 You may the same assurance entertain,  
 Me his *Lien-tenant* make, and fear no more  
 Those Arms, which I subdu'd for you before.  
 This said, loud Clamours, with a full Assent,  
 The Temple shook, and through the City went.  
 Thence through all *Italy* the swift alarms  
 Of War excite the active Youth to Arms.  
 No Region from those Hills, whose frozen Heads  
 The Stars invade, to where blew *Neptune* spreads  
 His frothy Arms about the *Rhegian* Walls,  
 Their Aid denies. The Name of *Scipio* calls  
 The most Luxurious from their Choice Delights,  
 And to meet Dangers, under Him invites.  
 All, who their Country; all, who Honour love,  
 His Ensigns seek to follow, and to prove  
 What Fortune, and the Gods for them ordain. (Main  
 And now with num'rous Ships the Neighb'ring  
 Oppress'd, groans under their vast Weight, and feels  
 The Fate of *Carthage* from their brazen Keels.  
 Which, oft as the rebellious Billows rise,  
 Dash them to pieces: while the Wind supplies  
 With favourable Blasts their swelling Wings,  
 And to the *Asian* Coast the Army brings.  
 While *Rome* for future Triumphs thus provides,  
 Envy, (the Plague of Courts) not Reason guides  
 The *Syrian* Counsels. What the Wife persuade,  
 The Ignorant reject. The Courtier's made  
 The Souldier's Judge. What he concludes doth finde  
 Its Influence upon the Prince's Minde.  
 Not all the Mighty things, which *Hannibal*  
 Had done, which *Rome* ev'n trembled to recall

To

(1) The King of the *Syrian* Nobility traduced *Hannibal* to the King, as if his Counsel to invade *Italy* proceeded from his Ambition, once more to see himself, at the Head of an Army there. So that they wholly diverted him from that Advice, and *Hannibal* was ordered to go with the Navy, while the King went in Person with the Army towards *Greece*.

To Memory, could make his Sense prevail  
 (1) To quit the *Syrian* Kingdoms, and assail  
 The Fo at Home. Though whosoever so  
 Invaded is, lends Courage to his Fo,  
 And Strength to vanquish him. But strangely Blinde  
 To his own Fall, the *Syrian* King's inclin'd,  
 Rather on his own People, all those Ills  
 To bring, with which Invasive Fury fills  
 A miserable Land. And strait his Fleet  
 Is order'd under *Hannibal* to meet  
 The *Romane*, where (m) *Ionian* Billows move  
 About that Island, where the Wife of *Jove*  
 Was born, and by the Careful Nymphs was bred,  
 Till call'd by *Hymen* to her Brother's Bed.  
 (n) She, although Conscious of the Fates to come,  
 Retaining still her Antient Hate to *Rome*,  
 Her Empire of the Air with (o) Mischief fills,  
 And on the neighb'ring Isles sad Plagues distills.  
 Th' unhappy Season with her Wrath conspires,  
 'Twas when the Dog breath'd his Contagious Fires  
 On fainting Men, depriving Beasts of Food,  
 And turning into Poison purest Blood.  
 Th' attracted Air their Entrails scorcheth, fills  
 Their Veins with Flames, and, e're expired, kills,  
 Such hasty Fates, that Time doth scarce know how  
 'Twixt Life, and Death, his Minutes to allow.  
 While some, whom decent Piety invites  
 To interr their Friends, for their own Funeral's Rites  
 Prepare, and strait from their departing Breath  
 Infected fall, and share a sudden Death.  
 The *Romane* Souldier, whose great Valour scorn'd  
 To stoop to Foes, whose Trophies had adorn'd  
 His Native Houle, who ne're before had known  
 To yield his Arms, now weak, and feeble grown,  
 Lets

(m) *Crete*.

(n) *Juno*.

(o) As the *Romane* Navy, came near *Phaëcis* (a Promontory on the Coast of *Pamphylia*) a Discale seized them, and destroyed many of their men, while the *Syrians* were detained in their Courle towards them by contrary Winds.

Lets fall his Shield, and Conqu'ring Sword, and dies,  
 Ev'n in his Arms, disarm'd. This Plague's Surprise  
 So sudden is, that, as the Master stands  
 To time, with his loud Voice, the Seamen's Hands,  
 On his half-Deck he prostrate falls, before  
 The Word's exprest. Extended at the Oar,  
 The Seaman, in a lab'ring Posture, dies,  
 Not known, if Dead, or rowing, as he lies.  
 From this so fatal Coast, that did afford  
 To Death far greater Triumphs, then the Sword,  
 The *Romane* Navy, flying the Discale,  
 Retires, and trusts their Safety to the Seas.

But *Venus*, fearing, lest *Saturnia's* Hate  
 From this might greater Mischief propagate,  
 If then the *Syrian* Fleet should on them fall,  
 Thus to her Aid the God of Winds doth call.

Great *Æolus*, whose mighty Empire lies  
 O're all the vast Extent, beneath the Skies,  
 Asist Me now. I ask not, That thou make  
 Earth tremble, and the World's firm Fabrick shake;  
 Nor that her Stony Entrails thou so wide  
 Should'st rend, that Ghosts below may be descri'd;  
 Nor that the Seas (as in the Giant's Wars)  
 Thou hurl in wat'ry Mountains 'gainst the Stars.  
*Juno* for such Revenge perhaps may call  
 'Gainst Us, t' exalt her single *Hannibal*.  
 I onely covet to preserve mine Own,  
 And to effect the rest, let Fates alone.  
 She when nor Arms, nor Valour can prevail,  
 My Race with Hell, and Furies will assail.  
 Could She infect the Place I hold above,  
 She'd bring Her Plagues into the Court of *Jove*:  
 What's mine on Earth her Malice doth surround.  
 Thou see'st what gloomy Vapours, from the Ground,  
 She

She draws, *Death* hatching, in their pregnant Wombs,  
And threatening Mischief to all's Mine, and *Rome's*.

Scarce can my Power, my sacred Isles defend.

(1) Besides that, *Venus* is said to have been born in that Sea, the Island, Luscious in its extraordinary fertility, the Inhabitants were more prone to *Venus* than any other. Their Women before Marriage exposing themselves on the Shore to all Strangers that arriv'd there. See *Justine* in his *Eighteenth Book*.

(1) My *Cyprian*, my dear *Paphian* Temples tend  
To Ruin, and our Votaries, for fear,  
Of dire Contagion, all our Shrines forbear.  
No Innocence is spar'd: my Birds, that from  
*Aurora's* bosom to my Lap would come,  
And the Refreshments of the choicest Springs,  
Would, billing, scatter from their Silver Wings,  
As to our sacred Groves they would repair,  
Fall flying Victims, in the poison'd Air.  
But this thy Power great *Æolus* can cure,  
And, what is now corrupted, render pure.  
Then purge Infection from this Ambient Air,  
Make it Serene, and the lost Health repair  
Of this once Happy Clime, and Neighb'ring Isles,  
And thy Reward (with that, She sweetly smiles)  
Shall be the fairest Nymph of all my Train.  
No sooner said (for who can ought refrain  
When *Venus* pleads) but *Æolus* unbinds  
From their dark Prisons, the *Etesian* Windes,  
Whose Active Force, not onely chas'd away  
All noxious Clouds, and Mists, and gave the Day  
A wholsom Face; but, with a constant Gale,  
Against all Labour of the Oars prevail,  
To keep the *Syrian* Fleet (the more to please  
The (\*) *Cyprian* Goddess) in her Neighb'ring Seas.  
Twice twenty Daies, the Idle Ships, before  
The Island lay, and Anchor'd near the Shore.  
When a Desire to see the fam'd Delights  
Of *Cyprian* Groves, the *Syrian* Lord's invites,  
And *Hannibal* to Land. No place did more  
Indulge to Love, or *Venus* Pow'r adore.

The

The Goddess this to all the World prefers,  
And is best pleas'd, when Mortals call it Hers.  
All Deities, that can Earth's Wealth improve,  
Here pay their Tribute to the Queen of Love.  
The Meadows *Flora*, the Fields *Ceres* fills  
With her rich Plenty, *Bacchus* crowns the Hills.  
The greedy Swains no wealthy Orchards rear:  
For Nature choicest Fruits doth, ev'ry where,  
Largely bestow, the Bounty of the Soil  
Gives all they can desire, without their Toil.  
All other Pleasures, which Affection moves,  
They finde most ample in their Sacred Groves.  
Eternal Shades of Trees, whose Arms above  
Embrace, and Roots beneath are making Love:  
No Birds of Prey upon the Branches dwell;  
Or, if they there frequent, 'tis strange to tell,  
How soon their cruel Nature they forego,  
And Kindness to all other Creatures show.  
All in their Kinds are pair'd; no Bird alone:  
No Turtles, by their Mates deserted, Moan.  
Nothing, that Mischief breeds, can there be found.  
Love onely hath the Pow'r to inflict a Wound.  
From Native Grottoes, that all Art exceed,  
Their Chrystal Fountains sev'ral Channels feed  
With cooling Streams, which, as they murm'ring pass,  
Still Verdant keep the Lover's Seats of Grass.  
All this surva'd, their Temple's sacred Rites  
To Wonder, and Devotion them invites.  
The Chief was *Paphos*, which their Senses Charms  
Above Belief. The Goddess there her Arms,  
Her Chariot, harness'd Doves, and whatsoe're  
On Earth she values, keeps. Her Trophies here  
Of such, as 'gainst her Pow'r rebell'd, the Gates  
Adorn; their Names, and Fate the Priest relates:

I

A Priest

A Priest, who yet five *Lustra* had not seen,  
 Yet, since he three had told, her Priest had been :  
 But must no longer at her Altar stand,  
 Or take the sacred Censer in his Hand,  
 When from his Birth twice twenty Years expir'd ;  
 For Youth is by the Goddesses most desir'd :  
 Such all her Votaries, and Clients are ;  
 The Aged seldom at her Shrines appear.  
 These view'd, and past ; to a fair Porch they came,  
 Where Miracles the Deity proclaim.  
 Bodies to other things transform'd by Love,  
 Whose strange Originals their Change did prove :  
 Some, whose Obdurate Hearts had made them Stone ;  
 Some, Beasts ; some, Birds ; some, Trees ; their Figures  
 Had lost, but, as when chang'd, their Shapes retain, (none  
 And Monuments of her great Pow'r remain.

Above the rest, an Iv'ry Statue stands,  
 Fair ev'n to Wonder. *Hannibal* demands,  
 What Nymph it was of that Celestial Form :  
 To whom the Priest replies. A Soul did warm  
 This Iv'ry once. The Story's very strange,  
 Yet this fair City, and these Walls the Change  
 Attest. When first *Pigmalion* in this Isle  
 Arriv'd, a Votary to *Venus*, while  
 Our *Cyprian* Virgins such a Freedom us'd,  
 That jealous Lovers thought themselves abus'd,  
 He, flying *Hymen*, to his House retires.  
 But still retaining in his Breast the Fires  
 Of Love, his troubled Fancy to divert,  
 This Statue, with more than *Promethean* Art,  
 He frames, and, as all Parts he, wondring, views,  
 Desires of *Hymen* in his Breast renews,  
 And *Venus* thus invokes. Give Me (He said)  
 For Wife, as Beautiful, and Chast a Maid,

Great

Great Goddess, and, if thou my Pray'r wilt hear,  
 A Temple to thy Name my Race shall rear.  
 No sooner said, but th' Object of his Love  
 Receives a Soul, and strait began to move.  
 Her Eyes no more are fix'd ; but lively Raies  
 Eject, and first on her kinde Maker gaze.  
 Then on her polish'd Limbs, which purple Veins  
 Now warm, and soften with their beauteous stains.  
 In brief ; She lives *Pigmalion's* dearest Flame ;  
 And from their Nuptial Bed great *Paphos* came.  
 Who, when the Fates the borrow'd Soul again  
 Requir'd, his Iv'ry Mother, in this Fane  
 Vow'd to the Goddess, plac'd, and we still here,  
 With holy Incense, Honour, once a Year.  
 When this, with other Wonders, they had seen,  
 The <sup>(g)</sup> *Adyta* they enter, which within  
 No Images adorn. But *Venus* stood  
 Alone, and kept her Altars free from <sup>(r)</sup> Blood.  
 Their Tears of *Myrrha*, onely, offer there,  
 And Sighs of Lovers. The included Air  
 Is ever warm, and wheresoe're they turn,  
 They meet soft Kisses, but no Lips discern.  
 Amaz'd the Strangers stand, though strangely pleas'd :  
 When them from Wonder thus the Priest releas'd.

The Goddess, for this secret Place alone,  
 This Miracle reserves, thus made her Own.  
 When She her dear *Ascanius* had convey'd  
 Up to *Cytherea*, and on Violets laid  
 The sleeping Boy ; Her *Aromatick* Show'rs  
 Of sweetest Roses, round about She pow'rs.  
 Then gazing on his Face, her former Flame,  
 Her lov'd *Adonis* to her Fancy came.  
 Scarce could She, then, withstand his Beautie's Charms,  
 Scarce from his dear Embrace refrain her Arms.

I 2

But

(g) The most secret Place of the Temple.

(r) See *Tacitus* in his Eighteenth Book.

The Birth of Kisses.



But fearing to disturb the Boy's sweet Rest,  
 Her Lips upon the Neighbouring Roses prest.  
 They strait grow Warm, and, rising from the place,  
 Turn'd into Kisses, fly about her Face.  
 The Goddess, willing that the World should share,  
 So sweet a Pleasure, scatters through the Air,  
 With a large Hand, the new-created Seed,  
 Which, as from fertile Glebe arising, breed.  
 But the first Born She plac'd within this Fane,  
 Which warm, as now you feel them, still remain.

This said, a sudden Noise permits no more,  
 But summons them abruptly to the Shore,  
 The Wind came fair : the busy Seamen weigh  
 Their barbed Anchors, and stand off to Sea.  
 The Time no longer stay will now afford,  
 The churlish Masters hasten all aboard.  
 Torn from Delight, the Syrian Nobles are  
 Displeas'd, and rather wish another War.

But *Hannibal*, whose great Heroick Breast,  
 A Nobler Flame, than that of Love possesseth ;  
 With as much Joy the Fetters of those Charms  
 Shakes off, as Towns besieg'd, from Hostile Arms  
 Themselves by Sallies free, and all the Woes  
 That threaten'd them, revert upon their Foes.  
 Honour, which Noble Deeds in War attends,  
 Exciting his great Soul, he first ascends  
 His Ship, and offers to the God of Seas  
 Warm Entrails, then at large his Sails displays.  
 Loud Clamours from his high Example, through  
 The Fleet are spread, whilst all his Course pursue.  
 And now the Land retires, the Cyprian Shore  
 Is lost, and all the Flames which they before  
 Cherish'd, are quite extinct in every Breast,  
 Wholly with Thoughts of future War possess'd.

A War,

A War, wherein *Rome's* Fortune stood alone  
 Against the World : and were there more than One,  
 Might with them all contend. So Great was She,  
 Till lessen'd by her Crims of Victory.

Twice had the Sun descended to the Sea ;  
 Twice the wing'd Hours had rais'd again the Day.  
 When they that Coast, where *Sida* doth obtrude  
 High Rocks (Her strong Defence) against the rude  
 Assaults of Raging Billows made : and there  
 Beheld what both their Wonder, and their Fear  
 At once creates. The Seamen think they've lost  
 Their Course, and touch upon some un-known Coast.  
 Or Nature, from the Bowels of the Main,  
 Some *Cyclos* thrusts, or floating Grove again.  
 But as they nearer came, within that Wood  
 They saw for Fight prepar'd, an Army stood,  
 So numerous they were, that what before  
 Their Wonder was, is now their Terror more.  
 Their Order such, as when her borrow'd Raies  
 With growing Horns the Silver Moon displays.  
 But her full Glory, their Guilt, brazen Prows  
 Surpass, and gave the Morning, as it rose,  
 A brighter Face ; and, where they made their Way,  
 With a new Light anticipate the Day.

The Syrian<sup>(1)</sup> Navy, whether clog'd with Fear,  
 Or their vast Bulk, though still they forward steer,  
 Went slowly on, till *Hannibal* so far  
 Advanc'd before, that he provok'd the War.  
 At his Approach, the *Romane* Souldiers fill  
 The Air with Shouts, that seem the Winds to still,  
 And fright *Pamphylian* Nymphs, while he goes on  
 Fearless, as if his Valour could alone,  
 With all their Force contend. When a Disdain  
 To see him dare so much, a Rage more vain

Creates

(1) A Sea-fight between *Hannibal*, and the *Romans*.

Creates in a brave *Rhodian*, who forsakes  
 His Station, and the Combate undertakes.  
 Both ply their Oars; both seek to gain the Wind,  
 While Fortune, that, in this alone, inclin'd  
 To favour *Hannibal*, extends his Sails  
 With following Gusts so, that his speed prevails,  
 And bears his Gally on against his Fo,  
 With so great Violence, the barbed Proe  
 Strikes through his Side, and with the furious Shock  
 Shakes his whole Bulk, as bruise'd against a Rock.  
 As from some Engine shot, the Splinters fly,  
 Through all the Ship, and One the Captain's Eye  
 So deeply wounds, it sinks into his Brain,  
 And leaves upon the Deck his Body slain.  
 With him the Courage of the rest doth dy,  
 And a base Fear persuades them straight to fly.  
 While *Hannibal* pursues, with Storms of Fire  
 From Pitchy Lamps, and Darts, as they retire.  
 Black waves of Smoak the flying Vessel hide;  
 And her sad Fate invites from either side.  
 Fresh Squadrons to the Fight. These to maintain  
 Their Conquest; those to take Revenge. The Main  
 Foams with their active Oars, and the Sea-Gods,  
 Affrighted, seek their most remote Abodes.  
 Fearing the future Horrour of the Day,  
 And bloody Seas, their safety might betray.  
 Both Navies now are met, Proes against Proes;  
 Sides against Sides they strike, and, grappling close,  
 So firmly, that, as Foot to Foot they stand,  
 And, with their Swords, deal Wounds, as if on Land.  
 But where the swelling *Surges* interpose,  
 Or Winds so, that the Gallies cannot close,  
 Darts, Arrows, Jav'lines, flaming Lamps they throw,  
 And Death, and Wounds, in several Shapes, bestow:  
 The

The *Romanes* now; the *Syrians* now give Way:  
 Yet neither fly, but equally the Day  
 Are confident to gain, and their Retreat,  
 Like Rams, doth greater Force, and Rage beget.  
 Till *Scipio*, to whose Fortune *Syria's* Fate  
 Must yield, and thence her future Ruin date,  
 A Squadron of *Italian* Gallies brought  
 'Gainst *Apollonius*, who too rashly sought  
 So brave a Fo. Like Thunder, tearing Clouds,  
 Their meeting Vessels crack: th' entangled Shrouds  
 Some, that would sink, above the Waves retain;  
 While others to the Bottom of the Main  
 Descend, and in their Arms the Souldiers drown'd  
 Find a sad Fate without Revenge, or Wound.  
 But some, whose present Courage stood above  
 Surprise of Danger, 'gainst such Fortune, strove  
 To dy among their Foes, and leaping on (thrown  
 Their Decks, there, fighting, fall. Some backward  
 Are lost in the Assault: others, whose Skill  
 In Swimming, and their Rage kept floating still,  
 Attempt to Board again. *Eumenes* late  
 A Captain, who his *Tyrian* Gallie's Fate  
 A while surviv'd, first seiz'd a *Roman's* Oar,  
 By which he nimbly climbing up (before  
 Perceiv'd) the Deck had gain'd; when strait, one  
 Lop'd off, the other still his Hold maintain'd, (Hand  
 Untill a second Wound took that away:  
 Yet this sad Loss could not his Minde betray  
 To want of Courage, but his Teeth supply'd  
 Their Room, until a Fauchion did divide  
 His Body from his Head, which still did keep  
 Its Hold: the Trunk fell back into the Deep.  
 Th' Example of his Death made some to burn  
 With Rage: some, chill with Fear, their Proes to turn.  
 And

And fly. While *Hannibal* their Flight, in vain,  
Upbraids, and hales them to the Fight again.  
But, when they saw *Pamphilus* possess  
With so great Terror, that he first the rest  
Forlook: no Sense of Honour could restrain  
Their Flight. But, scatter'd over all the Main,  
The base *Cilicians* spread their Sails to Fear,  
Scarce knowing to what Land, or Coast they steer.

*Hannibal's Valour.*

But the brave *Libyan*, who as much to fly  
Abhor'd, as those base Cowards fear'd to dy,  
With three stout *Tyrian* Gallies, makes through all  
The *Latian* Ships t'attaque their *Admiral*:  
Thinking, that Act alone would best become  
His Valour, when he seem'd t'assault ev'n *Rome*  
Her Self; and from his Conquest, or his Fall,  
The World might say, 'Twas done like *Hannibal*.  
But Fortune the Success deny'd, and brought  
A furious War upon him, where he fought,  
Where'er he turns, their Numbers him surround,  
So, as besieg'd he stands. No place is found,  
Where a brave Deed a single Arm may boast.  
All Valour in their Multitudes is lost.  
This Face of Danger his last Fury wakes.  
As, when too close pursu'd, a *Tiger* takes  
His Stand, resolv'd to dy reveng'd; he views  
His Foes, all Wounds receives; at length doth chose  
Against that Hand to spend his Stock of Rage,  
That 'gainst his Life most forward doth engage.  
So a *Pretorian* Ship, that 'bove the rest,  
With Show'rs of Piles, and Darts did him infest,  
With a Prodigious Storm he laies aboard,  
And all the Plagues, that *Libya* could afford,  
(To which her thirsty Sands do give a Birth)  
Upon it throws, enclos'd in Pots of Earth.

*Hannibal's Stratagem.*

From

From which (when fall'n, and broken on the Decks)  
Myriads of Serpents rais'd their marble Necks.  
The Souldiers, in the Fight, with Wonder are  
Surpriz'd, as if *Medusa* made the War.  
Their dreadful Hiss suppress'd all warlike Sounds,  
And when their Stings, or Teeth inflict their Wounds,  
Strange kinds of sudden Death ensue; while some,  
Whose Nerves the deadly Poison doth benum,  
Like Statues fixed stand: Others beheld  
Their well-shap'd Limbs above Proportion swell'd,  
Till their encreasing Bow'ls their Bellies burst:  
Some seem t'have swallow'd Flames, and a dire Thirst  
Firing their bloodless Entrails, to allay  
Its Rage, they headlong leap into the Sea.  
This through one Wound sees all his blood to flow,  
His Veins soon empty made; That doth not know  
Hee's hurt, nor feels a Wound, when Death strait creeps  
Into his Heart, and he for ever sleeps.

But, though each Serpent thus a few'ral kinde  
Of Death inflicts, yet, to one Ship confin'd  
Free from their Venemous Assault, the rest,  
The *Libyan* with all sorts of Arms oppress,  
Till *Juno*, struggling still with Fate (resolv'd  
No *Romane* Hand should boast his Fall) involv'd  
The Day in Horrour; chas'd the Light away  
Before its Time; and over all the Sea  
The Wings of Night extends: the Pregnant Clouds  
Discharge their Cataracts, and from the Shrouds  
The roaring Winds the swelling Canvase tare  
The *Romane* Ships, as if in Civil War,  
'Gainst one another strike, and now contend  
How from themselves they may themselves defend.  
At length dispers'd o're all the Main they flee,  
And, by this Danger, from a greater free,

K

Safe

Safe to the *Lycian* Shore the *Libyan* came,  
 Referv'd by Fate to be *Bithynia*'s Shame.  
 But Fortune had not thus her Aid deny'd  
 By Sea alone unto the *Syrian* Side,  
 But, where by Land the King his Armies led,  
 His Ensigns from the *Romane* Eagles fled,  
 His *Thracian* Kingdoms now no more his Law  
 Obey'd, but the *Ansonian* Fafces saw  
 In Triumph, through their Conquer'd Cities go,  
 And Him, of late their Lord, esteem'd their Fo.  
 His *Grecian* Friends the Leagues, that they had sworn,  
 Reject, and now his weaker Friendship scorn.  
 Scarce would the *Syrian* Cities entertain  
 Their flying King, at his return. So vain  
 The People's Favour, and their Faith, when crost  
 By Fortune, and his Pow'r a King hath lost!

(\*) *Hannibal*, facing to trust himself among the *Syrians*, in this Decline of his Fortune, retired to *Prusias* King of *Bithynia*, and served him with great success against the *Etolians*.

(\*) This Levity the *Libyan* Prince revolv'd  
 Much in his troubled Thoughts, at length, resolv'd  
 No more the Dang'rous Envy of that Court  
 To try, but to *Bithynia*'s King resort;  
 A King, who wanted then so brave a Hand  
 Against *Etolians* to defend his Land.  
 Prompted to this by his unhappy Fate,  
 Thither he speeds, and findes (alafs!) too late  
 The Malice of his Foes could not extend  
 To reach his Death, but by a Treach'rous Friend;  
 A Friend, who to his Valour ow'd his Crown,  
 And, by that Fatal Victorie's Renown,  
 Made Jealous *Rome* to hasten on his Fall,  
 By such an Act, as all the World may call  
 Her Infamy. For he, that conquer'd Foes  
 Destroys, when he may spare, doth Honour lose.

But to the *Romane* Arms all *Asia* now  
 Submits, and all their Laws impos'd allow.

No

No King, but basely yields to their Demands:  
 No City, where they March, their Pow'r withstands.  
 And what did most with *Hannibal*'s sad Fate  
 Conspire, his Ruin to accelerate,  
 Was, that (\*) *Flaminius*, whose rash Sire before  
 The *Libyan* Arms on *Thrasimene* Shore  
 Renown'd, a Legate to *Bithynia* came,  
 And to his base Revenge the Senate's Name  
 Usurp'd. Their Peace, and Amity to all  
 Deny'd, that should protect brave *Hannibal*.  
 The King, consulting with his Fears, forgets  
 All Ties of Honour: on his Safety sets  
 A greater Value. Those late Trophies gain'd,  
 By which the *Libyan* Prince his Throne sustain'd,  
 Seem to upbraid him with a Debt, which He  
 Cannot discharge, but by this Treachery.  
 Those Glories, that too near his Crown dilate  
 Their Lustre into Crimes, degenerate.  
 They Guilty are, whose Merits stand above  
 Reward: in lower Spears Men safest move.

These Thoughts drew on the Noble *Libyan*'s Fate,  
 Whose strong Suspicious made him (but too late)  
 To attempt Escape. The dubious Faith of Kings,  
 Which varies with the Face of Humane Things,  
 Gave him to fear a Change, and to prepare

(\*) Strange Lab'rins under Ground, to shun the Snare  
 But all in Vain, declining Fortune made  
 Traitours of nearest Friends, and he's betray'd  
 In all, that he designs. Arm'd Troops enclose  
 His House, and stop his Way where'er he goes.

But his Resolved Minde above Fortune stands,  
 And still reserves his Fate in his Own Hands.  
 Though now betray'd He is, and left by all,  
 He's still so great, that none can *Hannibal*,

K 2

But

(\*) *Flaminius*, (the Son of that *Flaminius* whom *Hannibal* vanquish'd, and flue near the Lake *Thrasimene*) sent Embassadors to *Prusias*, excec'ded (saith *Appian*) his Commission, demanding *Hannibal* to be delivered to Him, to which the Perfidious King, fearing the Power of the *Romans*, assented.

(\*) *Hannibal*, at length, suspecting the Faith of *Prusias*, had made several Passages under Ground, to escape (if possible) the Guards appointed to beset his House: but, seeing no means to avoid them, he took Poison, which he always wore about him (some say, in the Pommel of his Sword) and died in the seventyeth Year of his Age. His Body was buried near *Libyssa* (which he from the Oracle mistook for *Libya*) only with this inscription:  
 HERE LIES HANNIBAL.

But *Hannibal*, destroy. And, to prevent  
 Surprize, into a secret place he went,  
 Where, first the Gods accus'd, and *Hanno's* Pride,  
 (That to his growing Conquests Aid deni'd)  
 The *Syrians* Folly, and base *Prusias* last  
 Perfidious Act (which all the rest surpass  
 In Infamy) with Execrations blam'd,  
 The Aid of his Great Father's Spirit he claim'd:  
 And a dire Poison (without farther Pause)  
 More Fierce then that, which, from the raging Jaws  
 Of *Cerberus*, upon Earth's Bosom fell,  
 When Great *Alcides* drag'd him chain'd from Hell,  
 He swallows down. This baneful Drug, before  
 Prepar'd by a *Massilian* Witch, he wore  
 Lock'd on his Sword, which, if that chanc'd to fail,  
 Might, as his surer Destiny, prevail  
 Against all Humane Force: and, as he found  
 It seiz'd his Vitals by an Inward Wound,  
 He these last Words expir'd. Now lay aside  
 Thy Fears (O *Rome*) no more will I thy Pride  
 Oppose, but with this Satisfaction Dy,  
 That, thus Degenerate, Thy self, wilt my  
 Revenge effect. Not Arms, but Virtue made  
 Thy Fathers Great; which since in Thee deca'd,  
 Thy Ruin must ensue. They, Nobly, scorn'd  
 By Treason to destroy a Fo, and warn'd

(1) *Fabrics* advertiz'd *Pyrrhus*  
 (after he had given a signal Overthrow  
 to the *Romans*) of the Treachery of  
 his *Physician*, who for a sum of Mo-  
 ney offer'd to Poison Him. *Plutarch*  
 in the *Life* of *Pyrrhus*.

(1) The *Epirote* of Poison, when he stood  
 Arm'd at their Gates, and Triumph'd in their Blood.  
 But Me, oppress'd with Fortune, and my Years,  
 Betrai'd a feeble Victim to thy Fears,  
 A Cons'lar Legate forceth thus to fly  
 From Life, gainst Laws of Hospitality,  
 And a King's Faith. But this vile Stain (O *Rome*)  
 More lasting, then thy Trophies, shall become:

And

And, when thy Deeds in War, in future Time,  
 The World shall read, thy Glories this one Crime  
 Shall blast, and all account Thee from my Fall  
 Unworthy such a Fo, as *Hannibal*.  
 More He'd have said, but through his swelling Veins  
 Death creeps, and binds in Adamantine Chains  
 The Spirits of Life, which with this Language ends:  
 His Soul to other Heroes Ghosts descends.

FINIS.